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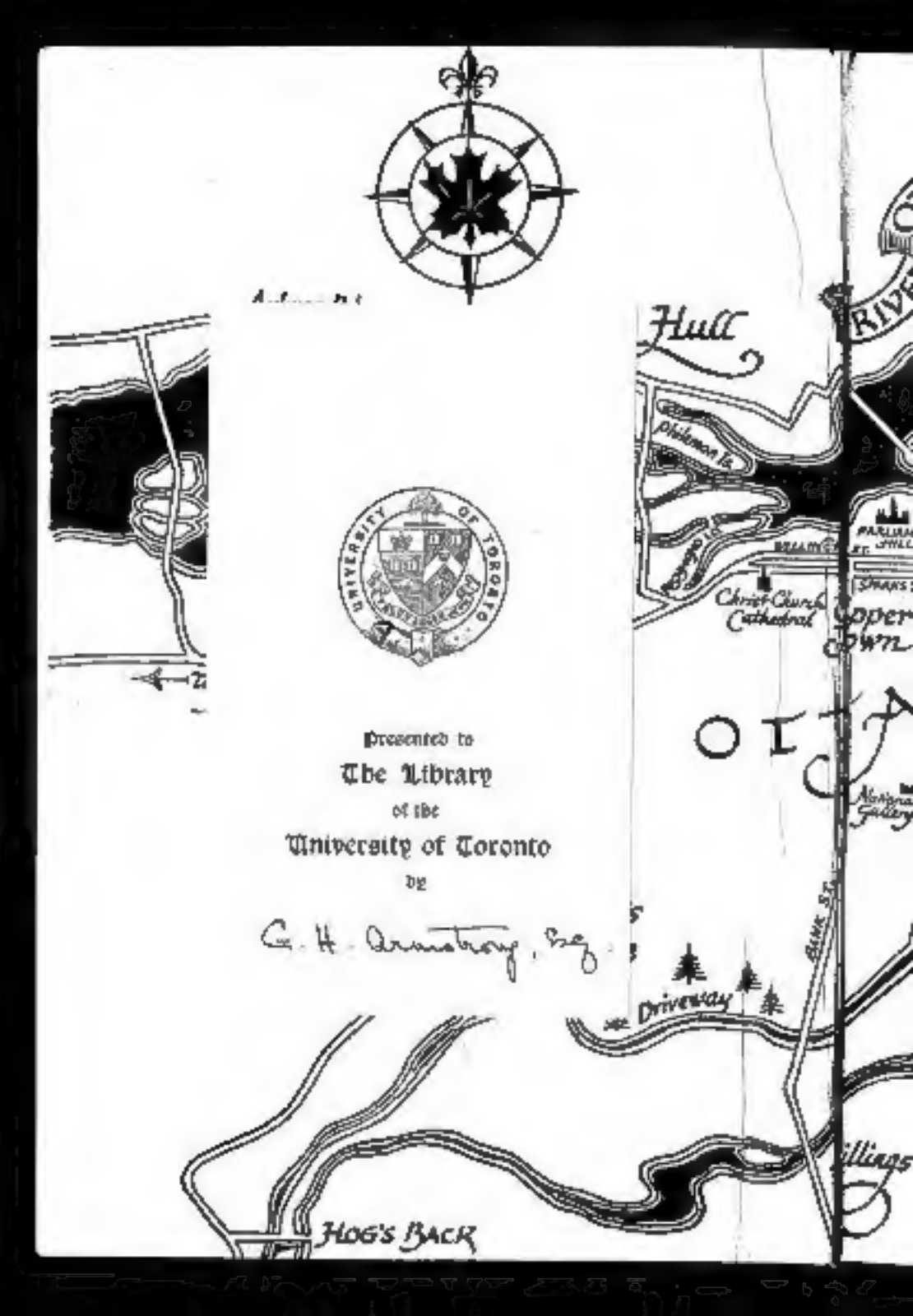

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Bank St.
illings Bridge
OTTAWA
and its Environs

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THE PEACE TOWER

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The CHARM of OTTAWA

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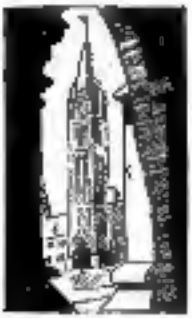

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FOREWORD

OTTAWA is a capital with unique traditions. It is completely bilingual, and the affairs of government are conducted in the two mother tongues, English and French. It is a city equally at home in the social life and history of Europe and America, as familiar by experience with the problems of the old world as with those of the new. It borrows much of its ceremony from out of the storied past and keeps itself so in tune with modern thought that it can provide its neighbours with sound experiments in government and social progress.

Ottawa is the only royal court in America and it is also the mother of a new system of modern politics, but the confederation of the Canadian provinces has born the pattern not only for the government of sister Dominions, but also the foundation stone on which the British Commonwealth of Nations raised its new structure.

So Ottawa can justly claim to be a significant city. If it has not age and mediæval glamour and romantic ruins to refresh the eyes of its visitors, it has instead a

there has dramatic history and a moving sense of things about to be accomplished, of a new state where possibly some of the ancient dreams of men may one day be realized.

In its brief history Chicago has seen the young Titan-man struggle through from an elemental environment into true national consciousness, has seen a great trade a fringe of habitations along its southern boundaries into a nation that glories in its new wealth and that draws its spiritual strength out of the wilderness. Year after year new Canada reaches into the vast unknown and permanent lands under the Northern Lights and draws them into the known under the banner of the metropolis. She shapes her very wealth but even turned out materially upon the things that other people created and conserved, but into the new and untried, pouring in the eager energies of her own age to create afresh.

All but a brief chapter of Chicago's history is the capital of the nation lay in the shimmering mists of the future into which our old civilization crowds as ever in search of some new and happier social order. Some like it as has been the marketplace for a young nation that, in borrowed glories of the centuries, is a magnificent variation on the theme of nationality. It is as though Chicago was the workshop and Canada the artist, that

here she had taken a great rock of native granite and using the borrowed tools of the past, had set out to hew and shape and inspire a work of political art, informed with all her youthful spirit and idealism. The form emerges, but as with all creative work, it takes time and devotion to round out the conception of the artist, to turn stone into a spiritual reality

Chapter I

"HER STREETS OF BRIEF RENOWN"

RISING abruptly out of the south shore of the Ottawa River is a series of limestone cliffs. One of them, higher and broader than the rest, serves to dominate the whole landscape.

The wide river flowing swiftly by at the base of the cliffs drains a great north land fretted with quiet lakes and impetuous streams that were the travelways of the Huron and Algonquin nations. As they mingle their forces the lakes and streams eventually pour themselves from unnumbered sources into the Ottawa and descend in a series of placid, mirror-studded stretches of still water and rocky reaches of white water. The most celebrated of all the Ottawa's variations comes at the Falls of the Chaudière, some hundred and twenty miles before the river joins the St. Lawrence. Here its lovely fury is concentrated for the plunge over the legend-haunted rocks into the great cauldron below. In some places the river falls in a series of cataracts between wooded islands along a brink of rocks, sometimes a brisk

on way through purring rapids as treacherous as they are beautiful. Here at the Great Kettle, as it is sometimes called, it makes a magnificent, roaring leap into the basin below.

Over the Chaudiere and the basin the limestone cliffs stand sentinel. Here was a stage on which strange primeval dramas, fierce pagan pageantry were played for long and unrecorded ages. It was altar and stage, mart and battlefield, as occasion demanded and as the surge of savage emotions dictated.

Northward the low purple hills, dark with mystery and solitude, stand backed against the horizon. From out of them flows a strange and beautiful river, the Gatineau. Like the Ottawa, it comes from a thousand secret places and was a highway for the Indians in search of food and furs. From out of the south shore flows another river, the Rideau, broad and serene between low banks where the beaver once lived. On the very lip of the southern shore it plunges, white and fleecy, into the dark river below. Down the Rideau came another race of copper skins from below the Great Lakes, brave and cruel, another seeking nor fearing prey.

This was the focal point of these nomadic people. Here they came to trade. Furs and pemmican from the

fur north were exchanged for tobacco and trinkets from the south. Here they held council and paid tribute to the Manitou who dwelt on the shores of the Great Kettle and who might ensure them safety and happy hunting or destroy and hunger according to his mood and whim.

On the rock that, down through the mists of ages, has dominated this historical locality now run the grey walls and pinnacled towers that give Ottawa its dignity and significance the home of the Canadian government. Parliament Hill dominates the river and the Gothic towers dominate the city that has grown up on the south shore from an engineering camp of a century ago into the national capital of to-day.

Parliament Hill is flanked on the west by the modern mills and factories for which the whole Chaudière has been enslaved, and on the east by the picturesque and absolute canal, rising in giant steps from the river to the heights above through a cleave in the limestone bluffs. Nepean Point across Entrance Valley is the summit of the commanding cliffs of the south shore.

Ottawa is a city in green plumage all the long summer for its streets and parks, gardens and drives are thickly covered with trees. From the clear translucent green of May until the autumn, when they cover the

city like an old tapestry of pale and gold, worn and rotted, that are a crowning glory. In winter Ottawa, like all the countryside about, is bleak and deeply with snow the whole coat of the earth there all roads lead out into the open and bright coated in enthusiasm skim like brilliant birds over the hilly trails.

The Canadian capital is a young and beautiful city almost as impressive as its bold outlines against the sky as old Quebec. From every avenue of approach the silhouette of Ottawa is impressive. Its towers and turrets break into the skyline like the tips of its native pines, and having been built on a series of bluffs and hillsides it is never monotonous in its scheme of streets and spaces. The buildings of its permanent core are capped by public buildings, and more of the charm of its building materials. Nepean quarries have provided the city with stone that weathers beautifully and as the city has taken on a mellow air that belies its youth. The rivers and the Rideau canal give Ottawa that loveliness that only waterways can provide. About and around the city are scores of entrancing retreats, by quiet banks, overhung with old trees, or on heights that look down upon the shores of silver streams and the snowy dances of rain and rapids.

The highways into the city are several. There is

the old south shore road from Montreal over the Rideau River there is the north shore road that gives the visitor a splendid view of the city mounting to its picturesque climax on Parliament Hill. There are the roads from the south by Billing's Bridge and the placid Rideau, and others from the northwest that follow the current of the Ottawa.

Even the railway entrance into Ottawa is impressive, for as in Edinburgh, it is in the heart of the city that the traveller emerges from the railway station to catch a first memorable glimpse of the capital's dignity and beauty.

All roads lead into Connaught Place and towering over it, like some great baronial stronghold of northern France, is the Chateau Laurier. Beside it is a roadway leading into Major's Hill Park and Nepean Point and to the east a long vista of Rideau street. You heard the canal winds its placid way through the city bordered by parks and drives.

From Connaught Place a great viaduct crosses the canal and from it there is a view of the locks descending to the river with an old stone warehouse built more than a century ago, under Parliament Hill. To the right runs the grey wall of Nepean Point and beyond it a bridge that crosses the river to the city of Hull, sprawling on the low north shore.

Beyond the viaduct a Confederation Square that is being steadily enlarged by the razing of old buildings and out of it run three of the chief streets of the city: Wellington street to the north, Sparks street, the business heart of Ottawa, and Elgin street to the south, which is to be one of the governmental avenues of the city, a stage for the pageantry of national ceremonials. Northwestward on the rising ground of Parliament Hill are the Parliament Buildings with the lovely height of the Peace Tower dominating the Gothic quadrangle.

Ottawa started out to be three settlements. Two of them were laid out in the fall of 1826 and the third developed a few years later. Upper Town, west of Parliament Hill, was upper socially as well as geographically for the lumber merchants, contractors and others engaged in supervising the construction of the canal and the building of the town built homes there. Lower Town, east of the canal, along Sussex and Rideau streets and along the side of the canal cut, was the district where the working people shed out an undramatic existence. New Edinburgh was east of the Rideau River where Thomas MacKay set up something like a benevolent feudal state. Rideau Hall was the manor house. Mills—saw mills, grist mills, woollen mills, gave employment to the peasants and settlers.

There were natural barriers between these settlements. New Edinburgh was separated from Lower Town by the Rideau River. Lower Town from Upper Town not merely by the canal but more effectively by Parliament Hill or as it was then called, Barracks Hill, which was kept mostly in its original wilderness state as the site of proposed fortifications.

A little Quebec, the promontory commanded both river and canal and sloped off to the south into brawny meadows and swamps. The only access from Upper to Lower Town was a roadway over the hill that led to Sapper's Bridge across the canal.

It was the middle of the century before that demarcation was changed. In the face of uninterrupted peace, the idea of fortifications was given up and the hill laid out as city streets. Lower Town found itself wedged into the corner of the city and New Edinburgh became Rideau Ward of the city of Ottawa.

All these changes brought alterations in the character of the various parts. Residences that had once been exclusive estates found themselves on wholesale or business districts. The fine old stone house built by Nathaniel Ogden in Sparks street, then faced the river. Its grey stones were surrounded by trees and flower gardens and it was a social center of the town. Long

since the back of the house was converted into shops facing on the street and the dignified façade of the old mansion now looks down forlornly on an untidy back yard. It can still be seen in the middle of the "400" block on Sparks street.

There is one intriguing patch of old Upper Town left, down on Cliff street and vicinity, a sad little area that seems to say that it could tell a tale of another and more picturesque day. Here are quaint grey stone walls, courtyards separating mansions from warehouses, quaint gables and here itching fingers over broad and hospitable doors. Here a brooding shadow is the spirit of old Bytown.

The history of the city if charted would show many a slope into depression with alternating runs of good fortune. It was a veritable mushroom town springing up literally with the setting up of the theodolite, for the surveyor less than a month after the initiation of the canal project wrote

"We have laid out two villages and all the lots are taken up. It surprises me to see the anxiety people have to become citizens here. On a morning I have sometimes about me such swarms that I cry out like the goose in the fable that all the world and his wife are here." That was in the fall of 1826. By 1827 there

were a hundred and fifty houses on the new town, named in honour of Lt. Col. John By, engineer in charge of the building of the canal, Bytown.

With the completion of timber trade and canal, Bytown grew. When the timber trade slumped, Bytown fell upon hard times. The beginning of the industrial era, with the building of mills on the river, gave it new life and in 1854 it was incorporated as the city of Ottawa. The population then was one thousand souls.

But for some years Ottawa had set stood set upon a great prize. All the other Canadian cities were quarrelling about where parliament should be established. So long as the two provinces, which then comprised the Canadian colonies, were separated, York was the capital of Upper Canada and Quebec of Lower Canada. But after the union of the provinces in 1841 as a compromise between the French and English interests, the legislature held their sessions successively in Kingston and Montreal, Toronto and Quebec. It was a most cumbersome and unsatisfactory arrangement.

Kingston had no permanent residents. A French premier of the united provinces, driven to indignation by the zest with which Kingston celebrated the defeat of one of his supporters, moved parliament off

lock, stock and barrel, to Montreal. But Montreal was not much better mannered, as it turned out. When the populatium became very much annoyed with the course of legislation, it put the torch to the parliament buildings.

These outbursts of political temper gave quiet little Ottawa much to think about and a chance to play the part of the discerning outsider. It had nothing to live down, politically, since it never had had a chance to become embroiled in the quarrels in which all the others had taken a part.

Ottawa was more or less in the center of the united provinces. The bridge crossing the Ottawa was the first actual link between the land of the provinces. By a combination of astute politics and the whim of destiny at a precarious moment in its civic fortunes, Ottawa was named the capital.

The small town had no aristocratic traditions behind it when it became the Canadian capital. Half the population were sons and daughters of Irish immigrants, another quarter were the families of French raftsmen. The wealthy merchants were enterprising men who had gone into lumbering and milling and founded their own fortunes. It was the pick and shovel, broadaxe and peavey that laid the foundations of Ottawa. There was not a rapier in its history, not a coronet to its credit.

Chapter II

PLANS AND COUNTER PLANS

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR John Graves Simcoe, who had his experience will upon an area of Upper Canada, evinced little or no interest in the Chaudière Basin. It may have been merely that chance did not bring him there and so his imagination was never fired by its beauty or possibilities. It is strange that the military importance of the Kaladon route did not impress itself upon him. In those days it was a matter of prime importance. Or it may have been that he had an unconscious prejudice against the project to build a town there because it was a project fathered by a man whom he disliked and opposed. For it is upon such small issues of personal antagonism that the schemes of empire are sometimes wrecked. Both were still exiled and disgraced, but however was the younger man with much less right to high office and the seats of power than Dorchester. Walter was still friend and fellow adherent and a soldier of long years of distinguished service. Once Dorchester had passed some slighting remark about Simcoe's regiment, the Queen's

Rangers and from that hour was born the hostility that years were to have its effect upon the history of Upper Canada. Some of ambitious, self assertive, stubborn and honest could never tolerate opportunism, actual or imputed, though he pursued a course that frequently crossed the purposes of others, both superiors and inferiors, with whom he worked.

Imbued with a deep rooted and perfectly sincere horror of all that smacked of Republicanism abroad or Reform at home, Simcoe could find no terms severe enough for opponents than those of Republican. And many a man who crossed the Tory will of the English Governor was dubbed Republican. The perfect image and transcript of the British constitution" complete with a bishop and an hereditary class of lawmakers, was Simcoe's plan for the infant colony to which he was appointed as governor in '91. But these people I mention almost as a man, who had settled in Upper Canada and had asked and were awarded a superior government with English laws and customs, were American born and had had a deal to do with making their own rules and regulations in the American colonies. They were not slaves to these rules, but they were American customs, with advanced ideas on the rights of the individual, and it was not the perfect transcript

and image of English life that they created, but a more balanced struck between English Tory ism and American Republicanism.

One of the leaders of this mode of thought was Richard Cartwright of Kingston, a rich merchant and an active figure on all public affairs. Doubtless the energetic Cartwright had a lot to do with persuading Lord Dorchester the Governor of Canada, before the colonies were divided in Upper and Lower Canada, that a town at the mouth of the Rideau, and roads and waterways across the peninsula to Kingston was a sound project for the development and safety of Upper Canada. Certain it is that if Bytown had not come to Canada there would have been a settlement, known as Ottawa City, at the mouth of the Rideau on the present site. But Cartwright was one of those who brought down upon himself the thunderous epithet of Republican. So there was no Ottawa city.

In 1790 surveyors were sent up the Ottawa to report on the possibilities of settlement at the mouth of the Rideau. They laid out a town plan and two townships and approved of the place for colonization. The plan was a deviation from the general rules and regulations" for surveying and settlement but the matter was considered so urgent that the report took precedence over

a long list of naval board projects and was said before Lord Dorchester at Quebec in 1791. He approved, but he could see that settlers and goods would be taken up the Ottawa and down the Rideau with greater speed than by the St. Lawrence and in time of war the route would be protected from possible invaders. The Order for Ottawa City to be laid out" with plots for churches and schools, for ministers and school teachers, was approved. And that is all we hear of Ottawa City.

Long before he had left England, Simcoe had set his heart on building a capital in the midst of the wilderness, as a river he was to re-name the Thames. The capital was to be called London. There were no settlers, no roads, on that area which appeared, upon the map, such an ideal location for his ideal capital, with its cathedral, its university and its sovereign court. Kingston, the chief town of the province he would not consider as a capital. Newark was merely a temporary compromise, and when London proved too fantastic a dream, he settled down at York. From York, he developed a roadway to Lake Simcoe and the new trade route to Lake Huron gave the death blow to the ambitious schemes for the Rideau Route from the St. Lawrence to the West.

Even in 1791 the Rideau route was still haunting

the dreams of men. Strangers and humour wrote to Laval that however that he had intended to investigate persons in the route and to lay down adjacent and to build a road through from Chicago. It was to take three years but did not explain why. I had remained nothing more than a half forward suggestion. Yet as London engineers and soldiers played with the idea of a canal there walkers and wine [illegible] was an amusing topic of speculation, but the eighteenth century had so many other things upon its hands that many a front and many a flood was to come and go before the dream took shape.

Meanwhile the 18 [illegible] came into the pressing problems of Canadian trade in another and a somewhat annoying role. Duties revenue and the whole matter of taxes and customs duties were serious matters to the new government of Upper Canada. Lower Canada collected duties on everything that landed at Quebec including the goods for the north-western trade and supplies for the people of Upper Canada. If Upper Canada imposed another duty when the goods came into that province, Upper Canadians would be doubly taxed and that was generally an injustice. But the people would not tolerate taxes as some revenue must be raised in some manner or means. As soon as Upper Canada made plans to impose duties of its own, the

merchants in the northwestern trade became alarmed and indignant. Rum and other goods of trade passed up the Ottawa River and into Lake Nipissing on their way to the upper lakes. As soon as they got into Lake Nipissing they were in Upper Canadian territory and the government proposed to levy a tax there. Now the merchants protested that what passed up the Ottawa had nothing whatever to do with Upper Canada, for it was all wilderness. The merchants received neither aid nor protection, for there was not a settler beyond the Long Sault. And it was on these grounds, on proof that the Ottawa country was nothing but then howling wilderness, that a revenue of the customs collectors was based.

The commissioners appointed by the two colonies went into the matter thoroughly. Most of the revenue came from duties on rum and other liquors. It was proposed that Upper Canada should be content with a proportion of the duties collected at Quebec. This would save the new colony the cost of a customs staff who would most certainly have cost as much as the revenue would have produced. But the problem was how to proportion the duties. The report of the commissioners is amusing. In one sentence they considered the drinking habits of the two provinces and decided that

Lower Canada consumed much more per head than did Upper Canada of these imported liquors for "instead of the tea so generally in use amongst us, a glass of rum and a crust of bread is the usual breakfast of the French-Canadians the rigor of their climate is alleged as the cause of their frequent recourse to it at other times of the day and their numerous holidays lead to such habits of idleness and dissipation as are very favorable to the consumption of rum." Therefore Upper Canada compromised on one-eighth of the revenue collected at Quebec. The lonely Ottawa and the rum breakfasts of Quebec had played their part in the solution of an inter-provincial crisis.

Yet even while the commissioners were arguing their points, down in a farmhouse in Woburn in New England, a long, lean Yankee farmer was toying with an idea which was to break through the tradition of solitude on the Ottawa and set the Chaudiere basin ringing with the axe of the pioneer

Chapter III

THE FATHER OF THE OTTAWA

LONG before Ottawa was even so much as a construction camp a settlement was flourishing on the north shore on the township of Hull. When John Ily first came into the Chaudiere Basin there were three thousand acres of cleared lands, stout barns, bulging with grain, herds of fat cattle browsing in the meadows, orchards around the snug log cabins and the broad hospitable home of the father of the colony.

To-day Hull is an unattractive industrial town, chiefly French Canadian in population having completely lost its identity as the staid New England settlement which it started out to be.

Hull is really an island. A small stream called Brewery Creek separates itself from the Ottawa above the Falls and loops itself around a considerable area of land and debouches into the Ottawa again some two miles down stream. This island, swooped out of the north shore, was the scene of Philemon Wright's far sighted colonization adventure.

The eighteenth century stopped at the Rapids of the Long Sault. Some fur missionaries, traders and explorers had come farther than that during the French regime as even as the years of the early British regime. Beyond the Long Sault was the kingdom of bird and beast. Up the St. Lawrence the rapids had swamped and bush shrouded thousands of acres between Kingston and Niagara. There were not enough settlers to make a municipal court and no elected legislature. On the evening the enemy drank among the Six Nations and the partridges drummed on Parliament Hill.

[illegible] Quebec, the Governor elect of Upper Canada, John Graves Simcoe, spent the winter of [illegible] most impatiently awaiting the arrival of his commission and his appointment by the first ships in the spring. His home and employment had got him to Quebec, but arrived there he feared himself to have no rank whatsoever neither civil nor military until he should have soldiers to command and ministers to swear him into office. However he occupied himself with writing despatches and letters on every conceivable subject. Among other things he framed a proclamation which was directed to become celebrated. It was addressed to "such as are desirous to settle on the lands of the Crown in the Province of Upper Canada." It was

for the purpose of making known the "Royal Instructions concerning grants and settlement." It offered free land to settlers, others than Loyalists, who had up to that time had almost exclusive claim on certain lands in Upper Canada. However it required the settler to take an oath of allegiance and declared in the interest of any person the authority of the King or his Parliament or the Supreme Legislature of the Province."

Simcoe's hopes were not on drawing a large stream of immigrants from the new republic since he stubbornly believed that many of the citizens of the United States regretted the change of governments and were anxious to return to British allegiance. The Americans on the other hand, were anxious to keep these people at home to populate the huge areas of Indian lands they were adding to the domain of the republic. They would not tolerate the printing of proclamations such as Simcoe's. Simcoe had it published therefore in English and West Indian papers so that they would gradually pass into the hands of Americans who had trade or other connections with those countries.

By some such means the proclamation came into the hands of Philemon Wright, a rich and successful farmer of Woburn, Massachusetts. Wright's parents were eighteenth century emigrants from Old to New Eng-

land. They were apparently people of means and ambitions. The family had been farmers and cattle raisers in Kent for many generations. Philemon Wright was born in Woburn in 1760. As a boy of fifteen he fought on the side of the rebels in the early affrays of the American Revolution.

Strangely enough, having come of a family notable for its persistent devotion to its paternal acres and to the same vocation generation after generation, Philemon Wright was not even content to spend his life on the land his father had brought under cultivation. In spite of his success and his affluence the year 1782 found him ready to yield to the allurements of America's pioneer migration. The American states were seething with unrest. The trek was on from the old coast colonies to the new west. But Wright at heart was an Englishman as well as a shrewd Yankee born farmer. The urge that had driven his father out of Kent was driving his son out of Massachusetts.

In 1796 Wright made his first trip to Quebec and Montreal. He talked with the people, asked innumerable questions, felt the quality of life in the colony and returned home to think it over. Two years later he returned, went into lands, transportation, markets and so on. Then he went home again.

In 1799 he returned for the third time and brought with him two men to help him in selecting a possible site for settlement. They went up the neglected Ottawa Valley rummaging about its shores as they went. At the foot of the Chaudiere Wright paused. Here was a land that was a veritable pagan paradise: the river broad and deep, the waters thundering falls rich in potential power, the great trees bespoke rich soil, the forests were alive with game. It was a logical choice for a settlement.

Wright was thorough. He and his men climbed more than a hundred trees to spy out the land. Since some of the pines grew straight up a hundred feet before the first branches bristled out from the trunks, the men cut down smaller trees so that these tops fell into the branches of the greater pines. Up they climbed along the sloping trunks and then up again to the tops of the tallest pines. From these lookouts they peered over the virgin forests. They looked and saw that it was good. Wright dreamed, as he clung to the branches of his tree, his legs wound securely to a thick bough, dreamed of a day when these forests would give way to fields of rippling grass, to meadows for grazing cattle, where now an camp now would give way to farm houses and schools and churches.

Wright had discovered that the North West Company was anxious to keep settlers out of the valley. Colonists drove out game and forced the Indian hunters farther back into the hinterlands. Dead to their own sentiments, he had come to see for himself. Now he was deeply stirred. He saw from his perch on the great river miles of virgin forests, and he dreamed of converting them into a thousand shiploads of timber. It was not in terms of adventure that Wright thought. It was in terms of fields and crops of golden harvests, of men toiling at the plough and at the flail. He thought of trees not in terms of beauty but in terms of merchantable timber of rafts and cargoes and ships with sails set, heading out to sea.

Many a man has dreamed of a colonizing venture. It has a sweet, feudal taste in the mouth of a dreamer. And many a dreamer has planted a colony and, at the end of his resources, has left the transplanted colonists to suffer and struggle alone or to wander in distress to other homes. But Wright was a practical dreamer. He not only prepared, but he achieved. He had all the qualifications for a successful leader. He had money, he had driving force, he had vision. He was patriarchal in all his schemes and he earned his title of Father of the Ottawa.

Though to many it must have seemed a wild scheme, he planned his migration in midwinter. The usual scheme was to set the colonists down on their land in the autumn to eke out a long winter of discontent on rations they carried with them, to feel the cold and the solitude before they had learned to love the land. But Wright engaged twenty five men to begin preliminary work on the land and took along several families when he left Woburn on the second of February 1800. They had with them fourteen horses, eight oxen and seven sleighs.

It was a merry party. Years afterwards Wright loved to recall how cheery they were and their high spirits made even the worst of their difficulties light. There were fifteen children among them. One was an infant in arms. Four were under six years of age. Six of them, Philemon, Jr. Tiberius, Polly Ruggles, Abigail and Christopher were Wright's sons and daughters.

After a short stay in Montreal they moved on up the Ottawa. The road ended at the foot of the Long Sault. Beyond was wilderness, and they had eighty miles to go.

The first task was to cut fifteen miles of new road around the rapids, through the forest. Each night they

camped in the open, around a huge fire. The women and children slept in the sleighs. The men on the blankets on cedar bough beds.

Presently the journey through the forest was done and they found themselves on the river. From the Long Sault to the Chaudiere it was a smooth flowing stream, and in winter it was an icy highway over which they proposed to travel.

They had not gone very far when on the bank of the river they saw an Indian and his wife with a small papoose. They approached the travellers with amazement that not even their stoic faces could conceal. White men were indeed quite rare to come so far and to bring with them their curious animals. Suddenly that pagan hunter from out of the wilderness, felt a great compassion on the company of wandering whites. He offered to be their guide to round the ice under the snow for them that they might not blunder into running water and disaster. He sent his wife and child into the woods to wait for him and then he set out ahead of the caravan, making a trail with his snowshoes for on the snow over which they had their tents and dragged their sleighs towards their goal.

On the seventh of March the whole party were safely on the ice of the settlement in Hull township.

frightened and friendly they pressed around the Indian with their gifts and with their thanks. He had made an bargain with them. It was one of the kindness of a savage heart that he had travelled many miles out of his way as guide. Therefore he was extraordinarily pleased with his reward and at all nights danced with them and with buttocks to find his way and shed again.

In the end of his life Pontiac Wright loved to point out the rock under which he slept that first night on Hill. The great boy cast long shadows along the shore and gleamed scarlet and gold against the dark rocks and the white snow. Wright was the sort of man who could sleep soundly even there and leave his rest day's work to be done on the morrow.

From that day pictures of Hill were present his mind with speed and intelligence. Log cabins were quickly erected by expert hunters, split logs were set edge to edge for a floor, outdoors the rough ends of the logs protruded ragged at the corners where they crossed. For there was not time to spend to mortise trimming. Split cedar logs and pine-boughs covered and concave made a cool tent against the spring sun.

Presently the men began to bring down in rich wood and spring heat against the stony ground. Every day the clearing spread, eating into the bush on every hand.

The water ran off the earth in quick little streams and revealed the soggy carpet of old leaves and the rich black loam. Then, to Wright's intense surprise and delight, he discovered that the frost had not penetrated very far. The heavy snows had kept the earth extraordinarily free from the conditions that prevailed in New England where the brisk farmlands were frozen deep and it took weeks of spring weather to make them fit for the plough.

That first summer he reaped a thousand bushels of potatoes, and forty bushels of wheat to an acre.

Wright's difficulties were not all over when he reached the township of Hull. One bright spring day he found the settlement invaded by a tribe of Algonquins. Very curious as they were Wright humoured them by showing them all there was to be seen. Presently they grew uneasy and antagonistic. They could see their hunting destroyed, their land invaded by these pale-faced whites. They complained, they began to grow ugly.

Wright soothed them with such diplomacy as his cousin's command. He made them gifts, he assured them he had not come to hunt, only to farm. Momentarily they were reassured. Then they demanded payment for the land. Wright firmly refused. They had already

and her land to Sir John Johnson and he had the command of the great White Locust to settle in it. Wright was so successful in all their crossing and in having them that in a great good humour they prepared a feast and a council and Joe made both a chief of them by a blood brother ceremonies. From that day on Philemon Wright had no more trouble from his neighbors, the Indians.

Wright built mills that the men, so busy in summer might not be idle in winter. He brought in more and more farmers and settlers. In four years he had a thousand settlers busy on the settlement a tavern and a tannery in operation. By 1806 he had spent twenty thousand dollars on his enterprise.

Always in the back of his mind was that dream of a thousand ships sailing out to sea with cargoes of Ottawa timber. Always men said how he could not take timber out from the Ottawa to Montreal because of the rapids between. Wright explored the hinterland and he also learned that it would be more feasible to take his timber to Quebec than instead of going to Montreal on the south shore of the island he could take his rafts around back of the island and come out on the St. Lawrence at Beauharnois. At least he believed he could. No one else believed it.

In the winter of 1806 he sent lumbermen to work at cutting white pine. In the spring of the year it had been floated down to the village and there made into a raft. Wright set out with the river drivers to superintend the experiment personally. It was fair enough sailing the first sixty five miles down the river. Long Sault was the first problem. It took them thirty five days to get the raft to the foot of the white water. Later they learned to do it in twenty four hours.

But in the summer of 1807 Philemon Wright had done what he set out to do. He delivered the first raft of Ottawa timber to Quebec. The first of his thousand ships set out to sea.

From that year the timber business on the Ottawa flourished. Wright became a man of wealth and prime importance. The colony spread, the fields and meadows yielded rich profits. In 1811 Wright raised three thousand bushels of wheat. They cost him two thousand dollars. It was war time so he sold his crop for nine thousand dollars. The colony was a profitable investment.

There were schools now and churches. Wright was a Royal Arch Mason, so he founded a lodge. He recruited a regiment of militia among the settlers and was made a colonel. He spent a thousand dollars on a

music stuff to do more sweet guns and ammunition and two small brass cannons.

There was an inn called the Canada, a busy place indeed but centres of importance were the guests of Wright on his simple and hospitable home. He was elected a member of the legislature for Lower Canada and became a friend of Governors. All the time he remained the simple farmer rough and ready shrewd and capable. John Neal the witty writer wrote a play and produced it at Charles and one of the characters was Colonel Charles a caricature of the pioneer Wright. Wright sat in a box at the theatre and laughed heartily at himself.

In spite of business and parties and many another responsibility Philemon Wright was still a farmer as his father had been before him, and many a Wright of other days grew by. But he was anxious that his children should enjoy the privileges of their wealth and he provided them with education and travel and such luxuries as were available. Ruggles, who had been a small boy of eight when he came up the river in the first canoe was a lad of parts. Philemon Wright learned gravely when he talked of travel abroad but he was home all the same provided with letters of credit on his London banker. Young Ruggles, for his part

something like three thousand pounds on the grand tour. He might have come back a dandy and a coxcomb, too fine for his father's backwoods town. But the heart of Philomen Wright glowed with pride when Ruggles came home from Europe. For he brought his father a prize bull and a goat of high degree.

Chapter IV

O PIONEERS!

SETTLEMENT on the south shore of the Ottawa was very slow even after Hull was a flourishing village. The few who braved the wilderness built their solitary little log cabins at great distances from one another since there was none of the organization that marked the development of Wright's colony, and none of the friendliness of the patriarchal enterprise on the north shore. Much of the land on the south was granted to Loyalists who had no intention of settling on it but were holding their scrips for speculation.

One of the first Loyalists who paddled his way from Lake Ontario into the district to discover its possibilities was a man who was not apt to find beauty or delight in any land. He was David Jones, who figures in that most tragic tale of revolution days, the murder of Miss MacCrae. They were both young and very much in love with one another. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant on the rebel side. David was a royalist soldier. She had planned to escape from her

father's house and soon him at his post on the Mohawk Valley. David sent an escort of Indians out to help her. Just what happened after that no one knows. Whether a second party really did quarrel with the first over the honour of bringing her in, whether one side were rebel supporters, or just what other complications entered into the incident no one seems to clearly understand. What happened however all agree upon. The Indians returned to the fort bearing with them a mass of golden hair and young David knew recognized it as the hair of the woman he loved so devotedly. David never smiled again.

After looking over the south shore at the Chaudiere he reported against settlement on the broken and half mountainous clay. Half beaver meadow. But apparently he required the value of power for his brother patronized for a mill site at Deschenes Rapids and was refused.

In 1791 the township of Nepean was laid out, the first to be surveyed on the south shore. Eventually the county of Carleton was created around it.

The township was the unit of settlement in Upper Canada. On water fronts the townships were most often made by twelve miles deep. Inland they were ten miles square. They were surveyed into two hundred acre lots. Settlers demanded after the American Re-

veterans and certain favorites were the first to get grants in Upper Canada. These ranged from the two hundred acre farm lots for each man and woman, and children on their majority, to five thousand acre estates to field officers. Later on, new arrivals and settlers of every description were granted the two hundred acre lots. In special instances on the approval of the governor a further ninety acres was thrown up to twelve hundred acres. Those who undertook to create colonies were granted much greater areas for development.

The first settler in Nepean township was a young man by the name of Ira Honeywell. His descendants still live in Ottawa. One of the Americans who came to Canada in the seventeen nineties was Ezra Honeywell of the Mohawk Valley. He was a rebel and fought on the side of congress but he was in love with a Tory sweetheart. At the peace between the nations he made his peace with her and she apparently returned with him to the Mohawk for a while. Eventually she persuaded him to emigrate into Canada and take her back among her former friends. He was one of the first new farmers to take advantage of Simcoe's proclamation and in '91 he drew his two hundred acres of land. His wife drew a similar grant as a farmer. They settled down near Prescott and there Ira was born.

When he became a man his father gave him five hundred acres a thousand acres of land in Nepean, for showing old Rice Honeywell had been inventing his surplus land in the Loyalist grants

In Honeywell set out on a canoe to claim the land that was to give him a new thread. It lay on the Ottawa in the vicinity of Britannia Bay. There in the winter of 1818-19 he built a log cabin and cleared some land. Apparently he made progress on it for the next year he went back again to Bytown claiming Charlotte Anderson his Welsh bride. He carried her off to Nepean. There was John Honeywell was the first white child born on the south shore.

The second settler was Braddish Billings. He was a son of another rebel for Dr. Billings had been a prominent agitator for revolution in and about Boston where his family had lived since 1640. But Dr. Billings came not to make war on government. Some were all and Braddish was a small child when they arrived in Bytown.

Braddish Billings was one of the first to believe in the possibilities of the Ottawa timber trade since Philemon Wright had broken trail to Chaudiere with his historic raft of 1806. Two years after as a very young man, he went into partnership with a Yankee named William Mann and the two of them went up the Rideau and cut

their first timber on the shores of that river. In the spring of 1840 he took out a raft and sold it to Wright. For two or three years he worked for Wright and then went into business for himself. In 1842 he built a cabin on land he had selected five miles from the mouth of the Rideau. He cleared and sowed four acres of land and then he went up the Rideau again. That year was after he Merrickville. He went for Lavina Day, the seventeen year old school teacher of the backwoods school and he brought her down as mistress of his new log cabin.

Lavina Day was one of the pioneer personalities of the Rideau. Like the Hamerwell and Bridges families, the Day family had come up from the new American republic to become Canadians in the seventeen nineties. Lavina was just a little girl but she was bright and energetic and enterprising. At sixteen she was appointed school mistress at Merrickville. She was to get a very small cash salary and was to board around from house to house with the parents of her pupils.

The children trudged the rough township roads from the farms in the clearings round about or made their way by short cuts through the woods. They were hard times for the farmers and there was not much grist for the mill that stood beside the falls. Lavina taught her

want more of knowledge to the children and waited with eager expectation for that little money it here. But when the time came to collect it they told the de-mented g[illegible] that nobody had any cash to spare and the best they could do would be to put her in promissory notes for wheat. The farmers would drive it down to Kingston and meantime she could collect from the agent on the strength of the notes.

Lavinia drove down to Kingston in a buggy by her self and presented her promissory notes to the agent. He would honor them for her he said but not in cash. Oh dear no! but she might have goods to the value of the notes. Indignantly Lavinia refused to spend her wages in the agent's store so she drove off back to Mercy with a high spot of color burning on her cheeks and her dark eyes flashing.

Once back among the farmers she borrowed a wagon and went from farm to farm collecting the wheat that each man owed her and then off she went again over the rough road to Kingston. In Kingston she sold her wheat for gaining for the best price and getting cash in her firm small hand. Then turning contentedly she turned her horses nose homeward into the bush again. She had need for that cash, poor girl, for a tragedy

At Brandon Hall George was not told where his cheque was

Lamira Day for his wife and he wouldn't have changed places with Philemon Wright himself the day they set out on their canoe to the Mer Bleue to the cabin on the clearing down stream.

To-day the site of that cabin is the village of Billings Bridge on the outskirts of the city, three miles from Parliament Hill. The ferry that plied across the river when wayfarers came down the road on the other side gave way in time to a bridge that linked Metcalfe road with Bank street and also the first bridge that replaced it was part of the highway system. Ottawa has grown out to the river and to the village of Billings Bridge. It can be reached by Bank street by motor or by a city electric car that runs near the bridge. Here the river runs broad and placid and on the ridge overlooking it is the beautiful old wooden house that Braddish Billings built more than a century ago for Lamira.

It was near the little church, just east of the bridge that he buried a purse candied one day in [illegible].

Their daughter Sabra was the first white child born in Gloucester township and the Billings who now possess the old pioneer estate will speak of her. Pieces of her fine needlework hang on the walls of the old colonial home.

Sabra was destined to beg n her adventures ear y in

life. At one time when she was still an infant in arms Braddish and Lavina Bridges were returning from Merrickville in a canoe, when they encountered Philomen Wright at the head of the portage at Hog's Back Rapids. By some mischance while they were talking together Wright's canoe dislodged the Bridges' canoe and it swept out into the current at the head of the rapids but we Braddish could do anything to prevent it. To the horror of everyone concerned they realized the canoe was in the grip of the roaring white waters and nothing could save it from being swept down on that awful current among the rocks that no man dared run. I seem with horror Philomen Wright raced along the portage to look for their battered bodies at the foot of the rapids. There though he could scarcely believe his eyes was the Bridges family still afloat in their swamped canoe, very white, clasped in the arms of her eighteen-year-old mother.

There was speedy thanking on he shore in the brief moments, scarcely more than the twinkling of an eye, between the time they realized their danger and the breathless passage down the rapids. Braddish paddled like one possessed and Lavina knew what and she could. Between them they emerged in safety. It was the only canoe that ever went down the dreaded Hog's Back Rapids.

In 1814 Braddish, having prospered both as farmer and lumberman, built a frame house. In the year the canal was begun he gave up lumbering and devoted all his time to farming. It was in that year he began the building of the fine old house that still shelters the Billings of Billings' Bridge. Lemira Billings lived to a ripe old age and watched Ottawa grow from a construction camp to the capital of the Dominion.

Chapter V

OLD COUNTRY FOLK

A FEW miles up the river from Billings homestead there lived a most extraordinary settler who, by some strange fluke of circumstances settled in the bush of the new province of Upper Canada. Captain Andrew Wilson was the last sort of person anyone would have expected to find in a clearing on the Rideau. A rollicking British sailor Captain Wilson had served under Nelson at the Battle of the Nile and had been one of the crew of the Victory at Trafalgar.

With the collapse of the Napoleonic dreams of empire a good many British sea-dogs, like their fellow fighting men of the land forces, found themselves out of employment. Half pay officers in plenty found their way into Canada and Captain Wilson was one of them.

The house he built for himself on the Rideau he called Ossian Hall and he set out to be something of a big wig in the vicinity. Among other things he was a Justice of the Peace and held weekly courts at Bytown,

and he was also a Notary Public. He was much in demand for the signing of the wedding and legal contracts of the country townsfolk and could be counted on, when the occasion arose, to overlook the fact that on a strict point of law it was only true when there was a clergyman within fifteen miles range. However, fifteen miles over a township roads might be something of a problem and the good captain had his grievous commander could put his plan to the blood test when circumstance demanded it.

All the way from Peg and he had brought a really fine library and installed it at Chaise Hall - the best library that ever was taken into the wilderness according to one of his friends. He also had a great collection of maps, charts and drawings of ships in action and famous landmarks on the sea coasts of the world. Moreover the good captain was the author of a three volume naval history - brought with him by sea and his affairs.

Yet the captain fully agreeing, got him out to the same grog shoved and how he dashes about - for as John MacLaggert of Three Trees in Canada - that would imagine in how few that there never was a battle fought on the ocean but he had the pleasure of being in it. That was his speech to - We have given the brave chaps for three days, dismay them, and on the morning of the

[illegible] heard a slight fog cannon or other signal be heard. One looked out from the top after another but no signs of land. Up went I again standing at the helm and after looking for a full quarter of an hour handed down to the man at the wheel. I have been Northward all the compass off the weather bow. Watch the direction of the gun. In an instant round came the ship. Yes I have heard. I handed down. Steady all steady. Keep the right. I whatever the guns and were before. Before we came in view and in two hours we had [illegible] Spanish prize worth ten thousand dollars. Captain & crew. Blessed that by the Lord.

She had [illegible] something much more extraordinary though [illegible]. A house [illegible] a [illegible] of St Paul. I was the possessor of a collection of [illegible] a book bound manuscript volume in the preface to which he gives her very good reason for having written it simply that he had never yet discovered any to his own satisfaction. When a picture he makes the man [illegible] from the scenes of human affairs [illegible] sitting at his desk beside the [illegible] which he found ready made in the room around him he [illegible] back to life the picture I mean, giving him flesh and bones and human ears and eyes to be the person he had conceived of him.

Captain Wilson busied himself in digesting all the news of Upper Canada and loved to be more very busily engaged in public affairs, the pockets of his gaberdine buttoned coat stuffed with documents, complete to his red cape and cross. He was also a good farmer and loved as much to talk about cattle, wheat and hay affairs as he did on news about the war. Nevertheless, he was a soldier at heart. MacTaggart tells of meeting him one night at the Columbia Inn at Hull at a party of leading men on the river. Judge Macdonnell was leading them in singing French Canadian river songs. Captain Wilson did not join in the chorus. He listened to the singing with disdain. Then he broke forth.

"Damn your freshwater nonsense, come out to the salt water, my boys, and I am with ye."

Captain Wilson's pleasant home near the Hog's Back Rapids was open house to the weary wayfarer, particularly to the new settlers struggling up the locks and streams from Kingston on the way to settle on the Ottawa. He had a princely hospitality for all who came his way, high or low. Food and warmth and shelter by his hearth he gladly gave and a word of cheer and encouragement as he set them on their way.

The first settlers on the actual site of Ottawa lived on the vicinity of the river above north of Wellington

street and east of Hawk. It was the foot of the river di ver s portage around the Chaudiere. It is said that in ca. y as 1809 or thereabouts one, Caleb T. Bellows, had built a dock and a store there and the place became known as Bellows' Point.

Not far away a man by the name of Ralph Smith settled and is said to have been the first man to build a mill and manufacture whiskey on the south shore. It was a trade never threatened with over production.

It was here about 1818, to this seldom little clearing at the foot of the portage that there came the first woman to lay her fingers on the pens of history in Ottawa.

The newcomer was Miss Dalmahoy of Edinburgh. A sensible young Scottish lassie with nimble fingers and a taste in flowers and feathers, she became a milliner in the Scottish capital when Queen Victoria was a little girl in very wide skirts and a large straw hat. But Miss Dalmahoy had ambitions and no little courage and a man's size share of grit. She made up a very firm little mind that she was not going to sit with head bent over poke bonnets for the rest of her days.

Her father was dead, her mother married again to a soldier who had fought in the wars in Canada. As she tucked a silk rose into a load of straw and stitched

a ribbon under the brim she dreamed of Canada.

One day she set off from Edinburgh a becoming bit in bonnet from her own fingers over her brown curls, her cape all but hiding the flounces of her wide skirt. In a stage coach she headed south. Whether she paused along the way to see the world or whether she travelled the weary week it took to ride from Edinburgh to London, at once on her arrival to get there we do not know. Certainly she arrived there tired and bruised and stiff from the springless coaches and horrible roads of William the Fourth's day.

Here is London on that day as a young Canadian saw it

We got within eight miles of Hyde Park Corner when, from the number of people the carriages coming and going, the closeness of the houses and the paved road, I could hardly believe I was not in London, for it is one long street excepting two small breaks. At last we entered the city through a great iron gate and frame with many lamps upon it. Then to me the height and irregularity of the houses the lower stories are nothing but glass on both sides the street, the houses being on the front supported by iron posts, and the windows filled with the most curious cut glass. The footways are covered with people, five or four or five abreast com-

unsafely turning the corners of the street, without ceasing one moment."

That might have been the words of Miss Delmaine.

She was a wonderful young lady. Fresh and capable and lovely, and though she did not stay in London long she turned the heads of the clerks who watched her tripping by. Now one of them was a Yorkshire lad who had a post in a sugar warehouse. He fell very deeply in love, indeed, with the girl's manner and tried all his Yorkshire guile to persuade her to marry him. But she shook her brown head very decidedly. She had not come all the way from Edinburgh to become the wife of a London clerk. No, indeed, her eyes were set upon far away places.

So as soon she turned her back resolutely on London and its crowds and its temptations and she crossed the Atlantic and after seeing Quebec and Montreal, she kept steadily on her way to the Interior. How or why she came as far as the town of the Chaudiere portage no one knows. She induced her mother and her step father to join her.

So one spring the river men came singing and tramping down the portage and when they came near Kalwater they found a neat little cabin by the side of the road, and an axe where they might have anything from

[illegible]

ren whether to her misery at the hands of the brute Scottish milliner

The curious thing happened. Half the brawny sturdy men fell in love with her. They were willing to fight for her smiles. They longed for some one enough that they might wrest their foes before her twinkling blue eyes. They brought her trophies from the woods where they came down stream, and gifts from Quebec where they came back again. On the one hand [illegible] laughed and rallied them in her rich Edinburgh tongue and went on gathering up the pennies and shillings, American pennies and Spanish coins and all the hundred and twenty odd varieties of currency in circulation in Canada in those days against another day.

One day Mister Hall's coach rumbled into the court yard of the Canadian Inn at Hull with a young French-Canadian aboard. He climbed out of the carriage and hauled his carpet bag with him. He wore tight trousers of nankeen and square toed boots and the long skirted coat of a Londoner. They stared at him curiously. He was another toilet man Shakespeare. He looked well off and prosperous, but he was no farmer. He put up at the inn and in a strange English voice asked for the whereabouts of Miss Dalrymple. There he engaged a boatman to carry him over to the

south shore. He landed at Bellows' dock and walked up the hill to the log inn.

She was busy polishing pewter mugs and humming a bit of a song. When someone filled the doorway and threw a shadow into the room, she turned.

"I've come, lass. . . ."

It was Isaac Firth whose shining eyes were looking so anxiously into hers.

So what could she do? She married him, of course, and when the river drivers came back in the fall she was Mrs. Isaac Firth and her husband was busy in the taproom, while she wiped the table tops and polished the pewter as of yore.

Isaac Firth developed into a regular old John Bull, round and rosy and genial,

> Of milk and human kindness full,
> Of rotund form and smiling face,
> Who kept an entertaining place.

It was Mrs. Firth, or Mother Firth, who continued to be the best known of the pair in all the country round about. She entertained governors and their officers, and her shrewd commonsense was more than once put at their service as they debated affairs of state under her roof.

"Indeed she has all the folk of the Ottawa river under her holy charge," writes John MacTaggert. "She was much courted by the beaux of the neighborhood. A raftsman of my acquaintance, a half pay navy captain, some Americans from the famous township of Hull, struggled hard for the prize. She keeps a snug little inn and has plenty of dogs and tom cats. We hold all our big nights there with much hilarity, our Hallowe'en, St Andrews and so forth. were I wishing to have interest in the country among big folks, there could none be found to equal hers."

Even here at the foot of the Chaudiere she found use for her skill as a milliner, for it is recorded "she makes most beautiful black otter caps" for the "rummagers" or surveyors and explorers. With the beginning of the canal she found herself with plenty on her hands to be done, both as mistress of the inn and milliner to rummagers.

Chapter VI

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S TOWN

IN THE aftermath of every great war comes a period that we have called reconstruction. The problems under some other name was not so acute at the close of the Napoleonic wars, of which the war of 1812 in Canada was a phase.

Human lives must be accounted for. Men and women cannot be put away like excess munitions or obsolete firearms. They have tongues that talk and stomachs that grow hungry and tempers that destroy. If they are not provided for they either turn outlaws and destroy the possessions of the more fortunate or they die on the streets and bring down odium on the heads of their betters. So when the wars ended something had to be done with the old soldier and his family.

Two regiments that served in Canada, the 99th and the 100th were for a time consolidated and then disbanded. Under a soldier settlement scheme the men were granted in 1818 land in a new township near the Ottawa on which the town of Richmond was laid out. It came to be so called because, in the month of July

when the ship bearing the soldier settlers sat at anchor in the harbor of Quebec the ship bearing the new Governor of Canada, the Duke of Richmond, sailed up the river and came to another anchor. In honor to the new Duke the settlement was to be called Richmond.

No man of so proud a rank had ever come to Canada as administrator. His dukedom, his personality, his long record of military and diplomatic service all added to his glamour in the eyes of the Canadians. He was a friend of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of the English. Indeed he had been secretary of Ireland when Wellington was served by Arthur Wellesley and had acted as his secretary.

There was another incident that lent itself to the popular imagination. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and some of their young sons and daughters were living in Brussels during the campaign on the river Sambre and on the eve of Waterloo it was the stately Duchess who gave the ball that Byron had immortalized.

> There was a sound of revelry by night
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men
> A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell
> Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again,
> But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell

And many an Englishman went out from the Duchess of Richmond's ball to death or glory on both next day was the battle of Quatre Bras and two days later Waterloo. After Waterloo the Duke of Richmond rode with Wellington back over the blood drenched field, among the dying and the dead as all their wars had been. He rode on with him to Paris.

It was in Paris that his pretty and unfortunate daughter Lady Sarah Lennox ran off with Sir Peregrine Maitland one of the officers of the Household Napoleon's packed escorts of the Imperial Guard. Wellington had to intervene with the czar Richmond and help him to find a post for the impoverished Maitland for whom Richmond chose as Lieutenant Governor of Canada. Sir Peregrine came as Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada and Lady Sarah came with him.

It took a month to make the trip from Quebec to Chicago in those days and it was August when the party arrived at the town. Point. The road to Richmond had still to be cut so the party camped in tents along the point and called the place Richmond Landing. Such it was until lumber yards and warehouses sprang up over the portage at the head of the navigation.

Furthermore for Richmond, surrounded by high and where there reached the River back by the new road there is

[illegible] at Goodwood River for the Duke's English escort. They had still to travel a few miles up river before they came to the site of the proposed town. It was said that with grandiose dreams. There was to be a great city here, the metropolis of the Valley of the Ottawa. Col. Burke, late of the 100th regiment, was in charge upon the place. He supervised the laying out of streets and the building of cabins, and when they were ready the rest of women and children from Richmond, and along to Richmond began. There in the back woods, on farm-lots and forbidding, under the dark winter skies, the old soldiers and their families began the experiment of pioneer life in the bush.

The following autumn the Duke set out to make a long tour of his country. He went as far as Niagara, where his wife visited daughters lived. After a happy visit there he turned homeward. He was anxious to see the settlers' settlement at Richmond, so from Kingston he travelled to Perth. He was a sturdy man, was the great duke, with the blood of the Stuarts running through his veins, and he did not hesitate at the thirty mile walk from Perth to Richmond.

Richmond was all agog. And as was Hull. Square Wright, now a man named Martin, with a double team of oxen all the way to Goodwood River to escort the Duke on his way to the Ottawa.

The Duke arrived. He was proud and friendly. The old soldiers cheered him. The old officers feted him at the Mansion Arms Inn. He made heroic efforts to live up to expectations, but the Duke was not well. He was restless and uneasy. Nevertheless the night went off with extraordinary hilarity and high hopes. It was the greatest night in the history of Richmond.

In the morning the Duke set off by canoe down the Gastwood River to the place where the Richmond Road joined it. There Martin waited with his oxen. But the Duke grew agitated as he travelled. He ordered the canoe ashore. But as it was beached he leaped out of it and his companions saw him tearing wildly through the woods. They ran after him unable to keep up with his mad speed. They found him on a pile of hay in a barn, an terrible pain, hopelessly afflicted. The poor Duke had hydrophobia.

Some weeks before the Duke had been bitten by a little pet fox and had thought nothing of it. Now as the hallucinations, he suffered the results. There died Charles Gordon Lennox, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, Earl of Darnley, Baron Methuen and Duke d'Aubigny of the peerage of France.

Martin's oxen drew the dead Duke over the rough road to Richmond Landing and the body was laid in the

inn of the young Scottish milliner until it could be ferried over to Hull and eventually taken down the river to Montreal. The Duke was buried in the crypt of the English cathedral at Quebec.

Meantime, in spite of all the high hopes, Richmond never became the great city it was to have been. It is now a quiet little village, nine miles from the capital, and the first two miles of the old Richmond road that lie within the city limits of Ottawa are known as Wellington street.

Chapter VII

THE LE BRETON FLATS

OTTAWA was built like Rome upon the hills. The whole site of the city was, in its primeval state, a curious patchwork of limestone bluffs and pestilential swamps and beaver meadows. To-day these rocky heads lift themselves up picturesquely in various parts of the city. Where Wellington and Sparks streets meet in an angle near the Chaudiere, the grey stratified rocks rear themselves up over the surrounding streets, and the homes on the heights above once commanded a glorious view of the river and falls.

The area of Ottawa that lies to the west of this bluff was once the subject of one of the most famous lawsuits of colonial days. It began with the purchase, in 1807 of the land, by Robert Randall.

Robert Randall was an American who came from Maryland in 1799 and settled down at Niagara Falls. He was enterprising and ambitious. Among other things he was the first manufacturer of wrought iron in Upper Canada. He was making a tidy fortune out

of flour mills and was gradually acquiring quantities of land in various parts of the province.

In 1817 Robert Randall came up the Rideau Lakes with a party of Indians to see for himself what this neglected country might be like. He was intrigued with the possibilities of the south shore and returned to York to secure land there.

Lot Four on Concession One on this land was called at the time was a broken front lot. That is it had an irregular shore line and water rights. By purchase and lease he added to the original lot until he had a strip of land running from Richmond Landing on the Ottawa, right through to the swamp lands that became later words Dow's Lake. Dow's Lake is now one of the beauty spots of Ottawa on the route of the boulevard. The Booth Mills stood on a part of the land he secured on the Ottawa front.

By the time he had added this to his possessions he was one of the largest landowners in the province.

Randall's business career was now the forging ahead. The agents who handled his financial affairs failed and he suddenly found himself involved in debts which he could not meet. He had revenues who were jealous of the lands he held and he had no friends able to help him out of his predicament. He was imprisoned

at Montreal, and as things were done in those days, he was held there throughout the war of 1812 largely to get his affairs in order. Things went from bad to worse. There were some mysterious manoeuvres in the conduct of the legal affairs of the estate and the suits involved and to satisfy a judgment the land at the Chaudiere was advertised for sale by auction in 1819.

Meantime a year or so before the sale a new settler had taken up land on the Ottawa. Captain Le Breton was penniless and unfed and had decided to develop his grant of land in Nepean township.

He realized the lands of the late estate Randall were valuable and that they had important possibilities. Therefore when he heard they were to be sold at Kingston, he was anxious to become their possessor. He paddled down to Kingston, hired a horse and rode post haste to Brockville.

Captain Le Breton did not have the money to buy the land but he had heard of Ira Allen Sherwood as a man interested in land investment. Unknown as he was, he introduced himself and explained his mission. Le Breton was a gentleman who had served in the army with distinction. In 18 , he had been sent to Quebec with his regiment and when the War of 1812 broke out was sent into Upper Canada to serve on the frontier.

He was at the taking of Detroit with Brock and was recommended there for his services. He was badly wounded at Lundy's Lane and in 1815 he was sent home to England. Four years later, under the soldier settlement scheme, he returned.

He must have recommended himself highly to Sherwood, for he won his point and Sherwood agreed to lend him the money for the purchase of the land if he could find it on the auction.

The auction had been long advertised and there were few bidders. Le Breton had on the land for four hundred and forty-nine pounds.

Randall was released and his efforts to secure redress and possession of the lands, which he claimed had been illegally disposed of, led to a bitter controversy in which the Family Compact became involved. Others which would not be tolerated to-day were in vogue at the time and the affair had an unsavory aspect.

Eventually Captain Le Breton became involved in an intrigue in which no less a person than Lord Dalhousie took a part. Le Breton was undoubtedly misrepresented to Dalhousie, who conceived a violent dislike to the gallant soldier and accused him of taking advantage of information acquired at a private dinner to Dalhousie, to speculate in the lands in question.

Captain Le Breton was probably double-crossed by someone who had reasons of his own for drawing down the Tory wrath of Dalhousie upon the soldier's head.

The Firth's Inn and Bellows' Store were on Le Breton's land, and they would neither move away nor pay him for possession of it. In this stand they were backed by the Governor and poor Le Breton had to make the best he could of it. Long after Dalhousie, Randall, and Le Breton were in their graves the controversy over the rights and wrongs of the Le Breton flats, as they were called, continued to rage.

Sherwood and Le Breton reaped rich profits eventually from the land, for it was laid out in lots for settlement when Bytown was born.

Chapter VIII

"IN TIMES OF PEACE. . . ."

THE French, during the whole of their regime in Canada had been content to overcome the barriers of the rivers in the Indian fashion, by tramping the portages with their canoes and bateaux on their shoulders. No important engineering work was attempted under the flag of the Bourbons.

When the English penetrated into the upper country it was an age of canals. Among the British garrisons were military engineers eager to match wits with the powerful and sullen rapids and rivers by the forces of their own aggressive minds. First the Lachine rapids had been conquered by the Lachine canal, making transportation on the upper St. Lawrence easier. When events turned the attention of the powers of the day towards Ottawa transportation in relation to defence and colonization, the Rideau canal became inevitable. Even from those early days of consideration in Canada, men dared to dream of a canal system that would link the St. Lawrence and Lake Superior by way of the Ottawa, the Nipissing and the Georgian Bay.

By the time the Ottawa system of canals was partly accomplished the age of canals had, in a sense, passed. Canals, that had been the only means of effecting and speeding up trade and transportation in the vast river threaded interior of Canada, in the pre-railway age, became merely auxiliaries, once the iron horse, with its speed and its penetrating powers, and its trail all over the settled country. With the new tempo in living, important travellers would not spend their time locking up and down canals, no matter how picturesque they might be, so the canals were left for the cargo ships, the pack mules of transportation. Here and there throughout the country are old canals, deserted now even by these plodding vessels, left to neglect and decay or with their picturesque solitude only occasionally disturbed by pleasure boats.

The Rideau canal was an exhilarating dream for military engineers for a long before its construction as it actually served a practical purpose after it was completed. For forty years it lived a nebulous, visionary life, and for another forty years it carried the trade and travel of a busy young province suffering from growing pains.

The Rideau canal was built long after the purpose for which it was designed had passed out of being. It

was a military canal built and maintained by British troops for purposes of defense. It was built when, fortunately, the last war had been fought with Canada's only neighbor and possible foe.

The territory between the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and the Rideau system is a big triangle. The base lies along the Rideau River and Lakes and the Cataraqui River. The apex is the angle where the Ottawa and St. Lawrence meet at the western end of the Island of Montreal.

From Montreal, accordingly, there were two choices of routes up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario or up the Ottawa and north to Nipissing and Georgian Bay or Lake Huron, or down the Rideau Lakes to Lake Ontario. The Rideau system, which comprised the Cataraqui River to the Rideau Lakes and then the Rideau River down to the Ottawa, was the easiest Indian highway. The water route chosen was to make use of that Indian travel trail as the route of the canal.

There had never been a settlement of French in the area comprising Ontario before the conquest. It was still a wilderness when the American Revolution broke out. Loyalists fleeing from the new republic were the first to colonize the land to the north of Lake Ontario. Kingston at the mouth of the Cataraqui became the

principal city of the colony and was to be, so its citizens fondly hoped, the capital of Upper Canada when the first governor was appointed to establish English laws and customs there. However, everyone was shy of the Americans and although the two peoples were officially at peace, it was with their fists clenched in their pockets that Canadians and Americans regarded each other. The fires of the revolution smouldered and each side believed a fresh war was inevitable.

In the seventeen nineties the canal between Ottawa and Kingston was seriously debated. It was the only way to get troops and supplies to the upper country except by the St. Lawrence which was a boundary river and vulnerable for many miles. Statesmen and soldiers and engineers dallied with the idea for thirty five years. In those years the anticipated war was fought and ended in enduring peace. But the statesmen and soldiers and engineers of the Napoleonic era did not know the peace would endure. When the war was over they actually set to work to put their plans into operation. And so it happened that in 1826, the canal was actually begun.

Chapter IX

BRIDGING THE CHAUDIÈRE

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN BY of the Royal Engineers was living quietly at Shorncliffe Park in Sussex with his wife Esther Ely and two small daughters, when he received a commission to proceed to Canada to take command of the building of the Rideau Canal. He was a man in his middle forties, quite tall, not too portly to be dignified, busy himself on a habitant military carriage, once as a lanky lad in his early teens, he had been put into the hands of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in preparation for a military career. At eighteen he was a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers and he climbed by regular but unspectacular service to a lieutenant colonelcy. At twenty one he was sent out to garrison duty in Quebec and until he was thirty he was engaged in construction work in and about Quebec. The martello towers on the Plains of Abraham were erected under his command.

Having been recalled to England in 1812 he was

wanted the opportunity to distinguish himself in active service in the War of [illegible]2. He was retained at duty in England where his abilities to organize and direct were extraordinarily useful to the country but where he was deprived of the chance of winning distinction in the historic campaigns then in progress.

After the war in 18[illegible] Colonel By married Esther March, and eight years later he was an able but idle engineer when the exclusive opportunity came to distinguish himself in the building of the much discussed Rideau Canal.

There was little money in England then for investment in such a scheme. Upper Canada was pressing for it and bringing all the influence it could muster to bear upon Wellington and others favorably inclined toward the project. Estimates for the canal had to be squeezed through parliament in as inconspicuous a manner as possible. Colonel By was privately informed that in an emergency he was not to wait for the official passage of estimates but that at all costs he must push the building of the canal and that eventually everything would be paid for.

Accompanied by his wife and little daughters and by his engineering staff Colonel By sailed for Quebec in the summer of 1826. The inauguration of the canal

was considered so important that Lord Dalhousie decided to accompany Colonel By up the Ottawa so that he could be on the spot where large plans were adopted and no time would be lost in getting to work.

When the steamer from Corner Inn tied up at the dock at Hull with the viceregal flag flying most of the eleven hundred population of Wright's township were down by the shore to give the party a royal welcome. The Lord of the Manor at Hull, the jovial, weather beaten Philemon Wright was there to greet them. Important as began the entercourse, once they had settled their party at the Columbus Inn, we set up the River to look the wild scene over.

The three men presented curious contrasts. Philemon Wright represented the very essence of rough pioneer enterprise. True at that time he was a very wealthy man and the chief figure politically, commercially and socially on the Ottawa. But he was still a Yankee farmer given to amassing hoards of $ for their own sakes for the glorification of the Ottawa Valley. Yet here was the residence of his palace, the flourishing town and the thousands of thriving acres on the north shore. Dalhousie was the essence of British aristocracy, the ninth earl of his name a distinguished ex-navy officer who had fought throughout the Revolutionary

and Peninsular Wars and served as a major general on the field of Waterloo. He was a viceregal governor and a gentleman of the courts of Europe.

But was a builder, a man with a mind made for the exact science of engineering, reserve for the word to be off on this big project worthy of the mind of any engineer of his generation.

As they walked along the river edge and looked across to the palisades of the south shore each had an extraordinary vision. Not only could they see the mounting locks that would carry ships up over the height of land to the waters beyond, not only did they see a town with slender spires among the tree tops and roads across the grey rocks of the head headlands, but they each and all dreamed of the day when that tree covered promontory still in its primeval state would be the capital of a nation.

It is strange that here and there in scattered memoirs and records we can trace the fact that each of these men, at different times, individually conceived the notion that the capital to be would be in the Basin of the Chaudiere. And when strong men dream dreams, they are likely, if not in their own generation, then in another, to take shape.

But a great deal else had to be done besides dream.

It may be, as tradition says, that Lord Dalhousie paused across the foam flecked river and said, "There, gentlemen, is the site of the future capital!" To more practical immediate minds, Colonel By said, "There, gentlemen, is the site of the bridge we must build as a first step toward the canal."

For that was the first thing definitely agreed upon. The Ottawa had to be bridged, and the place to do it was over the very falls of the Chaudiere. All three went back to the town and to Wright's hospitable house. There the decision was definitely made and the word passed. Two days later the workmen were engaged and the first stones turned.

The town of Bridges over the Chaudiere to-day cover the sites of the first bridges, begun in 1826. Although the enterprise was subsidiary to the canal it was an achievement of no mean merit. It was the largest bridge in the country and was called Union Bridge because it was the only actual contact between the soil of one province and the other, the entire boundary between Upper and Lower Canada being along waterways.

Material there was in plenty right at hand. Wright's mills supplied the timber and the limestone rocks were to be had for the cutting of them. The bridge was to

comprise five parts. On the north shore were two small channels, and two more on the south shore between islands. In the centre was the Great Kettle itself, smoking and roaring with terrific energy. The first bridge to be attempted was the one from the north shore, built by the Royal Engineers officers. It had a span of sixty feet. It was begun immediately in spite of the fact that winter was coming on, for it was hoped to have it completed before the spring floods swept down the Ottawa.

John MacTaggert, clerk of works to Colonel By, was the man left in charge of the building of the bridge. He had never been in Canada and was ignorant of the effect of climate on the materials he was to employ and as he confesses had "never seen, far less built, a dry stone bridge."

He engaged "a wandering millwright lad from Aberdeen" to do the centering of the bridge and to build a scarf wall to keep the mist from the falls off the workmen, else they would have been covered with ice on the bright cold winter days, and to work would have been impossible. Every morning the young millwright had to sweep the snow from the centers, on which the stone work was to be done, to discover what effect the frost had had upon them, while others cut away the

blocks of ice that drifted down in the night from the rapids. Some times these ice blocks would choke the channel and the water would back up until bridge and all was bound up in a mass of shoving ice. Meantime the masons were busy and the huge dressed blocks were dragged into place on sleighs by teams of horses or oxen.

After months of unceasing work the bridge was completed. The wooden frame work was knocked out and the last stone arch settled not an inch. Mr. Taggart was proud of the job as he had a right to be.

"The great floods of the Ottawa which in spring rolled frightfully down the Rapids, bringing both ice and snow before them, were not to be dreaded; they came on, dashed against the waterway of the bridge as the parapet; but it defied their power—there it stands, and there will for a length of time be where

Philemon Wright had the contract for building the second stone arch which was to be twenty-five feet in width. When it was complete it brought the roadway from Hull to the very brink of the great falls of the Chaudiere.

Meantime on the south shore the corresponding pair of bridges were in the course of construction. They were longer spans, one of eighty feet and the other of seventy feet.

The lesser problems having been solved and approach secured from each shore to the brink of the falls, the chief obstacle was reached. There was a stretch of two hundred feet of furious water to be crossed. There was no possible support from the bed of the river because the water poured right into a subterranean passage at the foot of the fall. Nor was it possible to anchor a boat at the point where the work was done. Many eager dreamers of a great bridge—the most practical on the world—for to the engineer a sweeping arch of grey limestone over the waters confirms before him a thing of loveliness evermore. However the hands of the despair of the engineers made that impossible. It was decided to build a sort of chain bridge as a foundation for a wooden one.

In order to get a rope across the falls from one stand to the other Colonel Bell upon an experiment whereby A small brass cannon, probably one of those of which Wright's enthusiasts were so proud, was dragged over the earth above bridges to the brink of the Niagara. A strong small rope was fastened to a ball and fired from the cannon across the gorge. Workmen on the other side stood waiting to seize it and presently the first rope across the river was secured. Heavier ropes were then dragged over, chains and cables followed in

due time and upon them the wooden bridge was successfully erected.

"The view from the bridge," writes the enthusiastic MacTaggert, "no pen can portray."

The five bridges were put up for a sum of about twenty-five hundred pounds, which seems extraordinarily little for the importance of the project. The summer of 1827 found the north and the south shores of the Ottawa united.

Chapter X

BYTOWN

ONCE the building of the Union Bridge had been set in motion By proceeded to arrange the ceremony of turning the first sod of the canal. A few days actual inspection of the river shore had sufficed to prove to him that the logical entrance for the canal was neither from Richmond Landing nor from Governor Bay the two clefts in the rocky shore already proposed, but in Rideau Bay where a wooded gully ran up between the two cliffs now known as Parliament Hill and Point Nepean. It was renamed Entrance Valley.

We can imagine the official party starting off from Hull that morning of September the twenty ninth, a clear golden morning, crossing in batteaux and canoes and accompanied by as many of the population of the north shore as could be accommodated in the boats available. At the prospect of work and enhanced prosperity all Hull is excited and elated, and paddles are worked with a will across the river from shore to shore. The landing place at the mouth of the valley is crowded

with small craft and everyone is clambering up the rough rocks between trees and rocks looking for vantage points from which to see the ceremony. The mist in the manner of Indian summer hangs over the valley. The steep cliffs are rich in color as an old tapestry. Young maples in the slender arms outstretched, are scarlet and gently affutter in the wind. The birches are silver and gold in long thin graceful heads far above the undergrowth that is alive with autumn tones, wine and purple, russet and green. Perhaps a black bear is looking down with beady bright eyes from the heights above at the strange performance of the intruders. Cries from all the tourists crush an accompaniment all the way through.

Men and women who had come up the Ottawa river that March a quarter century before looked back upon the turn of the tide in the virgin forests of Hull and forward to the changes about to begin. Children born and bred on the river who had never known any home but the life of the raft moment were all agog with excitement.

Lord Dufferin had made many a viceregal speech, had found many an expectant audience but never had he taken part in any ceremony so packed with premonition as this. Perhaps he was more than vaguely conscious of its significance as he set his spade against the

tough roots and faded grass of Entrance Valley and turned the first sod. Rideau Canal was begun.

The whole place was suddenly humming with activity. There was not so much as a clearing in the woods for a tent. Gangs of men were put to work to clear areas on the big cliff to the west as a site of barracks and on the cliff to the east for a home for the commanding officer. Down in Entrance Valley axes rang as they bit into the trees, and lumber was hauled out so that the canal diggers could get to work as soon as they arrived in the spring.

A town had to be laid out. Colonel By reserved big areas for public buildings and the indefatigable Mr. Taggart had charge of surveying the town plots. The lots were mapped up as fast as they were cut out, for in the wake of the canal builders came all the merchants and traders that go to make up a town.

Mr. Taggart was indispensable. Once the town sites were laid out he went up Entrance Valley with a party of men to take a flying level, a rough guess at the rise or fall of the country to be traversed by the canal between the Ottawa and the Rideau River. The falls at the mouth of the Rideau had made direct attack impossible so the distance to be covered in Entrance Valley was nearly five miles. It took the party three days to

cover the distance. They found that the run from the Chaudière to the Rideau was forty-five feet.

The level thoroughfare was so swampy that the surveying party could do nothing and returned to camp to wait for frost. It was the twenty-sixth of December before the men were all found to make a fresh survey practicable. They started once again, hardy handspikers were with them and some deep cuts. So dense was the growth that there was on no part more than five yards of cutout and for every scrap of information concerning the formation of the ground and the character of the country they had to cut their way with axes through virgin forest.

Every night camp was made in little wigwams by the side of a swamp where the cedar boughs grew thickly and where dry cedar wood provided them with roaring, comforting fires. Each man roasted chunks of salt pork for himself on prongs cut from nearby trees. Each drank the strong tea from the same cup, a tin mug which made the rounds of the party.

They turned in on a bed of roots bundled together for warmth on their boughs; birch bark canoes served as quilts. Whereupon they all turned together. They slept with their feet to the fire but sometimes when they woke they found their heads frozen to the blanket on which they lay.

"In Dow's great swamp, one of the most dismal places in the wilderness," writes MacTaggart, "did two Irishmen, two Englishmen, two Americans, and one French Canadian and one Scotchman hold their merry Christmas of 1826, -or rather forgot to hold it at all."

Dow's great swamp is now a lovely residential district, and Dow's Lake one of the beauty spots of Ottawa.

Irish laborers poured into the new town, which was named Bytown in the Colonel's honor. They were put to work on civilian barracks for the workmen, on cabins and cottages, shops and offices. Two thousand of them were employed on the canal, working barefoot in the black mud of the swamps. Many of them had their wives and families with them. A new settlement sprang up without the benefit of surveying, many humorous Curtistowns, on the land that lay on the west bank of the canal, between Laurier Avenue and Cartier Square of to-day.

There, at the end of May four companies of Sappers and Miners in scarlet coats and brass buttons, with shackle pikes and scales of brass landed at Nepean Point and pitched their tents on a clearing.

By a stone house that sprang up and across the Valley on Barracks Hill soon was being carted for the barracks

and hospital for the troops. Below on the valley road [illegible] house was to be the headquarters for the officers.

It was a wild, fantastic scene that city in the making. Engineers and laborers and fortune seekers were at it night and day, and with the beavers, but except where the great limestone gave the surveyors firm footing, the swamps covered much of present day Ottawa. Where stands the Union Station and the railway yards were enormous beaver meadows, and these subterranean animal engineers had for part of each year been busy at dams but as the Royal Engineers came to oust them and build dams of another fashion.

It was a dramatic setting. To-day from Nepean Point the farm lands of the north seem flat. But flung across the Ottawa, as I write, the water sheds of a hundred and twenty miles of waterways have left a flight of grim steps by which some legendary creature mounted from the river to the hills.

There because of the fact that the ontario comes down so rapidly divided it was necessary to build a good bridge over the canal. The Sappers were set to work upon it. It took them a long time to complete it, but it was a brave fine bridge and a fine piece of engineering. It was finished with one final flourish, the crest of the

Engineers as were carried out by the choice of some ambitious youth in the ranks.

Still another bridge was necessary as the final link between Bytown and Hull. Lt. Pooley was set to devising a bridge over the gorge between the bridge head on the south shore of the Chaudiere and the west end of Wellington street. He constructed such an ingenious bridge of suspended logs that Colonel By was amused as well as delighted.

"We'll call it Pooley's bridge," he said. And Pooley's Bridge is the name still applied to the viaduct that has taken its place, shown by the City Water Works building.

Thus, the seventh of the bridges erected in connection with the construction of the canal, completed the highway from Hull to Bytown. Horses and men were now able to haul supplies from Hull, grain and straw and oats, as well as timber from the mills; flour and vegetables and meat for the people of the new town and the commissariat of the canal builders. By Pooley's Bridge too, the farmers from March and Beckwith and the villages of Richmond made their way up to Wellington street and found a market for their produce.

By 1828 there were a hundred and fifty houses in Bytown and fifteen stores—six selling three pounds

shops! Before the canal was finished there were fifteen hundred civilian residents.

Ottawa to-day has to thank Colonel By that the town that was born out of the construction camp was blessed with wide streets and public spaces. Everything north of Wellington street he reserved for public buildings,—perhaps he dreamed of a new Westminster perched on that royal rock. Nepean Point was reserved likewise and to-day Ottawa has there one of the finest park locations in America, with superb views up and down the Ottawa.

Wellington street was named, of course, for the man who had interested himself in the building of the canal, the Great Duke, the most powerful man in England. Sussex bore the name of By's own homeland George, York and Clarence for royal Dukes, and Dalhousie for the Governor

Chapter XI

BY'S CANAL

COLONEL BY was the feudal lord of his village. He was the last resort in disputes and quarrels, squire, judge, and commandant—a scarlet coated, very British edition of the Seigneur of Quebec. He directed the activities of the newcomers, settled their difficulties, scolded them, praised them, advised them, employed them and when need be, would use the heavy hand of authority to enforce restrictions he considered necessary.

Colonel By lived for the first few weeks of the spring of 1827 in a tent on Nepean Point, until his stone house was ready. It was superbly situated, high above Entrance Valley and facing the Chaudiere falls. There he brought a housekeeper and staff of servants and installed Esther By and the little girls. Mrs. By was a fine horsewoman and rode every trail and bypath within reach of Bytown. The settlers up the Rideau Valley would see her riding her spirited horse with a military groom at her heels.

Colonel By's mount was a great black horse that

become as familiar to Bytown as the Colonel himself. The Colonel's broad shoulders, so sought out and so scarlet beneath both, his flaxen face peering down from his great height above the moment might suddenly appear anywhere that men were engaged in the arduous work of building locks and dams or digging channels between the shores of the Ottawa and the Rideau River at Rock Rapids.

A Colonel of Royal Engineers was a personage of no little social as well as military importance in garrison he was surrounded with strict military etiquette and attention of the most punctilious sort. He was a soldier trained to command and a person of almost princely importance in the eyes of inferiors and subjects. But out in the wilderness where the veneer of garrison life fell away with alarming promptitude a colonel of engineers was put to a severe test. He passed the test with flying colors. He was as much a man as any colonel on the country and could dispense with all the services of military life and rough it like a *coureur de bois*. He ran rapids and crossed portages when even the Canadians demurred at his daring and yet watched his progress with admiration and respect. He travelled fever infested swamps in order to have first hand information concerning the entire course of his enterprise and lived

in rude camps and had country fare with imperturbable tact and humor. Consequently he was loved and respected by all who knew him. There was no problem arising out of the country he could not understand. He might be firm and even stern, but he would always be just and manly.

The greater part of the work on the canal was executed under contract for the British government. There were several distinct branches of canal work to be done, such as the building and finishing of the locks in heavy masonry, excavating of earth, clay and rock, construction of dams of rough rubble masonry, the framing of aqueducts and the building of wooden bridges. The various camps along the line of the canal were to have military guards to preserve the peace and surgeons with plentiful supplies had to be provided against accidents and against the fevers and agues which were so prevalent in the bush in those days.

The clerk of the works entered a curious statement in his plan for the conduct of the work. He said: "There is a melancholy prevalent in Canada which must be counteracted. People who labor under it must be encouraged with soothing language, good treatment and now and then, as circumstances require, a little assistance gratis, as stimulant."

Work was begun almost at once along the whole line of the canal in order that the completion would be speeded up.

John MacTaggert writes:

The Rideau Canal when completed will be perfectly different from any other on the known world since it is not dug out by the hand of man. Natural rivers and lakes are made use of for the canal and at that service or no has to do in the matter is in the building of the rapids or waterfalls which exist either between stations where still water or rapids are taken. To surmount the difficulty dams are prepared and at many stations canals raised at the bottom of rapids or waterfalls at their head, or even, as the case may be in their middle by which means the rapids and falls are covered or lost in water.

Sometimes a dam has to be thrown across and constructed that it would support twenty miles of the deepest water pressure. In one case a level head for three dams, the locks would raise and lower ships

From the eight locks at the entrance to the canal there was no more locking until the canal reached the head of Hog's Back Rapids. I suppose by today most that the city limits of Ottawa include the whole of Dow's Lake the first four miles of canal

[illegible] exactly flow through the city but only the eight entrance locks are required to raise a vessel from the Ottawa River into the heart of the capital.

A glance at the map will show how the canal parallels the Rideau River through the city. The continuance of the canal made the much more practicable than cutting through at many one of the intermediate points and the cut made between a distance had into the Rideau River would was through what was known as Commissioner Swan's concrete walled channel. Five locks and a dam at King's Bank Rapids carried the canal between Dow's Swamp and the upstream channel with the Rideau River.

The rest of the canal was beyond the reach of Ottawa. The rapids and falls along the route were named for the settlers who lived nearby. Hartwell's Rapids, Nicholson's Rapids, Merrick's Mills, Manotick Rapids, Edmund's Rapids, Long Island Rapids, and Kelly's Falls, spoke a trend of pioneering homes all along the route. In fact the canal was one of the greatest engineering works to support the opening up of the country all along the way to settlement and markets. Oliver's Ferry stood on the highway between Brockville and Perth. Chaffey's Mills stood at Chaffey's Rapids and drew their power from them. It was an extensive establishment with saw gristmill and a distillery. Stores and barns and houses the

which would at least have thousand pounds. For a time it seemed as if to overcome the Rapids the whole of the settlement would have to be moved and flooded. It was one of the pleasures of engineering that this dismal prospect was overcome by the construction of ingenious Dam, Rapids and Locks came but we the terrible Cranberry Marsh where Canada lay all but lost for ever. It gave entrance to the Gatineau River which flowed into Lake Ontario at Kingston.

Mr Taggart relates the story of his adventure on Cranberry Marsh.

"That night we had ourselves altogether on Cranberry Lake on our route through the uppers from the Ottawa to Lake Ontario. There were two canoes of us and the poor fellows paddled away hard, but it was of no use the more we gained the farther ahead we were and could not find the outlet of the River Gatineau. Getting through a frightful marsh part overflowed with water we entered with the canoes into an expanse of flooded woods and one of the canoes struck on the fork of a tree buried in the water. We went along side and the crew having got into the other canoe we succeeded in lifting it out of the fork. Dark night came on and we landed on some sort of dry shore about ten o'clock clambered up the bank amongst the trees, and pulled

the canoes and have carpets over. We had parted with our provisions except the morning before and agreed to have meet with a that night at a station called Barrow's Bluff that we had nothing to eat but a small biscuit boiled and as I ordered there was nothing but a little dirge of branch in a bottle and but was not allowed to be touched. I have or were nobody knows where in the heart of an endless wild without food or anything else whatever for hundreds of human kind but we pushed it out. Although we had had a fagging day we were all ready to sleep and we have known end up watching in the shape of a dinner or maybe then all have enjoyed good supper but hunger kept us from the arms of Morpheus and we went on to encounter on our future adventures. We laughed and frequently as loud as we could but no one heard us. We were sometimes answered by the owl star in the air very wonder, and the lake birds and herons also disagreed to reply from the rural waters. A new tune we heard, we thought we heard the barking of a dog which might have been no but I thought it that of the wolf species.

Having a gun with us we succeeded in lighting a good fire which a means a pleasure thing to look at while the light reflected over the woods was beautiful. We frequently loaded the gun with powder and

hand a oil and the sound reverberating through the forest and make it be heard a long time after. Thinking we had got into Loughborough Lake which opens out of L Amber a March, towards morning we started with the light of the moon and after paddling about five or six miles went to the head of a deep bay overhanging full of driftwood, we there put ashore and were glad to get back to the fire we had left on the unknown shore. We had supplied it well with fuel but we we started to kindle the coals and the light like that of a Pharos to guide us on our proper course but alas we were all began to droop a little for there was a probability that we might not find our way out of the lake and of course, there we must perish.

The men grew we took to the canoes again and among some wild ducks we shot at three several times but I said not succeed in taking one of them. Having paddled over several miles and taking our bearing by the sun, the compass being useless I found we were returning as we had come the day before we therefore lay on to take the course. While doing so we heard the report of a musket at a distance. We have went to the place whence the sound proceeded, heard another shot let off and given over the matter. It was an Indian shooting wild ducks. We all felt rejoiced to see him.

divided the drop of brandy engaged him as a guide and he brought us out at the famous Round Tail mouth of the Canal aqu from whence we proceeded to Brewer's Mills, found the precious canoe and made a hearty breakfast."

To John Bv sitting on the rocky mound, listening to the hum of bees and the merry laughter of the men, even crude and muddy little Bytown must have seemed a very heaven of peace and safety that night on Cranberry Marsh.

One of the dramatic incidents associated with the building of the Rideau Canal was the laying of the corner stone by Sir John Franklin.

He was not Sir John then, only plain Captain John Franklin, but already a distinguished explorer. He was about forty years of age when he came to Bytown. He was first of all a naval officer having served under Nelson at Copenhagen and at Trafalgar. He had been to the sea here, was, visited China and India and had many a strange adventure by the way. He had already commanded an expedition of four ships into the Arctic in search of the North West Passage the same goal that Champlain had sought up at the headwaters of the Ottawa. The discoveries of Hearne and Mackenzie had proved that two great rivers, the Coppermine and the

Mackenzie River district and the Arctic coast of the Canadian west. The record-breaking voyage of the Fox from Greenwich to Behring Strait was made in 1853 by Captain McClure in command of another expedition sent out to find the missing explorer. He was on his way home with his report of his search when he came to the conclusion that he had to spend the winter and in a secluded harbour. Landing he found the mountain peaks covered with flag-flying and the band playing away on the afternoon of August the nineteenth. He was welcomed at the quay of the stone.

It was during the winter he returned to England that he married that remarkable woman Jane Griffin, whose efforts to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin was for nearly a hundred and twenty years one of the expeditions of the whole Arctic ocean with travel and discovery. Much as Sir John had done to make the Arctic known during his six years it was little compared with the enormous results of the Franklin search.

The search still goes on. In Greenwich, England, is a great collection of relics picked up by various expeditions on the trail of Franklin and his men. In Ottawa, in the museum of the North West Territories Branch of the Canadian government, there are other relics, tarnished buttons, shreds of clothing, preserved from

one of the Franklin camps, a short, probably of one of the party. Explorers traveling over the vast barren lands of the Dominion are still marching in Franklin's last moving years. Mid-March of 1849 brought out the story of Franklin's death. By the Franklin ship had pressed on far northward that fabled North West Passage where by the years of fate he failed in health and was unable to go on any further himself. He sent a party by land to the point where he believed they would be able to prove the existence of the North West Passage. In June of 1848 they returned to the ship and brought to the dying Franklin the word that they had found that for which men had ever had since the days of Marco Polo.

No sooner had Franklin heard the dramatic news than he died in his bunk, knowing neither the plaudits and rewards that would have been his if he had returned to England, nor the tragedy and misery that were to fall on the men he left behind him. Crozier, the new commander, abandoned the ships in the ice where the situation became desperate and attempted to bring his party back overland through Canada. The trail of that party for 1200 miles was marked with crude graves and broken skeletons where Mid-March overtook some upon it. He left each Franklin's memorial stone to her husband

on Beechey Island and a Canadian expedition, sent out from Ottawa half a century later, set the stone in a concrete base and finished McClintock's task. No one would have dared to predict that August afternoon what fate had in store either for Captain John Franklin or for little Bytown.

Chapter XII

BY'S TOWN

APART from the government, the chief landowner on the site of Bytown was Nicholas Sparks. Some years before the canal was begun the government had purchased the front lots, comprising all that lay between Richmond Landing and the Rideau River and between Wellington and Rideau streets and the Ottawa. Back beyond Wellington street was another grant which was lying idle until Nicholas Sparks purchased it early in 1826. Philemon Wright was either content with what he had done on the north shore or else, like the rest of the countryside, was not aware of what was about to happen, for he did not acquire any property on the south shore. Nicholas Sparks was a young Irishman who had worked as a farm laborer for Wright for ten years. With his earnings he purchased John Burrows' title and for some four hundred dollars, with the intention of clearing and farming it for himself. It was bad farm land and as a farmer Sparks would probably have succeeded very ill

But imagine the astonishment and delight when within a few months of the purchase came news of the building of the Canal. Sparks and streets had risen in Bytown's place on flat area Nature and even though Colonel By expropriated the western part of it as part of the military reserve for the proposed fortifications, still Sparks had enough left to make him a fortune as settlers poured in and demanded more space than government could allow them.

Sparks accordingly had his lands surveyed. The short street paralleling Wellington street he named for himself Sparks street. It is the main business street of Ottawa today. The big stone bluff overlooking the Bytown Flats where Sparks street ended, was cut out for the homes of wealthy merchants, and Sparks set aside enough land for a church. The next streets south of Sparks were named in due time Queen and Albert for the young Victoria and her Prince Consort and Kent street for the young queen's father.

Sparks who had the best position to make a handsome profit was of the first on government lots or Sparks new streets. The power climax arrived as Lower Town across the canal and the known and certainly the most picturesque areas of Ottawa society came to rest on Parliament Hill. The double row of huts and cabins along

the bank of the canal were augmented by many even more primitive dwellings cut out of the mud and sand banks. Here the Irish canal diggers and their families lived on the muggy sand and compensated for their discomforts and cold dampness by burning themselves plentifully with raw whiskey. It was cheap and abundant and the prevailing genius of the great ship was Mistress Mulcahy. She could neither read nor write but she could figure on a method of her own. She had a system of having tokens for which she kept her accounts on the wall and was hateful to the men who got too far behind in his payments.

Life was unbelievably wretched at times, and brawls were the order of the day. Only their fighting spirit and their Celtic imagination must have kept the poor Irish at Cumberland with body and soul together. After days spent in the black mud of the canal the laborers, full of much courage and hard liquor spent the nights in fierce and glorious combat.

It was a mixed company that made Between Cumberland and sub contractors, artisans, gentlemen, hard working wives and overburdened spinsters and social upstarts the engineers, among them daughters young officers fresh from the drawing rooms of London, cool and capable gentlewomen, hostess and skilful craftswomen,

show and stunt, carrying out the schemes of Colonel Bly the showpeople and tradesmen, by shrewd management made of a living at such there the pressure of Britain that of these, a conglomerate mass in their turn remained to rear the steam condensing life of Upper Canada worked a homogeneous [illegible] raising the whole to a happier healthier level and a new standard of [illegible]

It was necessary always remember to [illegible] some form of government for the possible mass of settlers. It seems as though the gentlemen like Taggart must have had something to say about it for the horror that an uprooted Britain gave of the good old Scottish system of city government. There was a provost two bailies, a dean of guild, a treasurer and a council called town deputies and [illegible]. It may have been one of Mr. Taggart's droll jokes to set the Scottish chain of government over a Canadian backwoods town populated mostly by Irishmen.

Brief flashes of life in Britain reveal as much. Sir [illegible] rather frantic over such measures high gets that get into history. There is the slogan of the Royal Engineers for overseas numbering up from the docks to the office work kept at other times most out from Leg and [illegible] for pay of the troops. For the moment the soldier [illegible] troopers are caught napping, for one of the large

has cast its cap and other items are dropping into the river. Once again a curious saying has come to us. The shantymen can never bear to be told that they actually do pick up dollars on the streets of Canada.

There were fifteen hundred people in Bytown in the spring of [illegible] when it could be announced that the canal was close to completion. There were two hundred houses, there were Roman Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, there were schools and inns and a market. Bytown was quite an large and a good deal more important than Hull. All the interest had shifted from one side of the river to the other. Now the ships that came up the river turned to Bytown instead of Hull and all the important visitors and the increasing tribe of tourists, wanted to see the new town on the Rideau and the wonderful canal that had wound its way through the wilderness.

By May the canal had at last reached the point where a steamer could go through the whole of its forty-seven locks. The first ship to be successful that historic June was one most appropriately called the *Pioneer*. It sailed up the river and tied up at the docks at the foot of Nepean Point. The crew set to work with a will to dress her from end to end and from deck to masthead with flags and bunting. An official party had

been invited to meet Colonel Brereton from Bristol to Bungalow. Although quite unable, as yet, to eat much solid food, he had all the guests over the river to the daughters of the Colonel who had grown from baby hood to girlhood with the love of the Riders and perpetually about their ears. Now they were to see for themselves what had been keeping these fellows and all the nice officers busy for so long.

The Pumper signalled most unpunctually with her shrill whistle, threw off her mooring ropes and turned her prow up toward the canal entrance. The lock gates swung wide and as she moved gently between the stone walls. The gate men flung the great wheels round and round and the gates shut close behind her. The next pair of gates opened open and down poured the water and up moved the Pumper. She moved forward into the next lock while the crowds along Barracks Hill and Newport Road cheered themselves hoarse with delight. None of them shouted for Colonel Bill and the gate engineer never so much as all his career as he was that day waved from the bows of the Pumper and smiled back into the faces of the friendly crowds.

Up through the eight locks the Pumper moved all her flags afloat on her and she towed boats under the Sapper's Bridge. Over the stone parapet was a solid

mass of faces and hundreds of waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs. And never a ship has sailed through from that day to this without some curious spectators on the bridge watching its progress up that giant flight of steps to the upper level.

Through the cut past Waterman Corbin's pest house swamps and beaver meadows, steamed the Pompton waving a farewell to Bayonne. One—two—three—four miles, between the freshly cut banks the newly cleared channel through the swamps. Then came Dow's Lake and the entrance into the old Morris Canal, now a deep channel with its locks pulled out. South the Pompton came to the famous locks and dam at the Upper Rock. These were the rapids down which Braddish and James Billings had been swept in their canoe. Here Dr. had wrestled with one of the most serious problems of the canal. Twice the rubble stone dam had been and the flood had swept down disastrously into the channel below. Once the Colonel was standing at the corner of the dam when it began to crack and it was only by leaping nimble back to shore that he had escaped being washed down into the torrent with the rocks and mortar. He had to win a good round fight with earth over that second disaster and had vowed to build the dam if it had to be made of silver dollars.

Beyond the Hog's Back the Pamphlet was well away on its journey to Lake Ontario.

Today the winds ruffling the canal from Dow's Lake caught Ingram in the Hog's Back as part of the magnificent driveway made under the control of the Ottawa Improvement Commission. Long residential districts occupy the old swampy lands through which the early settlers cursed on muddy water because they could not get through in wet weather. The Experimental Farm stretches to Dow's Lake and to the Dominion Arboretum and the Hog's Back is a pleasant picnicking place.

Later in the summer of 1827 the canal was opened for general traffic. Emigrations from Quebec to Upper Canada had not been premeditated as a rule. The Rideau canal prospects saw freights rates at half. But not a freight above ground could be speeded up on transport over the canal. The great age of moving steam from Europe was not beginning and even if, literally hundreds of thousands of settlers passed up the canal to settle in Upper Canada and to overflow in vast numbers into the American west, famine in Ireland and repression in Scotland and the age of machinery in England dusted the seaports upon thousands of families from those countries at home and occupations and the whole scene of Upper Canada crowding her resources, was the promised land of the nineteenth century.

The canal never paid as well as the railway which was operated by the Imperial authorities and commanded the services of the Royal Engineers. It cost about twenty thousand dollars a year to maintain. The one which it was to serve never turned out very successful. Eager as Canada had been to have it built in the first place, the government was most reluctant to take it off the hands of the builders and assume responsibility for its upkeep. Such are the changes that take place in a new country and in the age of enterprise and mechanical progress. No one could foretell to whom the canal opened an access to the Pacific that the age of representation was already passing by and a new age pressing with speed and mechanical implements was not around the corner.

Cornelius John Brooks could regard the whole conduct of the construction of the canal with personal pride and satisfaction. It was a great concern involving enterprise which he had been entrusted and he had carried it out to a successful and speedy conclusion. He had every justification for supposing that he would return to a grateful England that there might be honours, perhaps a knighthood awaiting the creator of a waterway of beauty and service. But if John Brooks dared to dream of honours he was to be taken to be for disappointment.

The revolution had begun before the canal was launched

Too honest and straightforward to lend himself to the petty schemes of those who had get-rich-quick conspiracies afoot, he found himself embroiled in all sorts of irritating situations. Frequent suits were brought against him, and though he won every one of them, they impeded him and gave him endless trouble. One of his opponents, in an effort to belittle him in the eyes of government, had him served with papers in a legal suit aboard the vessel on which he was bidding farewell to the Governor at the close of one of his visits to Bytown. Only the loyalty and quick wit of the captain prevented the incident from proceeding to the actual presentation of the papers. The bluff captain ordered the servers of the writ off his decks.

Instead of receiving the thanks of the War Office and of Parliament, Colonel By was ordered home to appear before a committee of parliament to explain petty details of the expenses of canal construction. The men who had instructed him to go ahead with the work whether or not the estimates had officially passed the house, allowed him to bear the storm of vituperation and abuse that should have been diverted from his honour and centred on his head. Accusations and insinuations buzzed around London and Colonel By retired to his home at Shernfold Park, Sussex, a bitterly disillusioned man.

Colonel By could have speculated in land along the canal and made a tidy fortune for himself but it is significant that he did not buy land in Bytown until 1832 when the work was done and that he then paid twelve hundred pounds for the MacQueen Loyalist grant, lying south of Laurier, from the Rideau to Bronson avenue, land he could have had for a song in 1826.

Back in idleness in Sussex, John By's tall figure began to stoop a little and his black hair was streaked with grey. Unhonored and unsung, wearied with the strenuous activities of five years in the wilderness of the Rideau, weakened by swamp fevers, and most of all, hurt by the indifference of his king and the king's ministers, John By secretly nursed a broken heart. In 1836 he died, in his early fifties. Only one of his daughters survived him. She became Lady Ashburnham, and a part of Ottawa was named for her. She left no heirs and John By's line is to-day extinct.

Ottawa, that owed so much to his vision and his enterprise, had not yet raised a memorial to his memory.

Chapter XIII.

THE LAND OF WHITE PINE FORESTS

THE story of Canada is largely the story of reactions from forces set in motion far beyond the boundaries of the country itself. Every phase of her romantic history has been dictated by events which, at their origin, seemed to have no relationship to the vast, sleeping wilderness of North America. As people and events revolved around the pole stars of each succeeding age, as forces of human history swirled and surged and ebbed away, they set in motion tides of influence that washed upon Canadian shores and set stirring new floods of life and energy.

The Napoleonic war had a tremendous influence upon the course of Canadian history. Apart from the welding influence of the war of 1812, apart from the era of military settlement, apart from the great migratory movements that came in the wake of post war depression in Europe, there was another by-product of war which had an unmistakable significance for Canada.

You will remember that in 1799 Philemon Wright

upon us but merely one a thousand ships freighted with timber from the Ottawa sailing out to sea. Now strangely enough events were about to develop that were to realize that audacious dream.

England depended on the Baltic countries for naval Pitt or Napoleon's policy was to rally all the Baltic states into a unit against England. In 1800 came the battle of Copenhagen during which Nelson put the glass to his blind eye and did not see the order to retreat. It was there and then that England temporarily broke up the conspiracy against her. Surely the battle of Copenhagen was far enough removed from the affairs of the Ottawa Valley,—or was it?

In 1807 England went to the extraordinary length of seizing ships in the ports of Denmark once again although she was not at war with the Danes. She reasoned her case to them and took the whole Danish navy to England as hostage against the renewal of the Baltic conspiracy aimed at her sovereignty.

But even while the British fleet was sailing out of English waters towards the coast of Denmark a raft of timber was floating down the Ottawa. Both were bound on the same errand—securing supplies of timber for United Kingdom. While the Danish navy sailed peaceably to England the fleet of Napoleon's new

thousand tons of Ottawa timber was moving towards England, too, from the west.

There had been some trade in Canadian timber from the year 1670 and Intendant Talon, whose genius seemed to touch on many of the fundamentals of Canadian expansion, was responsible for the first rafts floated down to Quebec from the shores of the St Lawrence and St Maurice. But any French Canadian could tell you that it was impossible to bring timber from the Ottawa Valley to Montreal. The rapids were unpassable: the Lachine rapids, the Long Sault Rapids and the Chaudiere.

However as soon as Philemon Wright had his colony well established and self supporting, he took time to consider that old, haunting dream of his about the white pine, the oak and all the other great timbers of the Ottawa. The white pine was the most valuable and the whole Ottawa Valley was a great forest of towering pines, many of them reaching like church spires two hundred feet into the air. There were eighty thousand square miles of forest in the land drained by the Ottawa and its tributaries, and a vast variety of timber: ash, birch, elm, maple, red and white tamarac, basswood, butternut and hackberry, groves of cedar and many more.

In the fall of 1806 Wright set a gang of men to

work on the white pine and disposing of it on the river shores. In the spring of [illegible] a boom floating past Quebec before the village of Hull. He supervised the building of the raft himself and with a small crew he set off towards Chaudiere three hundred miles away.

It must have been a pleasant trip for the first week's cold miles between Hull and the Long Sault. The crew lived on shanty aboard the raft and navigation over the smooth broad river was simple enough. The Long Sault was the big problem to be solved. The raft had to be broken up into cribs again and since the thing had never been done before the management of them over the rapids was a guess work. It took Wright and his men three days to get the timber from still water above to still water below. They learned even a mile to get a raft through in twenty four hours.

At the foot of the Long Sault the raft was reassembled. Two channels are shown on the map of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. Nine about three quarters of the Ottawa flows northward of Montreal while the other quarter sweeps around through St. Anne's rapids and Lachine rapids to the south. Instead of attempting to travel to the south of the island Mr. Wright decided to drift down north of the island. He had explored the route and it seemed feasible

No wonder Montreal had never shown any enthusiasm for the Ottawa timber project. It meant the timber would go to Quebec direct instead of going to Montreal to trough the ships in that port.

Wright carried out the scheme that everyone had condemned and it was probably the proudest moment of his adventurous life when he saw that raft of Ottawa pine tied up in a cove at Quebec. Moreover, it was actually cheaper to get timber down by the new route to Quebec than it would be to take it to Montreal. The point pier had been established. Wright was the Columbus of the timber trade.

Timber was to the age what coal and iron are to this. The world still travelled in wooden ships and lived in wooden houses for steel and concrete construction was far off in the future. So great was the need and so profitable the market that within two years, in 1809 Canada had developed so big a timber business that for the first time in her history she had a favorable balance of trade.

Suddenly the timber business was of tremendous importance to the colonies. Thousands were sent into the bush to cut timber and drive the rafts down to Quebec. An army of shipbuilders went to work at Quebec to provide ships for the trade and presently Quebec was the greatest timber port in the world.

The lumbering on the Ottawa Valley extended [illegible] operations. The lonely valley he had avoided was now alive with enterprise. Farm towns grew up around the portages and much of the land that was cleared of timber was turned into farmlands by the settlers that came on the trail of the lumber men.

There was work for everybody. Frenchmen Irishmen Scots and Yankees made up the gay cosmopolitan population of the forests and never had the voyageurs been more jealous of their tribal rights and dignities than were the shantymen of their newfound harbours. A Frenchman's chief was an Irishman's foreman or a Yankee master or a Frenchman's pride or boast of all was to wear a sporting reference on anything pertaining to a fight and a river head raged furiously until bloody noses and black eyes or worse had wiped out the score.

Shantymen was the name applied in general to all who worked at cutting hewing or driving timber. A shanty was a camp by which more figured in the trade. A shanty comprised here or there were fixed supplies, gear and so on for one camp for a winter.

Timber berths were sold at auction or about a dollar or a dollar and a half a square mile. The Crown holder had cutting rights only and the land belonged to the owners. He paid a tax on every foot of timber he cut

Timber limits were supposed to be one mile square, or a hundred square miles of forests. Actually they were often two or three times that size. Cruisers and brands were employed as scouts and explored the timbers. They had to possess a keen sense of timber values, for much depended on their reports on strength of timber. A shanty was located in the heart of a promising "stand" and did a winter's work within reach of the camp.

After the trees were felled they were squared. Some of these squared timbers were as much as three feet square and the average was about twenty inches. The man in the foreground who cut away the bark and the surplus wood was an artist in his way. He had a hand and an eye that worked in perfect unison and a log squared by the wide, clean axe in the hands of an expert timber cutter was a thing to marvel at.

The men who went into the bush to get timber were a hardy set. They were described as having the stomach of a lumberman and the appetite of a sawmill. They lived on salt pork, pea and bean soup and tea that would float the tongue off a buffalo. Each man was allowed one or two pounds of tea a week. Great kettles of the delicate Chinese herb were flung into pots of cold water and heated, to prepare it for the come of the lum-

barrack. On this and salt pork four times a day he flourished.

Once the squared timbers had been piled on the ice of the tributary streams, much depended upon the whims of Mother Nature. A quick impetuous spring with the snow melting fast and gushing into floods in the streams made the shantyman roar with delight. The timber flowed out on the flooded streams and was speeded away down the river. But a long slow spring and the moisture soaking away into the earth meant too little water to carry the timber away.

As soon as the timber reached sufficient depth and width of water the lumbermen made it up into cribs. Twenty "sticks" of squared timber made a crib, held together by other unpeeled logs with traverse timbers to hold them all together. The squared timbers could not be damaged by nails or pegs, and as they were loose the cribs were loaded with other timbers in order to produce enough friction to keep the "sticks" from slipping out of place.

Oak, being heavier than the water it displaced, required the help of other lighter wood to make the crib buoyant.

At some places the cribs had to be broken up to go over falls, and at such places the oak had to be hauled

ground by the portage else it would be driven down under the falls and stay there.

The Chaudiere was one of the places where the rafts had to be hauled overland.

One of the engineering works undertaken somewhat contemporaneously with the building of the Union Bridge and the canal was the construction of a timber slide on the south side of the river to carry the cribs from the top of the falls to the foot to obviate the damage and danger involved during the twenty years that river drivers had been bringing timber down the Chaudiere. John MacTaggart was employed with the lumber trade and wrote:

The scene of passing rafts down the Big Kettle is one of the most beautiful we can look on. The lumbermen generally proceed from off Rattling Bar above the Falls, with the rafts on which a house is erected. When they have pushed well into the east end some between a small island and the Great Chaudiere, where the current begins, they hurry into the boat and make for the island, leaving the raft to its fate. Now a current and when descending into the Big Kettle it generally makes a somersault or magic-lantern circle and spreads amid the foam, every log swimming by itself. Sometimes the raftsmen will venture too far and in the hurry to get

into the boat are caught in the descending rapids nothing for them to do but to fly into the rock which stands at the head of the falls and when there it is a business of great difficulty to bring them off to the mainland. Three men had almost died of hunger but ere the result be effected. At length the log thrown ashore to the rock to which a rope was fastened they got upon it, straddle legs having bound themselves by the rope and so were dragged through the waterfall on the brink of the Kettle to the shore by their anxious friends."

The owners marked every "stick" and the government ran on the timber was collected at the Chaudiere since everything had to come that way. In return the government had to maintain portages and eventually to build and maintain the timber slides.

From 1806 until 1827 the portages north and south of the Chaudiere were busy and picturesque places. Not even the building of the canal perturbed the river men for they were curiously indifferent to the engineering work that was in progress. They went on with their river driving, content with the primitive excitement that their own occupation provided them.

On a long stretch of still water the river drivers bound as many as fifty or six into a raft using young

birch saplings, tough and supple to tether them together. The rafts might have to be broken up and bound together again a dozen times between Lake Temiscaming and the river at Charlton. On board the raft they built bark cabins and on beds of sand they built fires and did their cooking. Sometimes they erected sails and made use of the winds. The average trip to Charlton was seven hundred miles. From Chaudière Island was eight hundred miles. Before the building of timber slides it sometimes required two months to get the wood to tide-water but with good slides, roads and dams to control the water levels the trip was frequently reduced to six weeks. The first of the slides was built beneath one of the spans of the Union Bridge near the south shore. Three years later Wright built one of his own on the north shore. They were constructed by dams. They may still be seen and Wright has had many a dam's reinforcement over the running of the slides. It was often part of the program for distinguished visitors. One rich week down on the main raft with the British Prince of Wales aboard and the royal standard flying overhead.

The river drivers' life was one of perpetual change and frequently when a raft arrived at Charlton it brought mail news of the loss of some reckless lumberjack

When jams occurred and held up the progress of the drive hundreds of men congregated along the portages and trouble was likely to develop. The most dramatic maneuver of the riverman's life was the breaking of a jam.

When the logs went over a falls or rapids, sometimes one would wedge itself in behind some rock or such a way that logs behind it were caught and held stationary. More logs would plunge down behind the barricade and the force of the white water would prevent them from moving off. Finally by hook the timber would pile up until it towered thirty or forty feet in the air. Sometimes the stream would be choked and the water back up behind it and flood the shores. The thing to be done was to break the jam and to do that was the most spectacular feat in the life of a shantyman.

An expert knew where to look for the key log but when he set out to cut it away he was offering his life a sacrifice to chance. Bare headed, with his red flannel shirt stripped off and an axe in his brawny hands, he set all over the fantastic pile to locate the log that had caused all the trouble. High above him towered the palisade that might at any moment crash and grind him to pieces. A long rope tied about his waist was held by the men on shore. Gauging the strength of his log, the

force of the stream and the distance from shore he set his axe to work. When it had become part way through the key log he flung the axe from him and leaped nimbly back from log to log towards safety. With an awful grinding, murmuring roar the jam broke and river and logs rushed down stream to freedom. But if he had manoeuvred any one of the elements involved the lumberjacks on shore hauled on the rope and brought his gallant, mangled body back and laid it on a lonely grave beside the portage.

The jam was the supreme test of a riverman. The hero of such an exploit was a marked man from Quebec to the headwaters of the Ottawa. Sometimes his prowess were sung in river ballads on the long dark nights in the lumber camps.

They had a rude sense of humour these hard-fisted woodsmen and there was a trick they played on green-horns which taught them to beware of unnatural gallantry in the wilderness. When they discovered a new crew on the river waiting at the head of a water-fall to pass down their timbers, they always graciously offered them precedence. The greenhorns, unsuspecting, accepted the precedence and shot their timbers over into the foam. Laughing to themselves, the old rivers watched the timbers piling up the crevasses and locking

thwarters into trunks and crannies among the rocks. Then they followed with their own timber when a good channel had been created for them to pass straight through into the open below. The greenhorns had the trouble of picking and prying their logs out of the eddies and chutes while the others sported on towards Quebec.

Once the Rideau canal was finished two thousand Irish laborers were released from work. Many of them settled down to farm along the route of the canal, but most of them went into the woods and became shanty men. They were an unruly quarrelsome lot and between them and the French Canadians was a deep-rooted and bitter antipathy which still crops up occasionally to-day. Open feuds were bound to develop and Bytown was the headquarters for the campaign.

Roughly between the years of 1815 and 1845 was the period of the Shanty War. The Irish, particularly skilled with the handling of oak in the mills were called *chenours* by the French. This became corrupted into "shanty," and so Shanty the Irish came to be called by themselves and everybody else.

The Shanty decided to oust the French Canadians from the timber camps altogether and they set out to make life so uncomfortable for them wherever they

came in contact with the Irish that the sons of Erin would eventually have a monopoly in the timber trade. They had a playful way of entering the home of a Frenchman and moving all his furniture away, or of breaking up a funeral, or undressing children on the street and sending them home naked. Naturally there were retaliations, and Bytown was treated to as riotous a decade as any frontier town could boast. Legend says many a Shiner and many a Shiner's rival ended his days in the Big Kettle.

Chapter XIV

THE GREY SISTERS

ON Sussex street, opposite Nepean Point, and close neighbor to the Archives and the Royal Mint, is a vast grey stone mass of buildings that house the activities of the Grey Nuns. The building facing on Sussex street is the mother house for the Ottawa district. It has a quaint monastic air with its gabled windows and great sundial on the wall that makes it seem much older than it is, older than the history of Ottawa.

Interwoven with the story of the city is the convent which has dispensed so much of devoted service to the poor and needy for nearly nine decades but traditions on which that service was founded goes back much farther. The founder of the order of Grey Nuns was Marie Marguerite Dufrost de la Jemmerais. She was the great granddaughter of the doughty Pierre Boucher who governed Three Rivers and wrote a book on New France before he retired to the seigneury of Boucherville to bring up a big family of good Canadians. Her mother was Marie Renee de Varennes, a sister of La

Verendrye, the celebrated explorer the first to build trading posts as far west as the site of Winnipeg, and who explored the prairies. Her father was a nobleman from near St. Malo in Brittany so Marie Marguerite mingled good bourgeois and colonial blood with the blood of the ancient aristocracy and the result was very good.

Marie Marguerite was most unhappily married, and at twenty nine she was left a widow with a great many debts to pay and two children to support. She paid the debts and raised her sons to be priests and then turned her energies to works of charity in Montreal. It is said that one day in winter as she was walking on the outskirts of the town, she discovered the body of an infant which had been killed and thrown into a ditch. The little body was frozen into the ice. The horror of the incident made her resolve to devote herself to the care of the unfortunates. The story is long and dramatic but Madame d'Youville, as she then was, succeeded in founding an order of unsheltered nuns. Her struggle against indifference and even against deliberate attempts to wreck her plans, is one of the romances of the eighteenth century. The few young women she gathered around her before the order was officially established wore sober grey habits. Many entered at

these names of charity and called them the Sisters Grises - grey having in French a double meaning - grey and drunkard. When the church finally sanctioned the work she adopted the grey habit as the habit of the order and proudly bore the name bestowed in malice. The Grey Nuns there are to this day where they have scores of great institutions all over the Dominion. They took on the sick the crippled, the fallen women and abandoned children, the insane and all the detritus of French communities. The sisters did needlework sold vegetables and tobacco and began all sorts of earnest enterprises such as a bench yard and the saw dairy to Longueuil. Wherever there were calls for help from the ever lengthening frontier the Grey Nuns went where no others could go, for being unmarried, their order did not demand the same contentment as human that other orders must have. In 840 a little band went to the Red River and pressed on, at other years, to the far places of the north, Montreal River, Lake Nipissing, Green Bay, etc. and all the further frontier points where there was need of their endless services.

In 841 there was not a house in the land of more importance and although it was not far away from Montreal it was in very truth a great adventure. Bytown was a place with a most disreputable name

Rioting and bloodshed and hard living were the commonest lot. The miners raided their homes, wrecked their trade shops and agreed democratic to go and live among the quarrelsome French and Irish.

The story of these settlers from Montreal is not the least romantic of their records. They set out in sleighs from Montreal and drove up the old road to Cornwall and Grenville and thence on the ice of the river the route that Wright and his people had taken so long before. For one pleasant night they were the guests of Louis Joseph Papineau at the great seigneury of La Petite Nation. Next day they drove on, a long, hard, drive towards their destination. They must have been cold and weary when they rounded the mouth of the Lievre and neared Buckingham but all that was so utterly forgotten at the evidence of the welcome that was waiting for them. Their eyes must have grown bright with tears of gratitude and excitement for dashing down the river was a procession of sleighs, taking guns, wagons, drawn by every variety of horse from high stepping thoroughbreds to pacing old nags. There were no fewer than eighty vehicles to form a guard of honour and to escort them back to Buckingham.

Two little houses, set side by side were their head quarters for that winter. Their leader was Elizabeth

Browne a girl of twenty seven years of age and there were four others. Their first and chief task was to establish a hospital. After that came schools, orphanages and refuges.

No sooner were these ladies settled and their little hospital in working order than they found themselves thrust into the maelstrom of that terrible year the typhus epidemic of 1847.

From the year it was opened the Rideau canal was the chief highway by which the increasing tide of emigrants flowed from Europe into upper Canada and the American west. Countless thousands of unhappy victims of conditions in Europe turned their hopeful faces towards the big empty land of Canada for succor. War depression, trade revolutions, famine, plagues, all augmented the usual upheaval of Europe in the early nineteenth century. Up to 1847 emmigration into Canada had been fairly orderly but the terror of that year threw all systems to the winds.

A writer in the Canadian Illustrated Review remarks Mourhouse says that there is something grimly humorous in the contrast between the conscious rationalism of the migrations planned by governments officials and philanthropists and the headlong movements which actually took place. Emigrants were not to a rule supp

who could afford passage to Canada. They wanted land and to live wherever work and a living could be found.

Britain had suffered greatly in '47, from the first cholera epidemic and it never outgrew the terror of the coming year of [illegible]. The [illegible] of '47 [illegible] checked the flood but as the [illegible] the tide flowed again. Canada welcomed them and gave them practical help. Her shining ships at home were the most safe and helpful of harbors up to that day. In '48 [illegible] sixty-four thousand emigrants came into the country. But in '49 after the failure of the Irish potato crops, ninety thousand returned into the country.

Such normal years of emigration were bad enough. Ulstermen and downcaster people walked the streets of the cities and crowded hysterically from town to town. But that year little ships left from every port in the British Isles and the starving, grave and people simply stampeded. Three-quarters most of the emigrants had travelled in timber ships that sought cargoes for the westward trip. Now with the repeal of the corn laws, the grain ships were in search of passengers, too. One pound of starchy food a day issued from a truck was all they were compelled to provide the passengers.

On the eighth of May '49 the first plague-stricken ship dropped anchor in Quebec harbor. Within

three weeks, eighty four ships had clogged the machinery of immigration and transportation in that port. The government had provided extra money, extra men and tents for ten thousand at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, but nothing they could do could prevent the inevitable. The wreck, the clutter, the misery created a new Inferno. The emigration included the sweepings of the Irish countryside and English industrial cities—rebels, the old and decrepit, the undernourished and the incapable, swarmed up the St. Lawrence and to Ottawa. Canada protested. She was not to be a dumping ground for public charges from the old land. Her fair and wholesome land was not to be denied by either the mentally or morally unfit. But protest as she would, the misery of the newcomers had to be contended with.

In Bytown the cholera more grappled with the problem sick and dying and destitute.

Yet within a generation thousands upon thousands of these people thrown up like driftwood upon Upper Canada were living happy, prosperous, wholesome lives on their own land. Many of them settled around Bytown and became good farmers. The raising of the standard of living, the levelling of manners upward, was part of the miracle of the new land.

To-day the Grey Nuns have a great General Hospital, homes for the poor and the aged, orphanages, boarding schools, academies and scores of parochial schools in and about Ottawa. The mother house was begun in 1849 and has a quaint old French air.

As we see them walking demurely about Ottawa to-day in their eighteenth century habits, their modest white headdresses covered with black coifs and veils, their wide grey serge skirts almost sweeping the ground, their energetic, black-shod feet tripping the modern streets of the capital, their silver crucifixes on their breasts, they are dramatic as well as romantic figures. They are not only devoted nuns, but they are great and enterprising women.

Chapter XV

THE SPIRES OF OTTAWA

THE first man to hoist a cabin on the actual site of Ottawa was an Englishman, John Burrows Honey. He hailed from Plymouth and he left England because he held both religious and political views that were abhorrent to a great many people of his time. He was both Methodist and Whig, and both were terms of reproach in the first decades of the nineteenth century. In his time the Whigs openly admired the leaders of the French Revolution and commended many of the aims and objects of European radicals, in spite of the fact that quite the worst thing a Tory could call a person of enemy was "republican." But to be a Methodist as well as a Whig was to make John Burrows Honey thoroughly undesirable in the eyes of the diehards of his generation, and after a great deal of controversy and conflict the young man sought peace and freedom as so many had done before him, on the virgin lands of the new world.

Sometime about 1818 he built his lonely little log cabin on the bluff that rises above the Chaudière in the vicinity

at Exeter and Wellington streets of to-day. There on the clearing he grew his flowers and his vegetables and fostered the faith on which he had been raised.

In the summer of 1814 he sold his land to Nicholas Sparke. If he had kept it a few months longer John Burrows Hawes might have become a wealthy man but it was Sparke's good fortune to be the owner of two hundred and seven acres of land on the map of the new town that he founded that very autumn.

Meanwhile John Burrows had dropped Hawes from his name in order to escape completely from the sad associations of Plymouth and it was as John Burrows that he applied to Colonel By for employment on his staff. He was a trained and competent man and By was glad to avail himself of his services. For more than twenty years from then until his death in 1848 John Burrows remained on the staff of the Royal Engineers.

Apparently among the troops of the Royal Engineers there were many of the reformed religion and suddenly from being a military settler on the outskirts of a virgin forest John Burrows found himself the leader of the Methodist movement in Bytown. A certain Sergeant Coombs was a lay preacher and Burrows at his own expense put up a little wooden chapel where Methodist services could be held as early as 1 [illegible]. When

the chapel was burned the Methodists used for a while a little schoolhouse where Miss Nepps held sway during the week days over the first school children of Bytown. At other times Burrows opened his own home to the Methodists as a place of service until they were able to build themselves a substantial church. The Methodist was the first church in Bytown.

When John Burrows died he was buried across the river in Hull. Thirty four years later his bones were brought back across the Ottawa and buried in Beechwood cemetery in 1862. He rests in a little plot, just beyond the southeast corner of the new mausoleum, but no stone marks his resting place. First citizen of Ottawa, Father of the Methodist church on the south shore, he deserves a memorial to his stout faith and his pioneering courage. Those who look back to that little house on the rocks above the Chaudiere for the interest that first things create about themselves, will pay a secret tribute to John Burrows, Whig and Methodist.

Burrows family rose with the fortunes of Ottawa and were closely associated with the political and social life of the nineteenth century. Some years since a grandson became Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba.

The Presbyterians followed closely on the heels of

the Methodists and they too, took shelter in Miss Nappa's little school until they built a little church in the year 1828.

While Anglicans and Catholics held services from time to time in Bytown, neither of the churches built homes for themselves there until the year the canal was completed.

Father Heron was the priest who said the first mass in Bytown, in 1827 and in 1832 the first Roman Catholic chapel was built on the site of the present basilica.

Within a decade of the founding of that modest little chapel the Roman Catholics began the building of the grey stone church that, after ninety years, has developed into the great basilica whose twin silver spires, slender and lofty are land marks of Ottawa. Of recent years the interior of the church has been very richly decorated. The nave is very lofty and the chancel walls are completely covered with carved niches and figures of the saints. Much of the wood carving in the church was done in Ottawa by native craftsmen.

When Nicholas Sparks set aside a piece of land for an Anglican church on the top of the limestone cliff that overlooked Richmond Landing and the Le Breton

Later, the trees had to be cleared away to make space for the little church that was to accommodate the new congregation. In 1912 that church, as Christ Church Cathedral, is celebrating its centenary. The stone church that the congregation erected to replace the first little building is a fine piece of Gothic architecture.

The interior is dignified, with its lofty nave divided from the side aisles by rows of clustered columns, their capitals carved in fruits and flowers. The walls bear memorials to many a pioneer and many of the furnishings of the church are placed there to recall men and women who played valiant parts in the history of Ottawa.

The great window over the altar is a memorial to Nicholas Sparks, who died in 1862, to Sarah his wife, and their son and daughter Mary Wright and Nicholas Je

One of the most interesting churches in Ottawa is quaint little St. Bartholomew's on MacKay street, just outside the grounds of Rideau Hall. It is like a little country parish church in England, with seats for only two hundred and fifty people but it is the church attended by the Governor General and his staff. The little son of Lord and Lady Bessborough, the first child to be born to Rideau Hall in many years, was christened here.

Its memorials recall the line of vicereg. worshippers that have occupied the Rideau Hall pews. There is a window erected by the Duke of Connaught in memory of the members of his staff who fell in the Great War, including Lt.-Col. F. D. Farquhar, commander of the celebrated Canadian regiment, The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. It was named for the lovely daughter of the Duke, who worked the regimental colors with her own hands and lent a touch of old-fashioned romance to the raising of the crack troops who were the first Canadians in action in France.

There are dozens of brass and bronze plates in the church commemorating men and women who have served in various capacities in the wars in which Canada has been involved.

Chapter XVI

THE CAPITAL

ONCE the building of the canal was completed, little Bytown was left to its own devices. Transportation was established between Montreal and Kingston, and Bytown was just "a hole in the woods" on the way. It depended on local enterprise whether Bytown was to sink into the level of a backwoods village or whether it would grow into a busy little town.

The first important figure in industrial Bytown was MacKay, the partner of Redpath of Montreal in a contracting firm employed on the canal. MacKay was a master mason who "seems to aim any work" as one of the Royal Engineers recorded with satisfaction. MacKay liked the country he was helping to open up and he secured for himself a thousand acres of land just east of the Rideau River which he planned to settle and develop.

His first enterprise was a sawmill, to which he added a grist mill and then a distillery. By this time there were streets laid out and the little settlement was named

New Edinburgh. In the course of a few years he built woollen mills and manufactured cloth and blankets. At the Exposition of All Nations in London in 1851 blankets from MacKay's mills took a gold medal.

Meantime in 1837 MacKay built himself a beautiful home in the midst of his settlement and named it Rideau Hall. The settlers and mill hands called it the Castle and MacKay was regarded as a veritable lord of the manor.

New Edinburgh prospered with all the activity and at length in 1844 it was incorporated as a village. Two years afterwards Rideau Hall and some ninety acres of land passed into the hands of the Canadian government to be used as Government House and the official residence of the governor general. So actually the vice-regal home and court in our young Dominion was in MacKay's village of New Edinburgh. In 1871 Rideau Hall became a royal residence when Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria, came to Ottawa as the wife of the Marquis of Lorne, newly appointed governor general. Three decades later it was occupied by a brother of the Princess Louise, the Duke of Connaught. It was not until twenty years after Rideau Hall became government house that New Edinburgh was incorporated as Rideau Ward of the City of Ottawa.

Another famous residence was Earnscliffe built by MacKay's son-in-law Mackenzie, who was associated with him in his enterprises. Earnscliffe became the residence of Sir John A. Macdonald and it was from the old house that lady Macdonald took her title, when, after the death of Sir John, Queen Victoria created her widow Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe.

In the 1840's the land held in reserve since Bytown day for possible fort purposes to protect the canal, was restored to its original owner Nicholas Sparks. It was an important event, for Sparks extended Sparks street from Bank street to the canal and platted a series of streets to the southward so that now for the first time Upper Town and Lower Town were welded into one.

But in spite of all these things, the prospects for Bytown were not nearly as bright as its citizens would have liked them to be. Bytown raised at the Chippewa Ship Canal to Lake on Bay and greatly argued for the new development that would extend the northwestern frontiers of trade so that Bytown would enjoy an enhanced importance as a half way port.

But events were moving steadily on. Established trades were fading and making place for new ones. Once the whole city had raised in the face of the new fangled gas lighting schemes, and now another

shops were giving place to steel shops, and the lumber trade was threatened, just as canals were giving way before the invading railways. Machinery, steam and electricity were all at work together and consequently by the nineteenth century was in a state of turmoil. The stout little princess who had come to the throne of England so many years before the Rideau Canal was thought had her hands on the reins of a new and very real age.

By far the most crucial decade in the town's history was the 1870's. It was in that decade that the new mills were built at the Chaudière. The Act of the Great Lords of the Algonquins, was set to simmering for the employment of white men. Milk meant work for many and new homes to be provided for and in general a great impetus to development and expansion in the little town.

The decade ushered in a picturesque generation of men. Bronson and Weston were among the first to establish big mills. Levi Young was another. In 1854 Ezra Butler Eddy of Vermont rented a small stone building from Alonzo Wright and began to make matches, clothes pins and wash boards. Later on he bought an island on the Hull side of the Falls and went from one enterprise to another until to-day the Eddy mills, in picturesque groups along the north shore, com-

great forty factories and workshops, manufacturing every conceivable sort of wood and paper products.

Shortly after Eddy set up his kingdom along came a tall young man named John R. Booth. He was born at Waterloo, Quebec, and at twenty-five was working on a mill at Hull as a carpenter at nine dollars a week. He, also, rented a little mill in partnership with a lad named Robert Dobie and began to manufacture spile shingles. His mill burned down and he moved to the Ottawa side of the river, got a contract for supplying lumber for the new parliament buildings and in the course of time was employing two thousand hands in his Ottawa factories and four thousand men in his timber limits, limits as large in some of the petty kingdoms of Europe. John R. Booth earned the title of King of the Ottawa. He built a railway which has now moved from Ottawa to Parry Sound, five hundred miles through a wilderness of rock and water and bush, and then had to buy a fleet of ships to load it with freight. John R. Booth died in 1925 at the age of ninety-five, a simple, direct and powerful man, about whom a vast store of legend has grown up.

One of these anecdotes which throws a good deal of light on the man and his times, tells how, when he drove up into one of his camps, he gave the man who wrestled

his horse a fifty cent up. Booth's son, who also had occasion to make the same trip frequently, always tipped the old man a dollar. One day the man thought he would point out the difference to John R. Booth.

"Your son always gives me a dollar, Mr. Booth," he ventured.

"Well, that's different, you see," said the millionaire. "that boy has a father, but I'm only an orphan."

Eddy was much the same type of business pioneer and between them, one on the north shore and one on the south shore, they built up two huge businesses, with ramifications that brought a much needed prosperity to Ottawa.

The Chaudiere was dammed and a big power project provided electrical energy that insured Ottawa a place as a modern city.

Meantime, to go back to the crucial fifties, Ottawa had grown, on the impetus of the new mills, to be a city of ten thousand people. It was incorporated, and discarded its old name of Bytown for the more dignified and euphonious one of Ottawa, "a name as old as Troy or Rome."

There was one fair chance to ensure Ottawa's fortunes against the ups and downs of industrial life, but the first step towards its realization was to secure rail-

way communication with the rest of the country. In winter time Ottawa was cut off from communication with the outside except by stage coach to Prescott fifty miles away through which the trunk line of the railway ran. To lay a railroad over that fifty miles of intervening countryside was the immediate ambition of the citizens.

The town raised a fund of fifteen thousand pounds, and MacKay and MacKinnon came handsomely to their assistance, provided the line ran through New Edinburgh. Even so, there was not enough money and Ottawa had to borrow heavily from the government. The first train ran into Ottawa in 1854.

Their troubles were only beginning. The ten thousand people could not liquidate their civic debts. At one time the sheriff seized the locomotive and sold it to meet a judgment on a railway debt. Fortunately for the history of Ottawa, the man who bought it rented it back to the railway. There was not enough traffic to pay the running expenses. Eventually the company went into bankruptcy and the city defaulted on its bonds.

It was part of the grandiose dreams of Ottawa to be a metropolis. Another part was the building of the Georgian Bay canal to connect Lake Superior with the

and he was of the opinion. Five thousand dollars was actually voted and work began on the stretch of canal east west of Ottawa. Ottawa was determined to have no water westward to save world from obscurity.

The canal was still a dream, but the railway at least served an ultimate purpose. Whether it was good for us was the first consideration. For here was a confrontation between the modern line of travel and Ottawa. Here the city prospects are cast to beg the biggest prize of all.

Four cities had been contending for capital honours. Quebec, which had always been a capital from he days of the princes of the colony under the crown of the province in 1841, contended for the right to have parliament established there on the grounds of precedent. Kingston that had hoped from the foundation of the province of Upper Canada to be made the capital, advanced all its old claims. Both Toronto's capital mostly maintained that there was the only logical site for the legislative buildings. Montreal, on the other hand, seemed to be the metropolis and therefore the proper home of parliament. Parliament was reduced to the undignified process of travelling from one city to another while the voters quarrelled among themselves.

Now Ottawa had nothing to live down, politically as it had not yet had a chance to make any impression

in the matter of hospitality to the elected representatives of the country. So by judicious propaganda, started in the proper quarters, by a discreet diplomacy in political affairs, it prepared the way to succeed to the honours forfeited by the other in manner of course. Nobody took Ottawa's pretensions very seriously. It was still "a hole in the woods." As a matter of fact, ever since the union of the provinces in 1841 the position was Ottawa was greatly enhanced. It put her actually in the heart of the country instead of on the outskirts of a province. The river that had hitherto been a dividing line, was now a connecting link.

The Canadians having found it impossible to settle among themselves where the capital should be, it was agreed to submit the problem to the arbitrament of the Queen. Victoria was to be asked to play a personal part in Canadian politics.

It was in the last month of 1857 that the matter was laid in her small and capable hands. She laid her finger—not without some guidance, one may guess—on the spot on the map that indicated the little city of Ottawa. There, said she, will be the capital of the United Canadas.

The uproar that ensued was compounded of amazement and unbelief. Most ungallantly the Canadians

received the Queen's decision when, early in the year 1858, the news arrived. The royal referee was treated to a howling mob petulance. It took the best part of two years to persuade Canadians to abide by the decision to make Ottawa the capital and permanent the home of parliament.

Goldwin Smith put it grandly and cynically writing from the mellow red brick Grange in Toronto, where he said that Ottawa was a wild Arctic lumber village converted by royal mandate into a political centre.

Ottawa, raised to unexpectedly acute international importance was a crude little town, all rough edges. Except for its natural setting, the wild beauty of its rivers, the eternal calm of the purple Laurentians, the majesty of its limestone cliffs, it had few claims to beauty or dignity. Its streets were wide, thanks to Colonel By, a few of its buildings had the simplicity of Georgian and the Georgian tradition. Many of the merchants had large and substantial homes. Otherwise it was commonplace in gardens uncared for its roads very bad.

Once the way had been cleared, the town was all agog. The stone barracks that had stood for three decades on Barrack Hill was torn down and an army of men put to work to erect the truly beautiful group

of buildings which was to house the parliament of Canada. Thanks to some happy chance these responsible for the architecture of the buildings in those precarious and Victorian days spared Canada the awful fate that might have been hers and gave her instead a group of grey stone Gothic buildings that have been an honour to the nation ever since. The plan was a great quadrangle. The principal building contained the two chambers, the elective house of Commons and the former appointed for life. It stood along the brow of the hill. The east and west were separate blocks of administration offices. The fourth side was open to Wellington street.

As the grey walls and towers and turrets went up bands shuffle of stone fronted people they seemed to contribute to the rocky setting that the Gothic style had an affinity with the pointed peaks of the mountains.

The work was begun [illegible] In the summer of that Canada was on the eve of its [illegible] over the rest of the land in the Dominion. Albert Edward Prince of Wales visiting four and dominion took the country by storm. He came and saw and conquered. Wherever he has been sons and daughters and grandchildren of the enthusiastic Victorian [illegible] who cheers that he set on his head that he slept in a glorious that Grandmamma knew when she danced in the June

Ottawa outfitted herself with shiny new top hats, and small ruffled parasols and bought new plush settees for the drawing-room. The town band polished up its brass instruments and practised "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

The Prince's steamer came moving up the river and a fleet of a hundred and fifty birch bark canoes paddled down to meet him and convey him to his destination. The Prince was young enough and natural enough to be excited and pleased. The Indians had received what they could of their primeval glory. The lumbermen wore their checked trousers and scarlet shirts. They all sang the brave music-hall songs and paddled hastily for his royal pleasure.

They put up a huge timber arch of welcome with not a nail in it. Fragrant and golden, in the centre of the city. They took him to the Chaudière and took him down the slide on a crib of logs. They smiled at him and fluttered lace handkerchiefs along the route wherever he went, they danced with him and shoved with him and hastily they took him up to Parliament Hill for the principal ceremony of his visit. He and the corner stone of the main building were solemnly and ceremoniously a handsome box a little shy of all the metal. Fifty years later when the main block

was rebuilt after the fire. his brother the Duke of Connaught came to the same spot and relaid the same stone

It took six years to complete the buildings and in 1866, for the first time, the parliament of Canada found itself in its permanent home. And curiously enough that first session in Ottawa was the last session of the old colonial regime. The next parliament to sit there in 1867 was the parliament of confederation, and Ottawa found itself the capital of the Dominion of Canada. The old rivals, Quebec and Toronto, were both capitals again, each in their own provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and Ottawa had become a national city.

The coming of confederation to Ottawa was a truly dramatic moment. Not a drop of blood had been shed in the union of far flung colonies into a new nation. Ballots, not bullets, had decided the issue. It was a magnificent dream materialized by the young colonies, a piece of empire building that was to be the pattern for the whole commonwealth of British nations in the decades ahead.

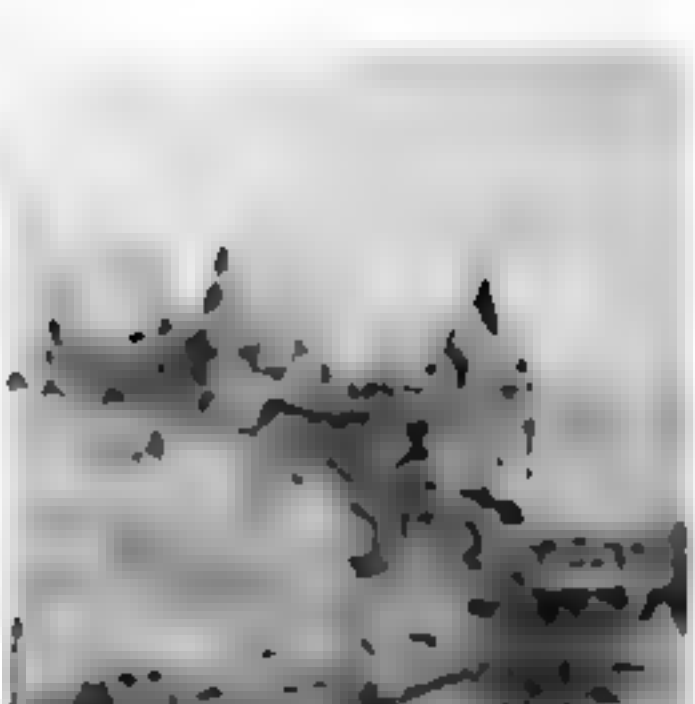
When dusk fell on the last warm day of June in 1867 the sun set for the last time on the old order of colonial rule. During the night lights twinkled from hundreds of Gothic windows in the parliament buildings. The Falls thundered out an anthem. It was a night of public joy and celebration.

In the first grey dawn of the first July day a gun boomed the first shot of the salute across the valley. Again . . . and again . . . One hundred and one guns greeted the young Dominion on its birthday.

At the signal, golden tongues of flame leaped into the sky from Nepean Point and all up and down the river everyone knew that the hour had struck. People cheered in the streets and the bells clamoured and clanged the news.

It was the gayest day in Ottawa's history. The troops were out in their best uniforms with belts white with pipe clay and brass buttons agleam. They marched and manœuvred, and strutted past bevies of belles in flowery poke bonnets and wide hooped skirts. There were tea and garden parties, dinners and dances and fantastic displays of fireworks in the evening. During the day the first trans-Atlantic cable message came from the Queen and the little town felt it was at last one of a world company.

Fifty years later when Canada should have been celebrating the golden jubilee of confederation, she was very much preoccupied with the war in France. So it was in 1917 that she celebrated the diamond jubilee instead. The cable from the Queen had been a treasured early important event in 1867. In 1927 many thousand



people stood in the quadrangle, overflowed into the streets around and listened to the ceremonies which were broadcasted not only to every corner of Canada, but to the whole listening world as well. In those sixty years the whole world had changed, the whole tempo of human life had speeded up. Ottawa had not even a horse car when parliament came to its home on Parliament Hill. But on that day of commemoration, Canada's war birds, with war honors stuck upon their breasts, droned overhead in the bright blue sky.

Canada and its capital had grown up.

Chapter XVII

ON PARLIAMENT HILL

OTTAWA owes the greater part of its civic beauty to the presence of government, not alone to the buildings which house the various departments of government, but also to the support provided for parks and driveways.

Crown property is exempt from municipal taxation, but the government agreed that each year it would set aside a sum equal to that which would otherwise have accrued to the city as taxes, as a fund for the beautification of the capital. Consequently many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent upon the waterways, parks and drives, on bridges and lighting, to enhance the natural loveliness of Ottawa.

Ottawa has a national appeal. Canadians are beginning to realize that it is the heart of the nation, that it is the pride of British Columbians and Nova Scotians, quite as much as it is the pride of the Ottawa Valley. It is the natural headquarters not only for government but for many nationally organized societies and public

communities that travel parallel with government in the development and education of the national communities. It is the administrative center of such organizations as the Royal Society of Canada, the Canadian Historical Association, the Canadian Geographical Society, the League of Nations Society, the Trades and Labor Council and many many of a similar nature.

As a consequence of the concentration of public life in Ottawa more and more travellers turn to the capital and each year its truly national character becomes more and more marked. It is fortunate then, that it has so many charms, quite apart from political or social significance, and that so many are centred to wander through its parks and public buildings for the sheer delight these beauty provides.

From whatever angle Ottawa is approached, by way of waterway, highway or railway, the capital is dominated by the parliament buildings and more particularly by the Peace Tower. The great elevation, grouped on the highest ground in the city, have an unmistakably feudal air. Beauty and dignity and romantic charm are the result of their whole character and setting. The Gothic architecture in which they were conceived was wholly suitable, for the very sense of it seemed to demand the towers and turrets and pointed arches of the old northern tradition.

It is interesting to remember that the group of buildings so distinguished and so adequate for Canada's affairs of to-day were conceived and executed three quarters of a century ago. It was an age of great events, an age that dreamed of a dominion from sea to sea where there were only a handful of quarrelsome colonies between Lake Huron and the Pacific on which to base these visions. It was an age which dared to formulate the extremely modern political doctrine of national independence in that a commonwealth of British nations, where the experiment had never been tried before. It was an age when men dared to build a railway across a thousand miles of uninhabited wilderness in the faith that the country would some day come into its own. So when Canadians could dream and dare as they did in the brave and active, we need not be quite so surprised that the quadrangle of noble buildings came into being under the impetus of those daring days.

The central block of buildings was destroyed in a disastrous fire of unknown origin on [illegible]. Several lives were lost and relics of irreplaceable historical value were destroyed. Fortunately the Library Parliamentary Library was saved. As one as we approach the parliamentary grounds from the great gates on Wellington street and cross the amphitheatre which is in fact a setting for

massive pedestal, a flight of broad steps leads up to a terrace before the new Centre Building.

This was replaced to resemble as closely as possible the original block. Naturally there were changes, the present of expansion within, but it was done so skilfully that the magnificent new building falls into line with the original architectural scheme in the most natural way.

There are three entrances. The western entrance leads into a great hall in the form of a Greek cross, mounting to the corridor before the Commons chamber. Half way up the stairway hangs two portraits representing the two great political traditions of Canada. To the right is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the beloved leader of the Liberal party and one of the greatest of French Canadians. He was a silver tongued orator and a man of great political and diplomatic reputation. Facing him is Sir John A. Macdonald in his costume as a privy councillor. Sir John was to the Conservative party what Sir Wilfrid was to the Liberal party. He was the most picturesque figure in all Canadian political history.

Sir John was the disciple of Thomas Chandler Haliburton. Shortly after Haliburton's death a friend of his was returning home to London, was on the evening and chanced to meet what seemed to him an apparition of

his old friend who he never thought to see again. Startled for the moment, he cast over in his mind what the coming all the party councillors could possibly be arranging together about the dead leader. Then he remembered the Canadian Premier had not been appointed to the high honour and he went on his way relieved to feel that Laurier was not haunting London.

There are several other portraits and memorials above the stairs. One memorial recalls Lt.-Col. George Harold Baker, a member of parliament killed at Sanctuary Wood. Another is to Mr. Bertram Brooker, the member for Yarmouth, killed in the year 1916.

The main hall leads into the House and members and on the first floor corridors is well worth particular attention. It is there the sculptured Canadian men members Paul Beaubien who has done very fine things in the museum.

The Commons itself is a dignified room, with stone walls and high arched windows. It has a beautifully decorated ceiling and blends with the green carpeting and upholstering. The Commons is known as the Green Chamber in contradistinction to the Senate which is called the Common partner the Red Chamber. The is a beautiful room, the carvings and ornamentation, the carving and deep grained oak are quite as elaborate as in the Red Chamber. Above the Speaker's chair

are the visitors' galleries, behind the Speaker, where the public may listen to the debates of parliament. The desks of the members are arranged on each side and the parties, of course, divide themselves according to their political affiliations. Between the two banks of desks is the aisle where the mace lies during session. In Canada the mace has all the traditional ceremonial and dignity of the mace in the British Commons, and the entry of the Speaker and his symbol of office is always accorded the most respectful attention.

Only one woman has ever sat in the Canadian Commons, although there has been equal franchise and powers of representation since the war. Several have stood for election but Miss Agnes MacPhail is the only one who has not only succeeded in securing a seat in the House but in keeping it ever since. She is quite a remarkable woman who sits firmly in her place among her political friends and foes, and can be counted upon to take her full share of responsibility in debate and action. She has fixed principles courageously and has developed consistently much more than can be said of all who take their places in the Commons Chamber. She is an ardent pacifist, a believer in international peace and social reform and preaches her gospel with a will.

Along each side of the Commons are the members'

From the Commons to the Senate a long, barred vaulted corridor leads the way, with windows overlooking the court in the interior, since the building is in the form of a double quadrangle.

The Senate occupies the eastern end of the building and has an entrance corresponding to the Commons entrance. Here the Canadian Senate corresponds to the British House of [illegible] connecting of the traditions of the British upper house clings about this place. The hall is devoted to royal portraits. The first of these is perhaps the original portrait of John Partridge done when Queen Victoria was a young woman. He shows her as a girl queen crowned and bejewelled and in a white satin gown, but the heavy royal crown is not made to a table nearby and instead of a sceptre she has in her hand a rod and a white rose. There is a reminiscence of her beloved Albert in her hand. There are also interesting copies of George the Third and Queen Charlotte from the originals of Reynolds.

The Senate Chamber is a magnificent room in crimson. The richly carved Speaker's chair under its crimson velvet canopy was a gift from the English parliament. The Crown that surmounts it was carved from oak taken from the roof of Westminster Hall and dates back to the time of King Richard the Second.

walls are eight murals depicting scenes of Canadians serving in the Great War. They should be constant reminders of the sacrifices of youth to the mistakes of age, unless familiarity dulls the sensitivity of those who sit beneath them.

Senators are elected for life by the party in power. Many of them are men distinguished by long careers of service to the nation. One woman sits in the Chamber in the same lonely state that surrounds Agnes MacPhail. Carine Wilson of Ottawa has broken trail for Canadian women into the sedate Red Chamber.

Until some of the provinces established their own divorce courts of recent years, the Red Chamber was Canada's only divorce court. All the matrimonial difficulties of Canadians had to be brought up on the red carpet for the consideration of dozens of senators of every shade of religious and political thought. Several of the provinces are depending upon senatorial wisdom for the unravelling of such domestic difficulties.

One of the most dramatic episodes enacted in the Chamber was the presentation of the monster petitions from the people of Canada to the League of Nations for world peace. The League of Nations Society set out to secure one petitioner for every Canadian who had served in the world war. That meant five hundred

thousand names. At the end of the months of effort the object was reached and passed. When the enormous books containing the petitions were brought to the Senate under the escort of troops and military police it was accepted by the Canadian Premier in an official ceremony that filled the Senate with the official and diplomatic world of Ottawa. There was a romance laid between those giant covers for many of the petitions were had the name of every man and woman in a parish, or every member of a household from a gifted head to every last maid and gardener. Some of them were signed at great corporation meetings and contained names of the most celebrated business men in the country. On one was every name but two of the white population of Yukon.

When it reached Geneva it was found that Canada had sent the greatest per capita appeal for peace of any nation in the world.

In the Senate the official opening of Parliament takes place. It is a brilliant viceregal ceremony modelled on the opening of the British parliament by the King and Queen. The Governor General and his aids drive to the Parliament Buildings in state with a display of military pomp and circumstance. Members of the government and their ladies and the diplomatic

circle are in attendance. The flash of swords and orders, the sheen of beautiful costumes and the color of military uniforms make the ceremony perhaps the most colorful and formal of all public functions in America.

On each side of the Senate are portrait galleries containing a vast amount of speakers from the time Thomas Speech, the first speaker of the legislative council of Upper Canada met [illegible] to the last speaker to leave the chair. There is the old head Brewster R. Bronson, Speaker Jones, Lt. Col. [illegible] the period of the Family Compact's widest powers and greatest. He was one of the chief characters of the group which used to almost supercede powers in Upper Canada until the Rebellion of [illegible] and its political and legal reforms. It was a phase of the same struggle that was going on in Europe but the old powers of power and privilege had long entrenched in Canada as the meeting of the colony and Speaker Bronson was a leader of the old school. There is also William Chamberlain Powell, member of the Family Compact [illegible] who is not before Bronson.

A picturesque speaker was Sir Allan MacNab, the last expression of the Family Compact. He was born in Niagara, a son of an officer of Loyalists and regiment the Queen's Rangers. He fought on the side of [illegible] as a boy in his teens and for his services in the Rebellion

of '37 he was knighted. Later on in his career he was made a baronet. He was one of the picturesque characters of Upper Canada and lived in feudal state at his "castle" at Hamilton.

Among the modern Speakers is Raoul Dandurand, one of the most polished and distinguished of Canadian statesmen and Canada's representative at the League of Nations where he was able to lend his wisdom and experience in the original league of nations, the British Commonwealth of Nations, as well as the advantage of an inter-racial mind and a bilingual tongue. As familiar with American affairs as with British affairs, with the French mind as with the English mind, he was a man of rare gifts to lend to the League.

The finest portrait, from the point of view of the artist, is the only one in the collection painted by a woman. It is a study of Hon. Arthur C. Hardy, Speaker for a few months during 1930 and is by Lucas Torrance Newton of Montreal.

Chapter XVIII.

AT THE PEACE TOWER

THE main entrance to the building is through the base of the Peace Tower. When the old building was destroyed, work was immediately begun upon the new block which was to replace it, and work was still proceeding when peace put an end to the Great War. It was a happy thought to make the great tower a memorial to the dead and a symbol of the nation's desire for peace.

The tower was made strongly beautiful, one of the really fine towers of America. It is detached from the main building and rises three hundred feet from the foundation stones to the base of the flag pole. The exterior has a richness of design and texture from the combination of the stone and Gothic ornament.

The tower serves several purposes. In addition to being an architectural climax to the parliament buildings, it is the national shrine of the war dead, and it is a carillon tower and a clock tower.

Access to the tower itself is through the main

entrance into the building and up a flight of stairs to the war shrine. What the cenotaph is to London, the shrine in Canada is. Sixty thousand Canadians who died on war service overseas are commemorated here. Reverent thousands visit the shrine every year have wended and will always wend to ponder on its beauty its peace and its significance.

Great wrought iron gates guard the chamber. Over the arched doorway are carved in relief in the stone the heads of animals that served the troops at the front. Suspended over the gates from the top of the arch is a large reproduction of the Silver Cross given to every woman who lost son or husband or father on service.

The shrine itself is richly ornamented in carved stone and stained glass. In the center is the altar stone, carved with the arms of Canada and surmounted with a graceful framework with kneeling winged figures at the angles, within which will be deposited the Book of Remembrance. The beautiful illuminated book will contain the names of all who died. There are three great windows set high in the walls and under each is a recess behind Gothic arches. The walls of these recesses are inscribed on the stone with the story of Canada's part in the great war. Beginning at the east side of the entrance is The Call. Then comes a panel

with "The Crossing," and so on, with the record of each campaign and the names of the battles in which Canadians played their part. All the way round the story runs to "The Homecoming." Over every panel are scenes in relief depicting a variety of war incidents, and every angle every capital is embellished with military badges and war decorations.

Opposite the door is carved a quotation from Colonel MacCrae's immortal war poem, *In Flanders Fields*, for the Canadian medical officer wrote one of the few great poems that came out of the war as poignant in its simplicity and tragic emotions as Rupert Brooke's "If I should die."

The ceiling of the shrine is fan vaulted, inspired by the Henry the Seventh chapel in Westminster. The floor is made of stone from the battle fields where the Canadian army served.

The foundation stone of the Tower was laid in 1919 by the Prince of Wales and some years later the foundation stone of the altar was laid by Lord Byng of Vimy. He was then Governor-General of Canada but for part of the war he commanded the Canadian Corps and he took his title of Baron Byng of Vimy from the heroic action in which the Canadians distinguished themselves at Vimy Ridge in 1917.

In dramatic contrast to the rooms where the bank of carillon levers on either side of the very waist, on the tower immediately above hang the forty-three bells of the great peace carillon. It remembrance of the war and all its horror each bell is kept in silence here before the message of peace is intended to be loud and overtone.

The bells were cast at Croydon in England and are of such an alloy that weather have not changed their perfect tones.

The art of casting a carillon of bells was a seventeenth century growth among Dutch and Flemish bell founders. The art was lost in the nineteenth century and only recently rediscovered. The first successful casting of modern bells was completed in the Memorial Tower of the University of Toronto in 19 . Perhaps the Great War may be credited with having responsible for the revival of the carillon, since the nineteenth century turned on the beauty of tradition of the swinging bells a fitting memorial for the fallen.

The Peace Carillon has for its largest bell one weighing 22,400 pounds. It is one hundred inches in diameter. The smallest bell is ten pounds and eight inches in diameter. The range of the carillon is four and a half octaves. The total weight ever all is tons. The bells hang in a chamber a hundred and fifty feet above

the ground. The elevator that takes you up through the tower stops at various levels of the bell chamber and the great bells can be seen through wide glass doors.

The carillon was dedicated on July 1, 1927, on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, and the music was broadcasted far and near.

In a little room, like a monk's cell, at the console of the carillon where the bells are played with levers. By an interesting conjuncture of events, when the Canadian Peace Carillon was ready for service a Canadian carilloner, the first and only Canadian to graduate from the Mechlin Carillon school, was ready to take his place at the console. Percival Price is not only the first Canadian to graduate from the school, but the first non-European. From this little chamber he sends out into the air of the Ottawa Valley the great voices of the bells with their repertoire of ageless music.

For above the bells is the clock with its four huge dials. It is regulated from the Dominion Observatory. The hours are struck on the largest of the carillon bells which bears on it the words, in French and in English, "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." The quarter hours are struck with the Westminster chimes.

From the clock chamber there are four exits to the

galleries behind the parapet. From them there are glorious views of the city and the waters. To the north are the blue Chelsea Hills, a spur of the Laurentians, with the gap where the Gatineau comes tumbling through. On the north shore are industrial Hull, with the giant enterprise founded by the pioneers Gilmour, Eddy and their kin. Associated mills and their tall towers lie to us here many things of which they never so much as dreamed, are manufactured in those factories out of wood and woodpulp. To the east are the copper roofs and the grey stone walls of the Chateau Laurier looking like a castle in a fairy tale. There is the old canal winding through the city, Nepean Point and the constellated Mint, the blue Ottawa streaming by towards the sea. On the south are the great temples of Parliament Hill and the business section of the city. Beyond it the towers of the Victoria Museum and Art Gallery, rising out of a sea of green trees, make one think of Windsor Castle. Wherever the eye falls on Ottawa the city seems to be enveloped in green, and the thousands of maple trees that line its every street are not the least of its charms.

To the west is the Rideau Chaudiere, the broad surface of Lake Chaudiere and the little towns and settlements that fringe the river.

Ascending from the tower the visitor finds himself once again at the level of Confederation Hall from which radiate the corridors to various parts of the buildings. The circular chamber is one of the most imposing bits of architecture on Parliament Hill. From a central column the vaulting springs to the groined ceiling. Around run the clustered columns of the walls. In the angles between the arches the walls carved and decorated spaces are treated with a wealth of architectural luxuriance. The whole effect is lofty and dignified as befitting as a hall intended to symbolize the inner relations ships of the empire. An undulating band of black marble in the floor symbolizes the uniting force of the sea between the British nations.

Northward out of Confederation lies the Hall of Fame in which it is intended some day to place bronze figures of celebrated men and women in Canadian history. As it is, it is very beautiful with its columns and Gothic arches and old cathedral grace.

The Hall of Fame leads into the celebrated Parliamentary Library. The two doors saved it from the flames in 1916 and so it is to-day just as it has been for the last seventy-five years. As a library it is old fashioned and overcrowded and one wonders where the librarians find space for the three hundred thousand or

more books that have accumulated on its stacks. The octagonal room is fifty nearly a hundred and fifty feet from the floor to the lantern which terminates the beautifully groined roof. In the alcoves are three storey tiers of book galleries and all the shelves and spaces between the alcoves are richly carved in white pine that has grown mellow with the passing years. The pine for the interior of the library was one of the first contracts young John Booth secured when he set up business for himself in Ottawa, long before he became known as the Lumber King. The cones of the pine trees are used as decorative motives in the wood carving.

In the centre of the room on a high pedestal is a quaint marble figure of Queen Victoria as a young woman.

The library was founded in 18[illegible] Alpheus Todd was one of the early assistants in the library. In 856 he was appointed Chief Librarian. There were only six hundred volumes in the library by that time and it was "singularly deficient." Members of parliament had a way of borrowing books and forgetting to return them and half the library has disappeared. Todd was sent to Europe with the delightful task of spending fifty thousand dollars on books. When the library was

assembled parliament had moved to Ottawa and the collection was housed in the new library. That was the foundation of the present large and important collection.

It is from the exterior that the library has its greatest architectural charm. Built like a twelfth century chapter house with buttressed walls and turrets and flying arches, it is one of the quaintest things in Canada. The Dominion sighed with relief after the fire of 19 6 to know that at least the beautiful, weathered, polygonal library had escaped the flames. In a land as young, and in a city as new as Ottawa these bits which have somehow wrapped themselves in the glamor and romance of age are held in greater veneration than they would be in other lands rich with hoary antiquities.

Chapter XIX

IN AND AROUND THE CITY

Much of Ottawa's charm lies out of doors. Its river scenes, its panoramas, its great parks and boulevards, and its neighborly wilderness, all call people out into the air and sunshine. Sunday and holiday mornings signal an exodus from town, in winter for the ski trails in the hills around and in summer for hikers and drivers on the valley roads. Thousands of people quit the city in the summer for camps and summer homes along the Ottawa and Rideau, or in the Gatineau Valley, for the wilderness is at Ottawa's very doors.

Yet the city itself is not a crowded town but an airy place almost hidden under its trees and it has more than a score of parks and open spaces for those who can not leave.

In the very heart of the city Nepean Point and Parliament Hill provide delightful walks and views. Nepean Point was the part of the land set aside by Colonel By as public property. Entrance to the residential property of the officer commanding the garrison was by

way of a bridge and guns where the Chateau Laurier stands to-day and what is now Major's Hill Park was once the park and garden of Colonel By and his successors.

In the centre of the park are two great stones taken from Nepean's Bridge, one of them the same dressed stone of the Royal Engineers. They have been placed on the site of Colonel By's house. After Colonel By came Major Burton as officer commanding at Bytown, and it was from him the property was named Major's Hill. The park ends at Nepean Point, bristling with obsolete guns. From it there is a superb view of the river and surrounding countryside.

On the point is a monument erected to commemorate Champlain's visit to the site of Ottawa. It was on June 6 1613 that Champlain landed here and climbed to the heights to take his bearings. He used an astrolabe, a three pound brass instrument on a double hinged ring by which it was hung from a branch while the observations were made. The sculptor who designed the monument shows Champlain with the instrument upside down in his hand.

Two or three days after Champlain left Nepean Point the astrolabe was lost on a portage in what is now the township of Ross. Two hundred and fifty four

years later it was discovered under a moving log by a fourteen year old boy and identified as Champlain's instrument.

The story of Champlain's first trip up the Ottawa was one pregnant with tragedy. It goes back to the beginning of French settlement in Canada. Champlain realized that one of the first essentials to success in settlement and trade was an interpreter. In 1610 he had entrusted to a fourteen year old boy a dangerous and important mission. Young Etienne Brule had already been two years in Quebec with the Canadas and being fond of adventure and full of daring, he eagerly accepted the suggestion that he should go back into the wilderness with a tribe of Hurons, to learn their tongue and their customs, their travel routes and haunts. Young Brule was the first white man to travel up the Ottawa and became the discoverer of Lake Ontario and Lake Superior. A trusted guide and interpreter to his chief, young Brule amply fulfilled Champlain's hopes.

After Brule, in 1615, Champlain sent another youth, one Nicholas de Vignau who spent a twelve month with the Algonquins and returned to Quebec in 1617. He found Champlain absent in Europe, so he set sail to follow him.

Meantime, Champlain had more difficulties to contend with in New France and his object in going to Paris was to secure potential patronage and laws to regulate the traders. They hated him everywhere like poison. When he built a big post on the island of Montreal twenty ships were at his beck with master crews of traders. When the Hurons arrived with canoes heavy low in the water with the weight of furs, the traders offended the Indians by ignoring the usual ceremonies and committing the outrage of demanding immediate trade. The shocked Indians withdrew from their place out of the sleep one might say of a mad ghastly conference around the council fire. Then they retreated up stream out of reach of the ships.

"Come to our country," they urged him, "and leave these men behind. We will give you our furs, but we do not like these many traders. We like them not at all."

The situation was serious. Champlain knew the Indians were honest and responsible. Something must be done to control the evil doings of these lawless, money grubbing traders. So he went home to France. Armed with reports and maps and hired with an eloquence born of his own dreams, Champlain sought out Charles de Bourbon, Comte de Soissons, prince of the blood. He was his liege, had been named viceroy of Canada and

received from him in turn his commission as lieutenant-general of New France with municipal powers. But Marie's head all the time was filled with Champlain's marriage when Comte de Soissons died. And all the traders agreed Champlain had to begin all over again. There was to be a new Bourbon. Henry Prince de Condé as nearest chattel as the father of the Great Condé and the wife of the lovely Charlotte de Montmorency. The golden boy now of the Prince de Condé had been the dream of Henry of Navarre. Condé's poor sovereign and to save her from the royal prince Condé spirited her off to Italy and kept her there till Henry was dead and gone. Then they safely returned to Paris when Champlain succeeded in having Condé named in Soissons' place.

It was early in the year 1 The court was gossiping of the New France for their interest had been stirred over the appointment of Condé and moreover by the marriage of Champlain to that pretty child, Helene Boulle, daughter of the late king's secretary. Bent with so much of importance Champlain forwent his journey to Quebec and so, while he was waiting impatiently in Paris, the court was suddenly set agog by the appearance of a charming and quite young man who gave them plenty of what to gossip. The young man was Nicholas de Vignau.

Nicolet Nicholas was the first man to return to France after having actually lived with the savages, travelled with them, slept on their tepees and learned to speak their tongue. Even Champlain could not speak the Huron tongue. So, full of novelty for the pleasure court the traveller was petted and feted and quoted without end. Nicholas tasted the sweet and heady wines of popular favor.

Just previous to all this Henry Hudson, the famous explorer made his last journey penetrating into Hudson's Bay only to be set adrift with his small son by mutinous sailors, to perish on the inland sea to which he gave his name. Nicholas, clever and resplendent impostor that he was, told the marvelling court in Paris that during his winter with the savages he had made a journey to the sources of the Ottawa and there found a great lake. That he had crossed and out of it flowed a river which led unto the north. He descended it and came to the sea. There was the wreck of an English ship whose crew had been massacred by the Indians, who set their heads on spikes. Only one small boy had escaped and was adopted by the tribe. This tale was only seventeen days journey from Montreal, or Place Royale as the post there was then called.

Nicholas story was decidedly clever. There were

[illegible] tumors afloat of the discovery by Hudson and he had [illegible] contrived to make everything so plausible that even Champlain was at once deceived. Nicholas was on the peninsula of his popularity. A love of the day, the general preoccupation to the extreme which the court men urged upon Champlain the exploration of the route to the northern sea. Might it not be in truth, the goal of the ages, the north west passage to the Orient?

Since the days of Marco Polo men had dreamed that dream. Across that northern sea that Nicholas had seen might be a land of opulent splendor of wonder and gold, the kingdom of the Great Khan.

So the fun loving emperor enjoyed upon a shrewd and honest man. He was so plausible in apparently consistent that no one questioned his statements. That warrior Champlain dreamed fantastic dreams of Chinese temples, Japanese seas and empires of spice that lay beyond him and the headwaters of the Ottawa.

Impatience to be hanged for the spring and was off so early that the twenty seventh of May saw him leaving Montreal for the Ottawa.

Two small canoes carrying five Frenchmen and one Indian composed the party. In the Long Sault Champlain all but lost his life. Another Frenchman proved himself so awkward that they exchanged him for an

Indian and ever back to Montreal. Nicholas de Vignau was one of them, for he had the supreme audacity to return to New France to act as guide to Champlain.

By night they camped along the shore or on some small island. Parkman the historian tells the tale with the skill of a poet. of the east glowing "with tranquil fire" and the horizon jagged with the black tips of the pines.

"The river slept in shadow . . . and the white moon, peering in the face of day hung like a disk in the western sky. . . . On the left the facing curtains of the Rideau shone like silver here at the border of woods and in front, where on a snow drift, the cataract of the Chaudiere burred there was . . . wearing the solitude with the hoarse outcry of its agony and rage."

There on the rocks that still emerge naked and grey beside the boiling Chaudiere, Champlain and Vignau and their ten French companions stood while the Indians tossed their propitiatory offerings of tobacco into the misty foam. While the Indians paid tribute to the unknown gods they lingered around the falls and then turned their way up the north shore portage and came out where Val Tetreau stands to day. They embarked again and by evening, when Lake Deschenes was

burnished like a golden shield of quivering light and the purple shadows were creeping up the trunks of the stern trees, they encamped on a small island. Ahead lay the Falls of the Chats a veritable pandemonium of white water from shore to shore with small black islands bursting along the top of the foaming wall.

What a man he was, the Champlain, alternating between the luxuries of court and the stern realities of the wilderness trail, arguing and warring in turn kings and princes and savage chiefs and hunters. He knew them all in the purposes of his shining dream.

As they traveled on a great assurance was theirs shadow. Always it seemed now Nipissing was on the wrong. On Muskrat Lake they came upon their first Indian settlement. The Indians told them the passages beyond Allumette Island were impassable but they had the Frenchmen to Chief Tessouat at Allumette.

Now there was much consternation. The squaws were put to work to prepare a feast and runners were sent into the woods to summon chiefs and hunters to the sepoe of Tessouat.

It was during the feast that Champlain told them of the journey he was to make, to the sea in the north. He asked them for guides to get to the Nipissings.

Now the Algonquins were the middlemen and they

bought the furs of the Nipissings. So they frowned when Champlain said he wanted to go among them himself. They reproached him, they trifled with him, made promises and withdrew them. After hours of parley and recriminations on both sides Champlain played his trump card.

"This young man," he said, pointing to Vignau, "has been to their country and he did not find the way hard or the people so bad as you say."

Even Tessouat's stolidity was ruffled. He gazed at Vignau in amazement.

"Did you say, Nicholas, that you had been to the Nipissings?" he demanded.

"Yes, I have been there," said Nicholas nonchalantly.

Tessouat laughed. The company shouted in derision. Throughout the uproar Champlain felt his spirits sinking and his mind froze at the thought that he had been deceived. The Indians were not only amused. They were indignant.

"You are a liar," said Tessouat succinctly to Vignau. "You slept among my children every night and if you went to the country of the Nipissings, it was in your dreams."

"Speak, man, in Heaven's name speak!" implored Champlain. But Vignau sat motionless and silent.

Champlain dragged him out from the cabin, from the press of greasy, grinning, leering faces. Out in the dusky forest he pleaded with him, urged him to tell the truth. Vignau repeated his story but he was surly. he had been there, he had seen the wreck the English heads on pikes.

The longer Vignau lied the sullen and grimmer Champlain became. His reputation, his ambitions, his dreams, were at stake. The great goal had seemed to be within his reach.

The calm and gentle Champlain grew mighty in his wrath.

"Tell me the truth," he thundered, "and I shall forget the past. Continue to mislead me and I shall hang you without mercy."

And Vignau confessed. Champlain ordered him out of his sight. Alone, he faced the bitterest and blackest hour of his career.

"Give him to us," whispered the Indians, "and he shall never lie to you again." But Champlain shook his head.

There was no motive for going farther. Bitterly disappointed Champlain gave orders for the return to Montreal. The Algonquins offered to accompany him. They packed their canoes with the winter's furs, and

so, not with the silks and spices of the east, but with the skins of beaver bound into rude bundles, the travellers turned eastward.

Once more they came to the Great Kettle and once more they paused, made camp and paid tribute in songs and weird dances and sacrifices to the Manitou who dwelt in the white smoke of the descending waters.

On the seventeenth of June, just three weeks after his departure, the disillusioned Champlain, and the inventor of tragic hoax, were back again at Place Royale on the Island of Montreal.

Chapter XX

THE SHORES OF THE OTTAWA

PARLIAMENT HILL is a pleasant place to wander about on, whether it be on the terraces around the buildings or along the face of the cliff by what is known as Lovers' Walk. This was laid out when the buildings were constructed and many a crinolined lady and many a late Victorian youth have sighed there very romantically under the sugar maples and silver birches of the shady lane, while their more prosaic fellows were wrestling with political affairs on the top of the hill. One of the things to do while in Ottawa is to walk the length of this path in the sunset glow. Then a silvery glamour lies over the river and in the night silence the Chaudiere speaks with something of its ancient power. Half way between the water and the tower crowned heights above, in the dusk and quiet of the evening, Lovers' Lane is one of the most picturesque rendezvous of the capital.

The hill itself was part of a grant sold by its original owner early in the nineteenth century to an officer

living at Three Rivers for the sum of ten pounds. In [illegible] the valuer assessed the government for seven hundred and fifty pounds. Hence there has always been government property. It is one of the popular parks of the capital and a very delightful place to loiter in quiet and beautiful and high above the busy river.

In the park are numerous memorials to celebrated Canadians including one to D'Arcy McGee. He was one of the Fathers of Confederation, a young statesman, born in 1825, who had emigrated to America at the age of seventeen. He became the editor of an Irish American journal at Boston and at the age of twenty returned to Ireland to take [illegible] Government, opposition, and later The Nation, the organ of the Young Ireland party. After getting into political difficulties he escaped to America disguised as a priest. On the ocean he was reported dead. He had founded and edited seven papers in New York, Boston and Buffalo in turn. At Montreal he started one Canada, founded another paper at Montreal and was elected to parliament as the representative of Montreal West which he represented until his death. He became a cabinet minister at 37 and a fierce opponent of the movement for Confederation. Irish rebel that he had been in the political life of Canada he became a loyal Britisher and by [illegible] he

was a bitter opponent of the Irish Fenian storm. In opposing the Fenian movement from the United States he earned the enmity of the conspiracy Irish leaders and he paid for his bravery with his life. As he was returning to his home on Sparks street, in the early morning of April 7, 1868, after a session at the House he was assassinated by a Fenian. He was only forty three. He had had a career in three countries, he had written four books on Irish affairs, three volumes on Canadian political life and two volumes of verse. McGee was one of the most brilliant orators Canada has ever known and a man of rare charm and greatness of feeling.

There is also here on the west of the main building, on a rising mound, a memorial to Queen Victoria, which was unveiled by her grandson, now King George of England, in 1901. It is the work of Philippe Hebert, a celebrated French Canadian sculptor, on the old theme: reclusion and shows the queen surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of her imperial reign.

Rockcliffe Park on the outskirts of the city is perhaps the finest city park in Canada. Seven hundred and eighty five acres of forest lands are here set aside for beauty and recreation, bounded on the one side by the Ottawa River and on the other by the finest res-

district of the capital. This is a bird sanctuary and a bit of wilderness retreat to be reached by those who are invited to a street railway for their wanderings.

The views from the parkway are very fine. Across the river lies the mouth of the Gatineau and the low lines of the north shore with the Laurentians mountains sloping into rounded horizons. Sunset and dusk here are indescribably lovely with the deep shadows casting a color of romance and mystery over hills and water. As the golden sun sinks down behind the pine clad hills and shadowy lights fill the valley the delicate spire of the little church at Gatineau Point leans against the sky and hints at the quiet life of a French village, lovely and remote.

Another of the lovely park areas is Rockcliffe Park between Range road and the Rideau River. This was once a bit of that "Mer Bleu" as the French derisively called the wide swamp lands and meadows of the Ottawa Valley, but it has been reclaimed and put to the service of civic beauty. Little stone curbed channels and a tiny lake drain the remains of the old beaver meadow. The Rideau hereabouts is tree fringed and placid. Rideau street, which crosses the north end of the park, is the end of the old Montreal road that leads from the St. Lawrence to Bytown.

Two miles above the Chaudière the river opens out into an island studded lake and along each shore are delightful roadways and numerous places. On the south shore is Britannia Bay with its camps and amusements and its long pier a popular resort for young summer people. The south shore is connected with the north by a handsome new bridge called in honour of the ex-governor Champlain Bridge. It leads into Aylmer, for many an old farmhouse had been converted into a golf and country club. Along the north shore the road runs into Aylmer, a quaint old town with a flavour of its own. There is a little English church and an old stone inn, called the British Hotel, that still has an orchard view looking onto a courtyard. Over its cobbled area it is easy to imagine the north shore stage coach rumbling to a full stop while its staff and weary passengers climb down, eager for the rest and refreshment provided by mine host. For long over a century has the old grey inn been dispensing hospitality. At the end of the main street in Aylmer stands a much more building, now an aquatic club, but for many years a famous inn and resort of the shantymen. Many a rollicking night has been spent there by the French and Irish, Scots and Yankee river drivers.

The area is rich in Indian relics, since Lake Des-

chosen was a camping ground of the native tribes. Among those who have done research work into the life and crafts of the Indians is a resident of Aylmer F. W. E. Sowter who has published important scientific material as a result of his work, but although his discoveries have been made in the interests of science they are teeming with very real human interest. For instance on Aylmer Island he came upon an ancient grave, and of it he wrote

"The writer has in his collections the contents of a single grave found on Aylmer Island. The occupant was well provided with the world's goods, from an Indian standpoint. He had with him, among other things, an iron tomahawk of French make, a small copper kettle, a bone harpoon, three knives and five crooked knives. Among other things that his friends had put into his kit for his trip to the happy hunting ground was a quantity of fringe made out of white woman's hair. He also had with him a bone arrow head that had been driven completely through a segment of his lumbar vertebrae, piercing the spinal chord and still remaining in position. Now it is not easy to read the Indian's story. At some time in his career he had scalped a white woman and used her hair for his personal adornment but later on he got what

was coming to know us so speak for that identical portion of his transitional backbone is at present repeating in the writer's cabinet and is shown exclusively but its owner died by violence and served him right

According to Mr Warner who has been exploring the vicinity for over forty years the shores all round Lake Deschenes are rich in deposits of flints and pottery and other Indian relics Echo Bay Pioneer and Pink were called Queen's Park on the Quebec side are important spots. Raymond's Point on the Ontario side is by far the largest beach to winnow and compare on the lake he writes Pioneer is Bartlett Big Island Point and other points around the lake would yield treasure to those who know how to search for Indian relics and how to recognize them once they are found

Mr Warner's home in Aylmer is an historic spot for Cherry Cottage was the home of the boy who grew up to be Dr Clarke the founder of the Christian Endeavor Movement

The Ottawa was a river of several names The nation of Algonquins who had long inhabited its shores before the coming of the white man gave it its present name They moved westward first to Lake Huron and then, much of the great Lakes Pontiac who raised the western Indians in a conspiracy against the British in 1763, was an Ottawa.

After the Ottawas the Algonquins continued to use the Ottawa for travel and hunting. Allumette Island, an island as large as the Island of Orleans, was the headquarters of these people who acted as middlemen, establishing a rude system of exchange whereby they secured the furs of the western tribes and traded them at a profit to southern Indians at the Chaudiere. To them it was Kitchisippe, the Great River.

To the French it was Grande Riviere, or the River of the Algonquins, since it was chiefly with these people that they travelled and traded along its course.

Fortunately, in the days of the English regime, it was restored to its original name, and became again the Ottawa.

The Ottawa is a very great river. In some places it is miles wide. In one part it is nearly a mile deep, one of the deepest rivers in the world. It has at least twenty major tributaries in the course of the seven hundred and fifty miles from Lake Temiscaming to the St. Lawrence. The fact that the Ottawa itself is the tributary of an even greater river has detracted from its own peculiar glory. But the Gatineau, which is a tributary of a tributary, is a river more than six hundred miles long.

Roughly the Ottawa has three eras of recorded his-

turn the seventeenth century of savage warfare, the eighteenth century of exploration and trade, and the nineteenth century of settlement.

As early as 1603 when Champlain made his first trip to the St. Lawrence and landed at Tadoussac he was met there by Tessouat, a centenarian chief of the Algonquins who had paddled all the way from Allumette Island, two hundred miles up the Ottawa.

Since the coming of Jacques Cartier in 1534 French fishermen and traders had been making yearly trips to Tadoussac. There the Indians gathered to trade their furs for the gewgaws that the white men brought from Europe: tin plates and beads, combs and mirrors, metal pots and hatchets. By autumn hundreds of thousands little ships crossed the Atlantic to fish on the Grand Banks or to trade along the coasts. Every autumn Tadoussac was abandoned, the Frenchmen sailing home to turn their cargoes into gold and the Indians paddling westward for more furs.

In the early years of the seventeenth century the French settled at Quebec, the English at Boston, and the Dutch at Manhattan. Therefore the Indian trade was a matter for keen rivalry between the white men, and the red men learned to be jealous of each other's markets. For a century and a half they were all involved in international trade wars.

Of them all the Iroquois nations were the most warlike, the most pitiless and the most difficult to secure in friendship or alliance. They wielded their tomahawks in turn against French, English and Dutch as well as maintaining a cruel policy of extermination against their red rivals. After their first devastating experience with European firearms on Lake Champlain, when Champlain joined the Algonquins against them, they thirsted to possess similar weapons. The Dutch, hoping to win their friendship by satisfying their wants, supplied them with muskets. Thereafter the Algonquins, paddling and portaging down the Ottawa in the Chaudiere basin were picked off from, to them, incredible distances, by invisible enemies.

United, these savage nations could have wiped the puny white colonies off the continent. Divided, they dissipated their strength on savage wars and were played like chessmen on a board, by the wily white invaders. It was a great game of profit and domination.

Chapter XXI

SAINTS AND SAVAGES

CHAMPLAIN'S second trip up the Ottawa was made two years later. He had brought with him from France four priests of the Recollet order, a reformed branch of the Franciscans. Father Le Caron, who was assigned as a missionary to the Hurons, was full of religious fervor and adventurous zeal, and no sooner was he in New France than he was impatient for his long, strange journey to the land of the savages.

At Montreal he found the Hurons assembled for their yearly trading ceremonies and to them he disclosed his intention of returning with them to their homes. But they received the news with muted sentiments. They wanted Champlain and his muskets, rather than Father Le Caron and his prayers. The Iroquois were a present menace with whom Champlain could cope with those firesticks he brought across the water. The devil and hell-fire were never acquaintances and of them they were not nearly so fearful.

Champlain consented to take an armed body of

men with him into the west, as he must back to Quebec to muster them, leaving the Hurons to round up their warriors and prepare for war.

For some reason or other the Hurons at Montreal became panic-stricken and instead of waiting for Champlain they fled back up the Ottawa. When Champlain reached Montreal he discovered the enterprising Father Le Caron had left with them.

Presently the priest who had so recently left the cool, white cells of the monastery of Recouvrance found himself stumbling at the paddle's crushing portages with bundles on his shoulders, his shirt wet and muddy, his wooden sandals broken on the rocks. There were eighty to a hundred portages between Montreal and the Huron villages, but the monk tried to keep "a smiling countenance, contented mind," an heroic effort when he was hungry and weary and disgusted with his fellow companions. The rocks bruised him, the tangled bush scratched him and the dirt and mosquitoes tortured him.

Father Le Caron established a mission among the savages where the Recollets labored for ten years. The fruits of their labors were few. In 16[illegible] they were forced to appeal to the powerful and wealthy Jesuits who were conducting successful missions in Asia, Africa and South America.

Jean de Brebeuf was among the Jesuits who came as martyrs to that cell. Therefore he stands a majestic and figure in rough brown habit and ravaging misery through the history of New France.

There still remain some traces of the old portage around the Chaudiere on the north shore of the Ottawa, at Val Tetreau. It is easily reached by canoe or sloop who would take an hour's or about a bit of shore fishing to the monument's grave may descend to the Hull railway have by water at the northeast angle of the bridge over the canal. The fishers and the rapids above Ottawa have still take the water across the river and up the shore to Val Tetreau. There is a little French settlement around at the connection with the New Canadian quarter and town. In the park that has been laid out along the river side there is a bronze figure of Brebeuf. The place is delightful and the rapids pour magnificently along the shore just as they did when Brebeuf himself came up the trail and paused to cool and rest himself here with the Chaudiere safely passed.

Brebeuf's first trip up the Ottawa was in 16 and he came down again in 1 to be captured all prisoner by England by the gay young brothers Kirke who had taken Quebec for King Charles the Second.

But Brebeuf was back to the new French ship that

come in 1632 when Charles handed Quebec back to Louis of France in exchange for the remainder of Henrietta Maria's unpaid dowry

Around 1630 a Petite Nation Indian had killed a Frenchman and the murderer was being dealt with by Champlain on his return to Quebec That same July, 1632 a hundred and forty Huron canoes swept down the rivers to Quebec to welcome the French and the Indians set up their tepees along the shore

Stepping down Cote de la Montagne to greet them came the great figure of Brebeuf His hailed them with delight and called them by name as he made his way through the camp At his back came two others who were to join him in the work Champlain offered them to the Indians as friends and countrymen.

"These are our fathers," he said gravely "We love them. They do not go among you for furs They left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven. If you love the French as you say you do, then love and honour these our fathers."

The chiefs harangued them in long and brilliant oration and to their delight Brebeuf the noble born Frenchman, replied to them in broken Huron. They assured him they honoured him and contended for the privilege of carrying him in their canoes. Now Brebeuf

laughed, for he knew that to be an idle compliment. There had been a time when they refused to give him a place complaining that he was too big for their frail bark canoes. Brébeuf himself playing on his name, liked to call himself an ox. He knew how to ingratiate himself with the savages. It was largely on his suggestions that the order at Paris issued instructions to Jesuits bound for New France so that they might make themselves as little trouble as possible to the Indians. "You should love the Indians like your brothers," they read. "Never make them wait on you for embarkation. Carry first and start to fight them for them. It is not their custom to do so. Be hardy and repulsive of ease. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock so that you do not carry sand and water into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoe but you may put them on crossing the portages. Be careful in the canoe that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better if you wore your nightcap."

By the time Lemoine had been ordered to another chief La Borgne, the French called him, the One Eyed. In French it had another meaning, indicating something obscure, and La Borgne was ordered obscure in more of his dealing with Champlain.

When Brébeuf and his fellow missionaries were

packed and ready to set out. La Borgne rose in the night and went among the tepees spreading the conspiracy he had long since conceived. "We have begged for the life of the man of the Pot de Fer. They will not spare him. He will die. Then the Algonquins will be angry. They will be revenged. They will kill those priests who come among us. If we defend them, the Algonquins will make war upon us. If we do not defend them, the French will blame us. If Champlain will not free the prisoner then three men cannot come with us."

The exasperated Jew's words got up on the feet and roused Champlain from his sleep. There was another council, with more harangues.

There were two ends to be achieved by the Indians. If the French were kept out of the west the middle man's trade would go undisturbed. Or if they must indeed go west the Hurons might as well acquire credit with the Algonquins by bringing home the purloined murderer. Champlain could not release the man and condone the murder of a white man, since the only hope of the handful of Europeans on the continent was to maintain their power against these hordes of savages.

Neither side would give way so the Hurons paddled off and left the chagrined Berbrust to cool his heels in Quebec for another year.

The following year the Hurons were subdued. The Iroquois had desolated them and they had suffered persecution. Poor and downcast they listened to Brebeuf rebuking them for them. They had returned to help God's work and so they had suffered. He made a great work to St. Joseph and commanders and encouraged them to remain to have the hearts of the Hurons united and they promised to carry him off home with them.

Brebeuf remained there two years and more than After years they had to get out and push their canoes against the current. From Brebeuf's great strength nearly failed him and here at the head of the Canadians portage for week years and determined how to kill of fear and sorrow as ever he had been ready any person to be a martyr of his faith.

He was not the accepted type of saintly missionary that French noble ecclesiastic deep learned priests. He would have been a strange incongruous figure of a man as a missionary now-a-days. Even under the rough habit of his order his noble proportions showed to advantage. But at this age court or hall would have detracted. This Norman strode or ambled year after year to his seemingly unaccommodating abode as everywhere around him. He was 51 years of age when he and he was martyred by the Iroquois. After having beaten and

abused he was tied to a stake. Strips of bark dipped in pitch were wound around his body. Around his neck was hung a collar of red hot hatchets, before fire was piled around his feet. He was baptised, in a horribly fantastic ceremony, with boiling water. Pieces of flesh were cut from his body and eaten before his eyes. A chief drank his blood that he might share his courage. At last his heart was torn out and shared among those who yearned to share his stoicism.

His skull was carried back to Quebec. There half of it is to be seen in a silver bust, exposed in the Jesuit church. The other half is held in jealous care by the nuns of the Hotel Dieu. Meantime the church of Rome that he served so devotedly had found a place for him among the saints.

So, here beside these historic waters it is no less than his due to pause and pay tribute to a manly man, an heroic voyageur, who knew the Chaudiere Basin well two centuries before John By came to bridge it.

Chapter XXII

ROMANCE UNDER GLASS

AWAY from the heart of the city in the residential district, off Elgin avenue is the Victoria Memorial Museum which houses two truly national institutions, the museum and art gallery. While the new block of the parliament buildings was in course of erection that building was the parliament house of Canada and pictures and exhibits had to give way to the legislature.

At the main entrance to the museum is a great boulder converted into a memorial to the man who has been called the Father of Canadian Geology, Sir William Logan. Although born in Lower Canada in 1798 he was educated in Scotland and spent the early part of his career as manager of his uncle's coal and copper smelting plant in Wales. He made a study of the Welsh coal beds and gained a reputation for himself as a geologist. Consequently when, in 1841 the Canadian Geological Survey was organized, he was made the director and devoted himself for over thirty years to

the study of Canadian geology. He revolutionized current thought on the subject and brought to light the mineral wealth of the country. Honours came to him as a reward for his work: a fellowship in the Royal Society from London, the legion of honour from France and a title from the Queen. The geological museum was founded on his collections and there is exhibited there a case of relics of the distinguished scientist, including many of the instruments he used.

The entrance to the several floors of the museum is through a high open well, decorated with several enormous totem poles which give the keynote to the extremely interesting Indian collections for which the museum is celebrated. Visitors from abroad would naturally turn to the national museum of Canada for an insight into the history, art and archaeology of the aboriginal races and fortunately they would discover here a wealth of material rich in interest and significance.

Most spectacular of the collections are those pertaining to the West Coast Indians who, of all the Indian races in Canada, had the highest developed forms of arts and crafts. It is easy enough even for the veriest amateur to distinguish at once the difference between the West Coast exhibits and those of the plains and

eastern Indians. The work of these are crude and primitive compared with the degree of beauty and skill put into the West Coast work. The Coast Indian was an artist and so many worlds apart from the contemporary artist, who recognizes in his work many of the fundamental ideas and structures of arts all the world over.

Best known of the work of the West Coast Indians are the totem poles, fantastic representations of family histories and social prestige. There are many very fine ones in the Museum and an important volume has been published by the museum authorities to record the researches of Marius Barbeau, the noted totem student and research worker who has the collections in his care. Mr. Barbeau spent four seasons in field research on the west coast and took with him some artists who were interested in primitive art, so that as a result not only is the scientific research embodied in print and photographs, but the tribal lands of the West Coast Indians has mirrored the field of the fine arts. The volume in question, "Totem Poles of the Gitksan, Upper Skeena River British Columbia," is only one of a series of monographs on the history and arts of this strange and fascinating people.

Of the totem Mr. Barbeau writes:

Totem poles were once a characteristic form of plastic art among the tribes of the North West coast of British Columbia, and southern Alaska. The natives took pride in them and strained every nerve to make them worthy symbols of their own social standing and achievements. This art now belongs to the past. Totem poles are no longer made. Many of them have fallen from old age, they have decayed and disappeared. Some of them have been cut down and removed to museums and public parks. Others have been destroyed by the owners themselves on the coming of historical religion under a spontaneous horror of Christianity.

The poles in the national collection come from the Skeena River tribal villages, the Nass River and the Charlotte Islands. In their natural settings the poles usually face the water and stand apart but on their owner's lodge. Bearing the village on a long irregular row they gave to the tribal settlements a strange fantastic air. Carved from cedar trees, thirty to sixty feet high they were covered from top to bottom with symbolic animals and mythological creatures. Most of the poles now in existence have been carved within the past sixty years.

Totems are not hundreds of years old as so many people mistakenly believe. Owing to the nature of the

wood, they could not carve to such lengths of time and moreover there are the best of reasons for knowing that when the early travellers explored the West Coast there were no totems to astonish them with their rude dignity. The art of the totem is older than that but an upstart cult so totem poles was a recent development that blossomed and flourished and died away within a few decades. The interest in the totems is in their use of tribal symbolism and in the vast stores of tradition and legend they represent.

The Nass River was the birth place of the totem pole on the coast and Nass River carvers spread the art among the other coast tribes. The totem, wherever it was erected, had a purely social and decorative function. The human figures were not gods or spirits but symbols that can be compared to European heraldry. The poles were not worshipped any more than our public memorials to national heroes are worshipped. They were an expression of tribal pride and veneration.

Curiously enough once these poles were erected they were never repaired or transplanted under any circumstances. They simply stood as long as nature allowed them and when they fell were pushed aside or destroyed. It was as gross an infringement of tribal tradition to repair them as to cut them down or sell them. Mr

Barbeau records an experience he had when trying to purchase a very fine totem discovered on the Skeena of the lower Nass. The chief its owner returned that the price of the pole was the monument that had been erected to Sir James Douglas, first Governor of British Columbia. As Mr. Barbeau concludes, "To him one was at least worth the other and the pole was, after all, much the more precious."

In the Museum there is an opportunity to study these totems in relation to the rest of the West Coast Indian art. Each great cast on exhibition bears on it the name of the tribe which produced its work. Then, as the eyes devoted to the Haida Indians, there are stone carvings of strange designs, worked with abrasive gouges and bone and horn carvings that indicate their capacity for adapting all sorts of materials to their use. There is a broad-bladed war club from the Nass River that suggests a primal chief decked in all the savage glory of his day setting out to make war upon his neighbours. There are masters for the preparation of foods, decorated with grotesque human faces and supernatural sea-going beasts. Boxes were an important part of the ceremonial of the West Coast Indians and everything that was used in ports past or the rituals was decorated with the best that the savage artist could conceive.

Implements of the hunt on land and sea, were beautifully made and the bone harpoons are frequently much carved and engraved. Combs and pendants and other articles of personal adornment from whale bones were also produced by the tribal artists. An example of Indian ingenuity is an amusing decoy duck, with leather wings and so made that the wings move as the decoy is drawn through the water. Paddles were often highly decorated with painting and the Indian loved his seal hunting and sea lions with clubs that to-day add to his reputation as a connoisseur of art.

The weaving of the West Coast Indians is amazingly interesting. From shredded cedar bark they contrived to make all sorts of things including mats and baskets. Thick strong ropes for whale fishing and thin strong twine were made from the same material. There is a beautiful song of the West Coast that, even in its English translation, is steeped in the spirit of the Indian. It is the *Song of the Whip-Planting*:

In the dawn I gathered cedar boughs
For the planting of the whip
They were wet with sweet drops;
They still thought of the night

All alone I shredded cedar boughs,
Green boughs in the pale light

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

For the West Coast Indians had songs to hear in their carvings and weavings. There love songs, lullabys and prayers are gathered up, like their blankets and war clubs, for preservation.

The Kwakiutl tribe is largely represented. There are huge and fantastic masks worn in ceremonial war dances, betoms strangely carved and decorated. There is an amazing war apron embroidered and studded with bone ornaments but what will amuse the fancy will be the clusters of thimbles strung like little bells, and rows of empty bullet cases put to the same purpose. The Kwakiutl Indians must have been fearful figures when they were arrayed in these masks and aprons and weird colors. One of the masks is in the form of a bird's head with an enormous beak that must have been difficult to manage in the frenzy of the circus of the dance.

The Kwakiutl Indians had beautifully made food dishes, carved and rubbed smooth. There is one a berry bowl made to represent a great bird. A painted water

bracelet shows how they delighted in making even the home and its utensils beautiful. Some of these bracelets, made of copper, silver and brass, are extremely like some of the costume jewelry of to-day and must indeed have required some skill to make. The Indians themselves carved and engraved with symbolical designs. They also made the most ingenious fish nets from nettle fibre.

The coats dressed by the Iroquois Indians are worth special attention for their beautiful designs in woven shells, beadwork and rugs. Some of their garments are decorated with rows of bird like ornaments made of bear claws. The Salish Indians wove beautiful blankets of mountain goat's hair. The natives of these are pure wool, but some examples are made of the wool on inner coats of cedar bark to give strength and body to the fabric. The Salish shawls are magnificently designed in bold colors and finished with fringe. These cedar rugs are made of bark dyed different colors, black by burning the cedar in the mud near springs, red by the juice from young alders, and so on.

The Pacific coast canoes, dugouts made from the trunks of great trees, were so beautifully decorated as everything else they owned. There are many fine examples in the museum. See how carefully they are chipped on a sort of design on the outer surface and

how everything inside and out, is painted with their characteristic designs.

These are only a few of the fascinating things in this great collection. There are also the cases of beautiful Charlotte Island stone carvings, the historic wampum belts, the carved masks inlaid with brilliant opalescent shells, the Eskimo ivories, the jade from northern British Columbia, and a thousand more exhibits, every one with a story.

It is the importance of collections of this kind that make Ottawa a truly national center, for students of Indian history and art travel from all over the continent and from Europe to make a study of these things. It is an important element in the work of government, for these Indian people are part and parcel of Canadian life and all that pertains to them pertains to the cultural history of the country

Chapter XXIII

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

While the history of the national collections goes back to 1880, the story of the Gallery began only about twenty-five years ago, when rooms were first set aside for the exhibition of works of art and a director was appointed.

It started with the founding of the Royal Canadian Academy at the instigation of the Princess Louise, herself an artist, and the Marquis of Lorne, her husband. The Prince Consort, the father of Princess Louise, had done much to raise the position of the artist in England and the young Princess was anxious to set in motion some movement for the organization of artists in Canada. Each member elected to the Royal Academy was required to present a diploma picture, and these pictures formed the nucleus of the national collection.

It is amusing to look back upon the usual turmoil that resulted. Artists of the eighties sighed for royal favors and struggled for places in the Academy. One of the Toronto artists left out of the charmed circle,

indignantly wrote the President and sent her some of her pictures to judge for herself. The first president dreamed of a gallery but it did not materialize. One woman was appointed among the charter members but by some curious quirk of the masculine mind she never had a successor and since her day even the best of the women artists, who have had academic honours, have had to be content with associate memberships, even though they are recognized as more distinguished and competent than some of their male fellows in academicians. The Royal Canadian Academy remains true to tradition in its attitude to women artists.

Art in Canada in those days was a frail attenuated, transplanted growth and since British art was not in a very flourishing condition when the transplant took place, there was not any native nutriment of importance in the young Dominion.

The collection was added to by gifts and by purchases, frequently made from people who were anxious to part with things that did not want and who had enough political influence to reach the ears of government. The pictures were hung in the hallways of the Department of Fisheries and maintained by the Department of Agriculture. In 1907 they were gathered up and placed under the control of a director of the

National Gallery and the important collection of today was begun.

To-day Canada has a national collection of interesting value and growing merit. The quarters are totally inadequate and the great collection of War Memorials, in painting and sculpture cannot be shown at all. Canada has the greatest collection of this kind among all the nations of the globe for a remembrance record of the war was made while the war was in progress by a staff of painters and sculptors. Borrowed and Canadian.

Funds are made in Canada for the purchase of pictures are exceedingly small, but by judicious selection a really fine collection of old masters has been built up. However the one thing in which the Gallery should excel and does excel is in its collection of works of art by Canadians. The first choice of canvases exhibited in Canada usually falls to the Gallery and as the prices of works of art in Canada are very low the Gallery is able to acquire a really notable collection. It is the largest collection of Canadian paintings and sculptures in the country.

For those who are interested there is here a complete history of art in Canada dating from the Lay Treasures School of the late seventeenth century in Quebec to the last exhibited works of contemporaries.

Bishop Laval founded the Cap Tourmente school and brought out from France fine artists and craftsmen from the provinces of France where the traditions of the French Renaissance still lingered. The National Gallery has several important pieces, one of them The Last Supper, carved in wood for the altar of the old church at St. Anne de Beaupre between 1661 and 1664 by Le Ruzic dit Le Tour. The work of Jean Baptiste and Pierre Le Vasseur, two other famous eighteenth century wood carvers is also represented. The last of the Quebec woodcarvers to work in the old traditions of the Cap Tourmente school was Louis Jobin, who died at St. Joseph de Levis in 1919. Though he was more than eighty years of age he worked in his workshop until the end and it was through him that much was learned of the fascinating story of that old school of art and craft. A great deal of documentary evidence has been discovered in the parish records and many of the names of the old artists have been retrieved and preserved. Jobin was the man who carved the great wooden Madonna of the Saguenay on Cape Trinity and in his youth he was famous for his figure heads for ships built on Quebec and Ottawa timbers.

Among the nineteenth century artists represented in

John Hall Smith who organized one of the first art societies in Canada in Montreal in the year of Confederation. His son, Frederic Hall Smith, was also associated with early art movements in this country. The Gallery has examples of the work of Allan Edson, Daniel Fowler, John Fraser and many other charter members of the Academy. One of these was Robert Harris whose best known picture was called *The Fathers of Confederation*.

The first artist who actually painted from a Canadian point of view was a German named Cornelius Krieghoff who settled in Montreal, married a French girl, and took a great delight in habitant scenes. The Gallery owns half a dozen examples of his work but the best known of these is, *The Habitant Farm*, in which he manifests his real love for the life of Quebec. A contemporary of Krieghoff was Paul Kane born in York as Toronto was then called. He was self taught and travelled abroad for some time copying old masters, but on his return to his farmhouse he painted the countryside. He painted and sketched Indians to such advantage that he published a book about his experiences. The largest collection of his work is in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto but the Gallery has four canvases to illustrate his charm in depicting scenes in the wilderness and primitive forms of their own landscape and nature life.

One of the interesting figures represented in the National Gallery is Homer Watson, a resident of Doon, Ontario, where he has painted for more than half a century. The greatest of all his canvases is *The Flood Gate* which carried with it an interesting anecdote.

Homer Watson was a young man, prosaic and self-taught with a keen urge to paint his native scene. He was the son and grandson of Ontario pioneers and his love of painting was a pure outcropping from some hidden vein. For there were no artists and no pictures within the circle of his environment. He was prompted by the same spirit that led Constable to paint every rock and stone of his native heath and curiously enough Watson's work resembled to a great degree the work of the English nature painter. But Watson was resisted by the Academy and on one occasion he declared that he would paint a Constable if a Constable flavour his friends demanded. Like Constable he went back to his native heath and painted his grandfather's mill pond. *The Flood Gate* was the result. Whether the pessimism with which he painted it had something to do with it or not what the explanations or manners may be but the canvas is now acknowledged to be his finest work.

Ross Bruce is another native Canadian painter born at Hamilton in 1849. He worked chiefly in Europe and

his subjects are European but he indicated a new trend of expression on the part of Canadian painters. A great collection of his paintings have been presented to his native city but the National Gallery has four important canvases.

Another group of important paintings are those from the brush of Morrice, the first of the genuine modernists among the Canadians. Morrice lived most of his life in Paris, but he never lost his interest in and his love for his native land. In his day there was no support for an artist of his ideals or capacity in Canada and he was a veritable exile. His canvases have a fine, broad, interpretive quality and they have had important bearings on the trend of work done by the men of the generation which followed his.

One of the best known of the Canadian artists is C. W. Jefferys since his historical pictures hang in so many class rooms and so many Canadian school books have been illustrated by him. Although born in England he has lived since childhood in Canada and has devoted himself unreservedly to the study of historical portraiture. He is as much historian as artist in the delineation of character and event.

Modern Canadians are largely represented. Emily Carr was the first of the Canadians to use the West

Coast Indian life as moved her art. Her watercolors are particularly fine and her canvases bold and daring. Lionel Lemoine FitzGerald, born in Winnipeg, was the first of the Manitobans to strike out into new and modern fields of experiment in oils. Prudence Heward one of the most successful young women painters in the Dominion hails from Montreal and her bold figure subjects have earned her international commendation. One of her canvases, *Girl in a Hat* was given first prize in the Willingdon Fine Arts Competition of 1934. Perhaps her best known is the study of a young French Canadian girl against a Quebec landscape, called *Rotseuse*. A. Y. Jackson of Toronto is largely represented with studies of Quebec landscape, northern Ontario subjects and Arctic canvases. He has twice gone into the Arctic in parts that bring as far north as Bache Harbor the most northerly inhabited spot on the globe. His companion on one of his journeys was Lawren Harris, whose highly stylized work is of strong contrast to the warm, deeply emotional compositions of A. Y. Jackson. Lawren Harris sees the north, whether it be on the Arctic or along the bold north shore of Lake Superior in landscapes of deep spiritual significance as well as great patterns of the elements.

The Gallery has a notable collection of canvases and sketches by Tom Thomson, the Canadian artist whose brilliant and spectacular career was cut short by an untimely death. His *Jack Pine* is one of the greatest canvases painted in Canada. His *Northern River* and *Spring ice* have a lyrical loveliness about them. Twenty-five sketches by the same artist demonstrate his amazing facility for capturing the dynamic qualities of the seasons and the characteristics of his north country in small masterly works.

Canadian sculpture in the National Gallery runs all the way from delicate crucifixes of the Cap Tourmente school, to the dramatic stone *Passing Rain* of Elizabeth Wynn Wood, an ikon-like interpretation of a Georgian Bay landscape. This young Canadian is the first to have developed landscape forms in relief and in the round. There is a marble bust of the artist in the national collection, the work of her husband, Emanuel Hahn. Many other outstanding Canadian sculptors are represented, from the nineteenth century to to-day.

Chapter XXIV

ROUND ABOUT THE CAPITAL

SIDE by side way down on Sussex street stand two grey stone buildings, each with their own exceedingly great interests. The one is the Mint and the other is the Archives.

The systematic organization of Canadian archives began in 1872 although it had been proposed as long ago as 1670 when Intendant Talon foresaw the need to keep the records of the colony in safety. Talon's effort is recorded in a tablet by the door but it was not until 1904 that the Archives building was completed and the scattered records of Canadian history assembled.

Vast masses of archives in France and England had to be copied or transcribed. Relics and historical momentoes had to be collected. To-day students from all parts of the continent study at the Archives and a great many important volumes have been published under the direction of the Archivist to make the material available for research workers everywhere. Among other collections in the Archives is one of

[illegible] five thousand maps, many of them of unique historical value, such as the map that Wolfe used to plan the siege of Quebec. There are more than ten thousand pamphlets on every conceivable subject pertaining to Canadian things and history. In addition there is a large library of Canadiana and sunny rooms where visitors may work and study all day and all night too, if they wish.

The museum of the Archives is a favorite place for visitors to the capital, for nowhere else are so many rare items assembled relating to Canadian history. One of the most fascinating is a model of Quebec city as it was in the first years of the British occupation. Here one may be seen the bullet-riddled flags of the Canadian militia captured in the War of 1812. Brock's red coat with the bullet hole through which death entered his brave and loving heart. There is a poster offering four thousand dollars reward for the capture of Tippoo Sahib, a receipt for a slave purchased in Quebec in [illegible] letters signed by Wampum, by which the Indians made their treaties with the white men, [illegible] to cash given Brock by Tecumseh and [illegible] swords worn by the British officers. There are hundreds more of fascinating sheets, rich in many [illegible] with romantic men and women of the past.

There is a large silver cup here also, presented to Miss Kay and Redpath as a souvenir of the completion of the Rideau Canal.

As the Mint grows more Canadian coinage is made. The concrete building with its high iron grid fences is closely guarded by Mounted Police since millions of dollars in gold may be stored from time to time within, to be converted into coin of the realm. This was opened also in 1908.

The Mint is open to visitors who must apply to one of the banks in the city and in turn will receive notice of the day and hour of the visit. They are then conducted through to see the process of "making money." As many as two hundred thousand coins can be made here in one day.

The gold reserve for Canada, which backs all paper money is kept in great vaults under the East Block of the Parliament Buildings. Deep into the rock the passages have been cut, and a series of steel grills, every one with a Mounted Police officer, makes admission as difficult as possible. The corridors are brilliantly lighted. No one man ever knows the combination of the outward vault door and as many as eight officials may be stationed in turn receiving the necessary details that will turn the great knobs and swing open the doors to

the treasure room. There within the glass of gold bricks and bags of bulging coin rests the national gold reserve of the Dominion.

A modest but interesting little place is the Bytown Museum on Sussex street where the Women's Historical Society has converted the old Registry Office into a shrine of Ottawa history.

One of the show places of Ottawa is the Experimental Farm. Very properly, for as the capital of a country largely agricultural, Agriculture is one of the pursuits to-day so closely linked with science that the gap between the pioneer farmer sowing grain between the tree stumps by hand from his leather apron and the modern farmer seems indeed much greater than the span of years would indicate.

Canada's first experimental farm began way back in the sixties when the immigration of that handsome and intelligent Icelander Takan who settled the villages of Husavik, Reykjavik and Husavik Takan at Hecla Island, where he tried out schemes of settlement and agriculture. To-day the experimental farm system in Canada is a mighty modern development with farm stations in the most unexpected places. The chief of the farms at Ottawa is to the layman a delightful place where he is treated to a rare garden

[illegible] radiance to the skies and perfume to the summer months or a magnificent chrysanthemum show in the early autumn. He knows regards that there are highly prolonged cat in and around the poultry and various other matters of importance to farmers. But to hundreds of thousands of people from Victoria to Prince Edward the experimental headquarters where countless problems affecting the well being and the prosperity of the farm are being solved.

A conquering monarch who could add vast territories to his kingdom would be revered by his people and commemorated with national memorials and his story told in countless historical volumes. He would be a dramatic figure and his army would be national heroes. Songs and sagas would record their deeds of extending the boundaries of his nation. Yet here quiet unobtrusive civil servants living over little patches of soil and sowing seeds in little laboratories, have added the area of more than one European kingdom to the established domain of Canada. Is there any flaunting of flags or any songs of victory. Among all the heroes who in Canada's story a more memorable drama or an agency more than that little plot on which Marquis wheat was first created. Marquis was not the last but only one of a series of epoch making discoveries in grain

culture and while there are still more kingdoms to be brought under the golden sceptre of wheat in the land, these quiet unassuming farmer scientists will go on working at this and the other experimental farms that like fortresses of old, stand on the frontiers of the land.

The experimental farm system was founded in 1884 when Canada realized the pressing need for scientific research in agriculture the value of good seeds, the rotation of crops, summer fairs and many more agricultural contemplations which were then known to few. Dr. William Saunders, a manufacturing chemist in London, had some years before purchased a farm on which to conduct the experiments which were a hobby to him. When the government looked about for a director of the farm movement Dr. Saunders, or plain Mr. Saunders as he was then, was the very man for the job. His hobby prepared him for what was certainly the most important post in Canada in his day.

Remember that when William Saunders became director of experimental farms, the Canadian Pacific Railway was not completed, that settlers were still forging into the prairie lands on foot or in wagons in search of the free land grants to every intending. Every man who settled in the new west added to the resource-

men of the most vitual problems. A farming settlement that ran like a narrow ribbon along the frontier and left the rest of the vast still unsettled country made Canada a land barely tamed perhaps by pioneers. From a national point of view that narrow sparsely settled belt was a serious matter. Yet grain would not ripen farther north and there was nothing to take settlers where farming was dangerous and uncertain. Early frosts could wipe out in a hour or two a whole year's work and certainly settlers would not court disaster by invading the land here and perish utterly.

It was a matter of continuous debate for there had been plenty of people to decry the building of a railway through a country that according to them had only one month's summer. But for every one of these there were plenty more of great faith and men of common sense knew what might grow upon the prairies could do much to harden the people and strengthen the province.

Now the most important thing about Sir Hugh Allan was his point of view. He had a true empire-minded vision of patience and continuous work. He was not content to sit on his office and wait for customers to farmers. He wanted to know for himself. So he set out immediately for the far west. He travelled where he could by train and where he wanted to get

farther he hired a horse and buggy and drove from farm to farm, investigating and making notes.

One of the farmers he encountered was Angus MacKay who had emigrated to the west from Scotland, trekking in with horse and wagon. He settled at Indian Head. The first year he had a poor harvest. The second year frost nipped out his crop the day before he intended to start cutting it. The next year (1) he decided to sow earlier so about the 1st, as he began on April 1. When his seeding was half done his horses were commandeered for the North West Rebellion. Half his farm lay black and useless.

By 1886 he had replaced his horses and he seeded the whole farm. That summer there was drought. The whole territory was hopeless watching the parched land burn under the summer sun. Then Angus MacKay discovered an amazing thing. The three acres that had had summer fallow the year before his grain grew and flourished and it matured in golden fields in the autumn sun. MacKay had stumbled on a great grain belt. He had discovered the benefits of summer fallow. The fields that had had a rest had reaped him a hundred fold. A problem that scientists were puzzling over in their laboratories, MacKay discovered in an accident of war.

MacKay's farm was one of the places Wilson

Saunders discovered on his long journeys into the west. He recognized in Angus MacKay an intelligent farmer and he made him superintendent of the experimental farm for that district. He found from MacKay and from many of his neighbors the crying need for an early wheat.

Saunders realized that years of patient research lay ahead. He sent all over the world for samples of wheat that grew in cold climates and high altitudes. He sowed them and crossed them and shipped them all over the west to be grown under various conditions. Every step in the experiment meant shipping little bags of seed wheat back and forth from Ottawa to the farmers and waiting a summer for results. Red Fife must be the parent wheat Saunders decided, since it was already growing successfully all over the west. In 1892 Red Fife was crossed with Hard Calcutta and the results seemed to offer something in the way of promise. One summer Saunders sent a young son of the way across the country crossing grains taking the pollen from one variety and using it on the pistils of another. Finally at Agassiz, British Columbia, he crossed twenty three wheat plants.

At the end of the summer the superintendent of the farm at Agassiz plucked the twenty three heads of

grain, put them in a milk bag and mailed them to Ottawa. They arrived in the morning mail and some boys in the office discovered that the milk bag made a very good box. They patched it back and forth for a while and then it landed on the top of a cupboard. It wasn't worth the effort of going after it so they went outdoors to play.

After many letters had been exchanged William Saunders discovered that the bag of precious wheat was missing. With the fervor of a fanatic he began to search for it and at every one almost have searching. Somebody looked on the top of the cupboard, on top of the cupboard, and there was the bag.

The seeds were planted in that little plot behind Dr. Saunders' old home, a plot still reserved for and used for experiments of a similar kind. All the next summer he watched them grow and in the autumn he took the biggest and plumpest of the seeds and began a new series of experiments. This was only one of seven hundred experiments. He was growing old and the search seemed endless. So the task was passed on to the younger hands of his son, Dr. Charles Saunders. He was as patient and resourceful as his father. Year after year he could go on with his planting and growing and watching. It was out of his work of wheat his father had selected that

Dr. Charles Saunders at length produced the first few grains of a wheat he called Marquis. He had tested it for growth, for quality, for flour and for its bread values. It seemed on trial all that was required of it.

In 1907 the new Marquis wheat was sown in an experimental bed at Agassiz. It was a bad year, heat and cold and destructive winds chasing each other over the harassed farm lands. There had been nothing to equal it in twenty-five years. Then one morning there was frost. All the wheats hung their heads in misery defeat. All but one grain. There was the little patch of Marquis undaunted, green and sturdy and hearty in the field.

That autumn a bushel of Marquis wheat was shown at the exhibition at Regina. It was the only bright bit of golden promise in a distressful year.

Within five years Marquis was growing all over the west and across the border in several American states. In the fall of 1912 it was shipped east in some of the world markets. Like a ray of trimphed gold it rippled and flooded all over the hungry world. Then came the war. Marquis went into war service and hundreds of millions of bushels went to feed the fighting men.

With the use of Marquis the map was redrawn. Millions of acres theretofore considered useless for wheat growing were put under cultivation. Marquis ripened ten days earlier than any other wheat in Canada.

The experimental farms did not rest on their laurels. Since then they have produced another wheat, Garnet, which ripens ten another ten days earlier and back went the frontiers again to make place for thousands of new farms in the farther north.

Dr Saunders home still stands among the group of administrative buildings at the experimental farm and every visitor to Ottawa who has marvelled at the tale of national growth and expansion and has seen the evidence of national strength and purpose in the capital city, should make a pilgrimage to this little spot, the source of inestimable wealth and prestige to the Canadian farmer.

To-day there are thirty or more experimental farms and sub stations and more than two hundred illustration stations from coast to coast. The story of the service offered and applied to Canadian farmers is a book in itself and a dramatic tale if it was told.

Urban visitors seldom stop to think as they visit the beautiful farm and see the sleek cattle, the enormous pigs, the plumey poultry that apart from providing Ottawa with a showplace it is indeed a very vital part of government in Canada.

Chapter XXV

DOWN THE OTTAWA

ON the journey from Montreal up the Ottawa, in a dozen days, the first tribe of Indians to be encountered were La Petite Nation, so named by the French because they were a small and comparatively peaceful group, who tended their own business of hunting and fishing and traded with their French neighbours to their mutual satisfaction. They were Algonquins who used the River of La Petite Nation as a highway into the north. It was many days journey after leaving them before white travellers fell in with the next tribes at Allumette Island.

Trade with La Petite Nation was established very early in the days of New France. For some years of that region the whole trade and communication of the St. Lawrence Valley was in the hands of a powerful company called The Company of the West Indies. It had power to grant land as well as a monopoly in the Indian trade. In 1674 Bishop Laval appealed to the company for a grant of land, fifteen miles square, on the Ottawa.

This was the land occupied by La Petite Nation. In a quaint old deed drawn up in Paris the company agreed to give the stretch of wilderness to the Bishop as a seigniory along the road of the Ottawa. He was to have full feudal rights of justice and seigniory, forest and minerals, water and game and fishing privileges. In return the Bishop was to render fealty and homage to the Company every twenty years, either at the Chateau St. Louis or Quebec or at Paris, or a golden belt or buckle or hand or a golden heart, having the value of eleven pounds. He was no longer obliging the seigniory within four years unless prevented by war or any reasonable cause."

The Bishop did not clear the land or set to anyone upon it since it would have been little short of madness to have men and women unprotected in the path of the Iroquois. Six years later the Bishop transferred the seigniory to the Seminary of Montreal to help support his religious works at Quebec. One hundred and seventy years later it was sold by the Seminary to Joseph Papineau. A ready Philosopher he also had passed that way and had carved a crescent out of the forest at the foot of the Chaudiere. Perhaps his example stirred Joseph Papineau to emulation. Very little was done however until some years later when he sold the land

to his handsome and energetic young son, Louis Joseph Papineau, maker, student and politician, who set to work to create thereupon a seigneury with the feudal flavor that had attached to it when it first passed into the hands of Bishop Laval.

To-day that seigneury is one of the haunts of Ottawa people when they leave the capital in search of recreation in the open, for Papineau's manor house is the Seigneury Club, and his seigneurial acres are devoted to preserving fish and game for the sport of its members. Once a long journey from Ottawa by canoe or by sleigh over the ice, the Seigneury Club is now brought near enough, by motor and swift launches, so that the trip can be made for a tea or dinner jaunt.

Although it is a modern club with an enormous log chateau as a guest house, it still preserves a haunting air of history, and some inhabitant quality of personality and events hovers over it. In the woods or along the river knights a strange and romantic company, lusty voyageurs, slim, swift Indians, coifed nuns on their journey, merry colonists plodding by with high hopes towards their goal, or weary emigrants, pale and sad from their travels, looking eagerly towards peace and safety in the west.

The seigneur of the seigneury of La Petite Nation

was the last glamorous figure of the Lower Ottawa and he carried on the feudal tradition in the grand manner long after confederation. Nowhere on the history of New France was there a figure more definitely of the seigneurial type. Papineau was physically the beau ideal of the lord of the manor. Tall, handsome and distinguished, he presided over the affairs of his estate as a veritable overlord of romance. Living as an aristocrat he maintained the traditions of fine living. He was courteous to a degree, a famous host, the writer of rare and beautiful letters. Yet behind all the cultural mastery he was a dynamo of thought and energy. No man of his time was more the rebel in ideas than was Louis Joseph Papineau.

Elected to the Assembly at twenty-six, in the year that the war broke out with the United States, he formed the legislature for the barristers. Three years later, when the war was done, he became Speaker of the house at twenty-nine. There he stayed, except for one brief dramatic interval, when he locked horns with the king's deputy, until the Rebellions of '37 twenty-two years afterwards.

From the Speaker's chair he conducted the affairs of government, ruling as kindly as William the Fourth as he would to a political rival, founding revolutionary

clubs, directing a newspaper campaign and advocating a republic for Canada. At St. Charles on the Richelieu he had discovers ranged themselves dramatically around the red capped Liberty Pole and swore to conquer or to die as if Louis Joseph was a prancing Charlemagne at his throne. Fascinating Louis Joseph and his friends refused to wear English clothes and in homespun frock coats and cow hide boots they put their pitchforth to a very real use.

Blunders and persecutions, hot tempers and unsteady hands on both sides led from political enmity to bloodshed, and rebellion in any guise is an ugly business.

The rebellion was put down and Papineau became a voluntary exile in France where he remained for many years, although France was as alien to him as any other land for the French republic had little in common with what remained of the old aristocratic colony on the St. Lawrence.

Louis Joseph Papineau spent his restless energies at the Archives and the great libraries of Paris in research into Canadian historical problems. He was one of the first Canadian students to show that such work of historical love. In 1854 he returned to Canada and began his manor house at 24 Prince Street. It was not the manor house of New France with Norman roof and

pointed gables but the chateau of modern France a sunny spacious pleasant place. In living in it Lucia knew that he had a deep sentimental attachment to it as the home that he built as a married lovers and he and his wife were determined to admit as much of the beauty of the land as possible. There was one wall, at the eastern end of the house, overlooking the ravine in Atlanta that was made entirely of glass. Here whether days were blue as sapphires or heavy with brooding clouds or burning sunset colors, the Papineaus sat and loved their land.

Beside the house Papineau built a great square stone tower that suggested Roman roads and wagons, but which was designed mainly for beauty. It was a famous library and here Papineau delved into the problems of history. It became a very beautiful retreat. Near to it he meant to build a Museum and a chapel and along the road leading to the chateau he built a stone mortuary chapel where in time Papineau and four generations of his family sleep their last sleep.

In spite of all his radicalism, he was one of the last exponents of the feudal idea. In one of the round towers of the manor he set to receive his tenants as they came to render homage and pay their rents. The demesne was his personal domain and the flowing tide

and engulfed him. Feudal tenure was abolished, and although his tenants, like a great many French Canadians, went on paying their ancient dues and respect to the lord of the manor there were no longer seigneurs, but tenants, with the right to buy the land they occupied.

The road between Montebello, as the village was named, after the manor house, is an old Indian trail and follows the curvings of the stream. One of the unsung heroes of the Ottawa was a brother of the famous Papineau, as he was called. Henri Benjamin Papineau, whose heart was not in law or politics, but in the soil of his native land. The Rhadamanthine Wright he journeyed up to and settled lands to wrestle with the wilderness. He came one old November by canoe from St. Denis on the Richelieu and he might have sung, as he and a few weeks old babes with him. He built a house near the Papineaus lot of to-day and acted as deputy engineer first for his father and then for his celebrated brother. He lived a simple and devoted life among the settlers that came to take up the seigneurial lands.

Names from Papineau's stormy career are painted as murals in the Long Chateau and there are many memorials of his reign on the Seigneurs Club. The Papineau Brook is a picturesque little stream that winds its way

through the woods, and now a path follows its contours all the way to the unexpected and dramatic little gorge through which it leaps its way, white among the shadowy rocks, through cool and lovely woods.

The seigneury is very extensive and it is a drive of fifteen miles to Lac Commandant, one of the connecting lakes, on which there is rare hunting and fishing. The lakes and streams are restocked from the club's own fish hatchery that repays a visit with all sorts of interest. Indian guides that serve the members sometimes recount curious tales of battle and bloodshed round about Lac Commandant, for even when the Indian wars were done there were many little "private wars" between the tribes that roamed the Laurentians, even up until the last generations.

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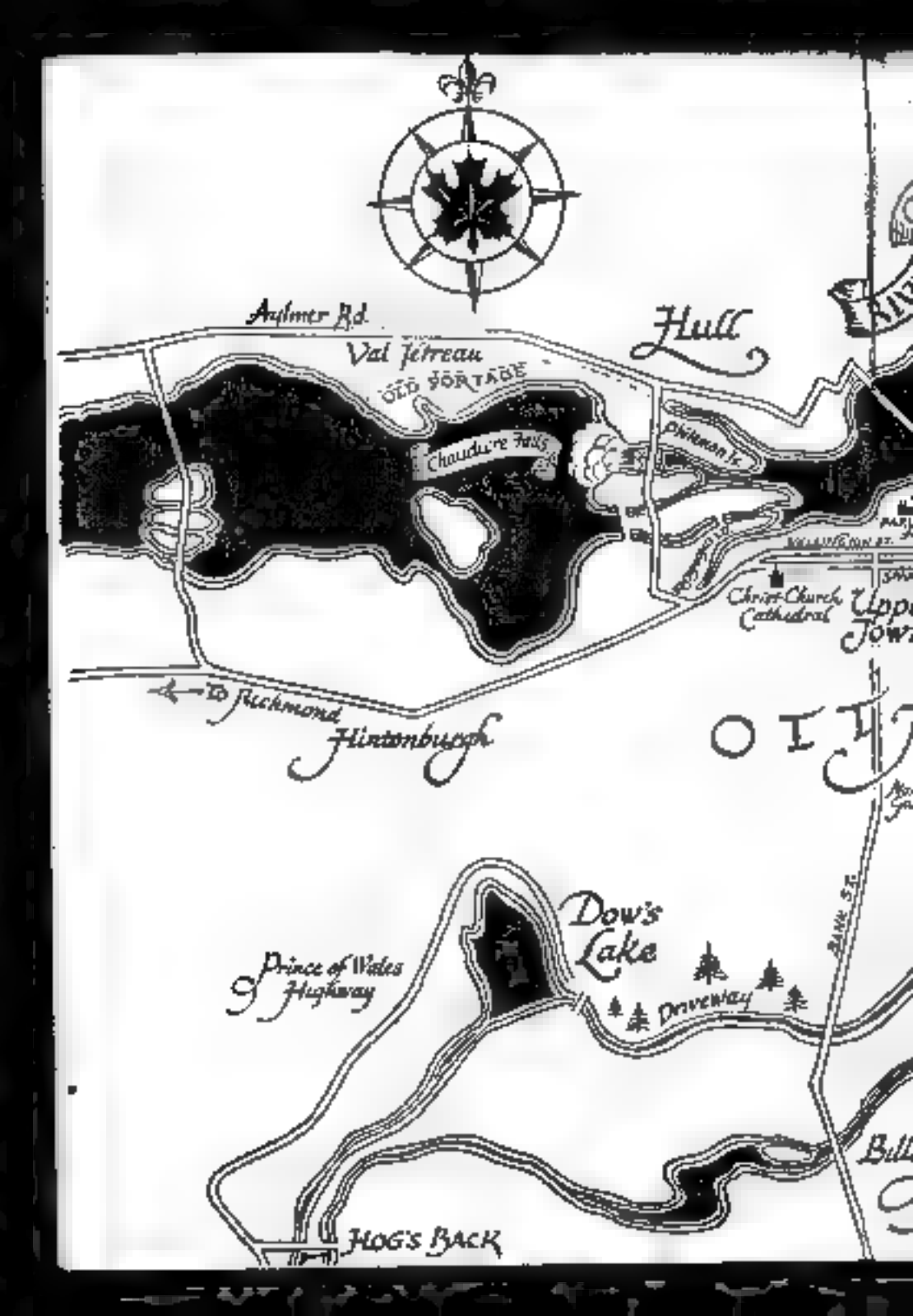
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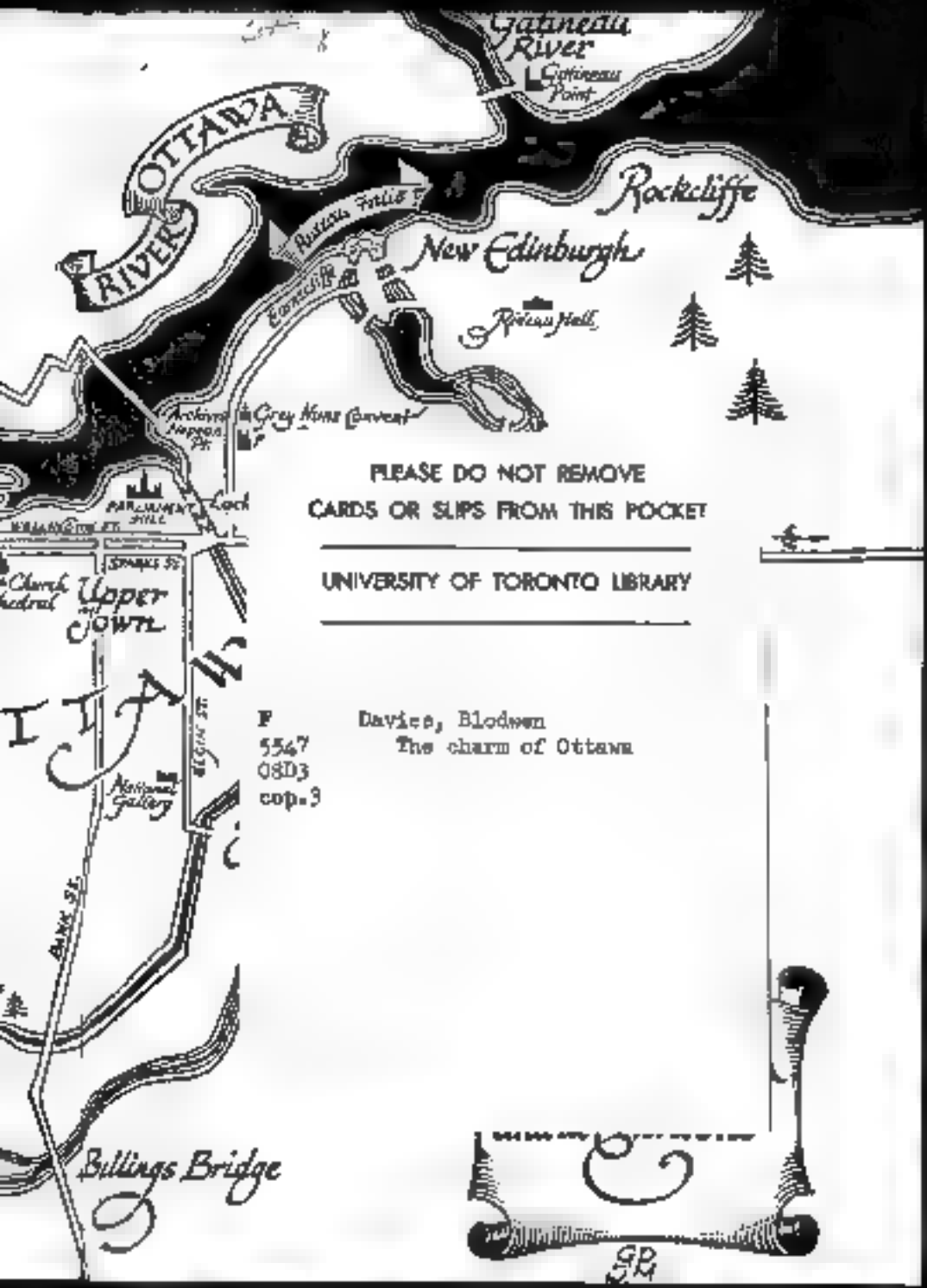

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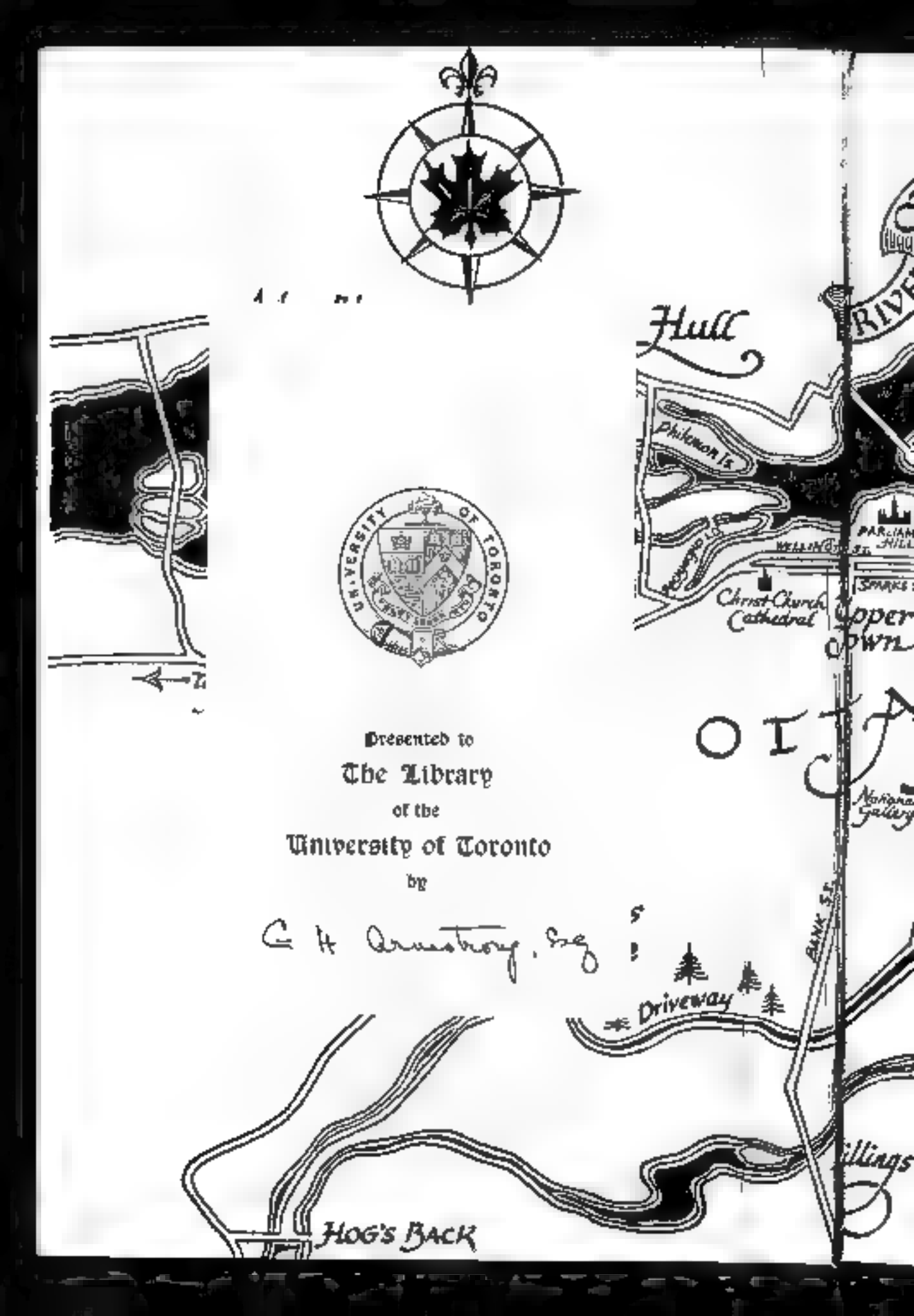

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Rideau Hall
Earnscliffe
Archives
Nepean Pt.
Grey Nuns Convent
Basilica
Lower Town
PARLIAMENT HILL
Locks
Rideau St.
To Montreal
SPARKS ST.
Upper Town
Rideau River
ELGIN ST.
National Gallery
Rideau Canal
BANK ST.
illings Bridge
OTTAWA
and its Environs

The CHARM *of* OTTAWA

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The CHARM of OTTAWA

by BLODWEN DAVIES

With Illustrations from Etchings
by BARBARA STEPHENS

McCLELLAND and STEWART Limited
Publishers Toronto

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FOREWORD

OTTAWA is a capital with unique traditions. It is completely bilingual, and the affairs of government are conducted in the two mother-tongues, English and French. It is a city equally at home in the social life and history of Europe and America, as familiar by experience with the problems of the old world as with those of the new. It borrows much of its ceremony from out of the storied past and keeps itself so in tune with modern thought that it can provide its neighbors with sound experiments in government and social progress.

Ottawa is the only royal court in America and it is also the mother of a new system of modern politics, for the confederation of the Canadian provinces has been the pattern not only for the governments of sister Dominions, but also the foundation stone on which the British Commonwealth of Nations raised its new structure.

So Ottawa can justly claim to be a significant city. If it has not age and mediæval glamor and romantic ruins to ravish the eyes of its visitors, it has instead a

short but dramatic history and a stirring sense of things about to be accomplished, of a new state where possibly some of the ancient dreams of men may one day be realized.

In its brief history Ottawa has seen the young Dominion struggle through from an inherited colonialism into true national consciousness, has seen it grow from a fringe of habitations along its southern boundaries into a nation that glories in its new north and that draws its spiritual strength out of the wilderness. Year after year Canada reaches into the once unknown and mysterious lands under the Northern Lights and draws them into the known under the banner of her enterprise. She shapes her way with her eyes turned not wistfully upon the things that other people created and enjoyed, but into the new and untried, glorying in the opportunities of her own age to create afresh.

All but a brief chapter of Ottawa's history as the capital of the nation lies in the shimmering mists of the future into which our old civilization strains its eyes in search of some new and happier social order. Since 1867 it has been the mouthpiece for a young nation that, to borrow a phrase of the mystics, is "a significant variation" in the story of nationality. It is as though Ottawa was the workshop and Canada the artist, that

here she had taken a great rock of native granite and using the borrowed tools of the past, had set out to hew and shape and inspire a work of political art, informed with all her youthful spirit and idealism. The form emerges, but as with all creative work, it takes time and devotion to round out the conception of the artist, to turn stone into a spiritual reality

Chapter I.

"HER STREETS OF BRIEF RENOWN"

RISING abruptly out of the south shore of the Ottawa River is a series of limestone cliffs. One of them, higher and broader than the rest, seems to dominate the whole landscape.

The wide river, flowing swiftly by at the base of the cliffs, drains a great north land fretted with quiet lakes and impetuous streams that were the travelways of the Huron and Algonquin nations. As they muster their forces the lakes and streams eventually pour themselves from unnumbered sources into the Ottawa and descend in a series of placid, island-studded stretches of still water and rocky reaches of white water. The most celebrated of all the Ottawa's variations comes at the Falls of the Chaudiere, some hundred and twenty miles before the river joins the St. Lawrence. Here its lovely fury is concentrated for the plunge over the legend-haunted rocks into the great cauldron below. In some places the river falls in a series of cataracts between sentinel islands along a brink of rocks, sometimes it boils

its way through purring rapids as treacherous as they are beautiful. Here at the Great Kettle, as it is sometimes called, it makes a magnificent, roaring leap into the basin below.

Over the Chaudiere and the basin the limestone cliffs stand sentinel. Here was a stage on which strange primeval dramas, fierce pagan pageantry, were played for long and unrecorded ages. It was altar and stage, mart and battlefield, as occasion demanded and as the surge of savage emotions dictated.

Northward the low purple hills, dark with mystery and solitude, stand backed against the horizon. From out of them flows a strange and beautiful river, the Gatineau. Like the Ottawa, it comes from a thousand secret places and was a highway for the Indians in search of food and furs. From out of the south shore flows another river, the Rideau, broad and serene, between low banks where the beaver once lived. On the very lip of the southern shore it plunges, white and fleecy, into the dark river below. Down the Rideau came another race of copper-skins from below the Great Lakes, brave and cruel, neither seeking nor feeling pity.

This was the focal point of these nomadic people Here they came to trade. Furs and pemmican from the

far north were exchanged for tobacco and wampum from the south. Here they held council and paid tribute to the Manitou who dwelt in the mists of the Great Kettle and who might ensure them safety and happy hunting, or distress and hunger, according to his mood and whim.

On the rock that, down through the mists of ages, has dominated this elemental beauty, now rise the grey walls and pointed towers that give Ottawa its dignity and significance, the home of the Canadian government. Parliament Hill dominates the river and the Gothic towers dominate the city that has grown up on the south shore from an engineering camp of a century ago into the national capital of to-day

Parliament Hill is flanked on the west by the modern mills and factories for which the white Chaudiere has been enslaved, and on the east by the picturesque and obsolete canal, rising in giant steps from the river to the heights above through a crease in the limestone bluffs. Nepean Point across Entrance Valley, is the second of the commanding cliffs of the south shore.

Ottawa is a city in green plumage all the long summer, for its streets and parks, gardens and drives are thickly covered with trees. From the clear, translucent green of May until the autumn, when they cover the

city like an old tapestry of jade and gold, wine and russet, they are a crowning glory In winter, Ottawa, like all the countryside about, is blanketed deeply with snow, the white coat of the north, then all roads lead out into the open and bright-coated ski enthusiasts skim like brilliant birds over the hilly trails.

The Canadian capital is a young and beautiful city, almost as impressive in its bold outlines against the sky as old Quebec. From every avenue of approach the silhouette of Ottawa is impressive. Its towers and turrets break into the skyline like the tops of its native pines, and having been built on a series of bluffs and hollows it is never monotonous in its scheme of streets and spaces. The boldest of its promontories are capped by public buildings, and stone is the chief of its building material. Nepean quarries have provided the city with stone that weathers beautifully, and so the city has taken on a mellow air that belies its youth. The rivers and the Rideau canal give Ottawa that loveliness that only waterways can provide, about and around the city are scores of entrancing retreats, by quiet banks, overhung with old trees, or on heights that look down upon the sheen of silver streams and the snowy fleeces of falls and rapids.

The highways into the city are several. There is

the old south shore road from Montreal over the Rideau River, there is the north shore road that gives the visitor a splendid view of the city mounting to its picturesque climax on Parliament Hill. There are the roads from the south by Billing's Bridge and the placid Rideau, and others from the northwest that follow the current of the Ottawa.

Even the railway entrance into Ottawa is impressive, for, as in Edinburgh, it is in the heart of the city that the traveller emerges from the railway station to catch a first memorable glimpse of the capital's dignity and beauty

All roads lead into Connaught Place and towering over it, like some great baronial stronghold of northern France, is the Chateau Laurier. Beside it is a roadway leading into Major's Hill Park and Nepean Point and to the east a long vista of Rideau street. Southward the canal winds its placid way through the city, bordered by parks and drives.

From Connaught Place a great viaduct crosses the canal and from it there is a view of the locks descending to the river, with an old stone warehouse, built more than a century ago, under Parliament Hill. To the right rises the grey wall of Nepean Point, and beyond it a bridge that crosses the river to the city of Hull, sprawling on the low north shore.

Beyond the viaduct is Confederation Square that is being steadily enlarged by the razing of old buildings and out of it run three of the chief streets of the city, Wellington street to the north, Sparks street, the business heart of Ottawa, and Elgin street to the south, which is to be one of the processional avenues of the city, a stage for the pageantry of national ceremonials. Northwestward on the rising ground of Parliament Hill are the Parliament Buildings with the lovely height of the Peace Tower dominating the Gothic quadrangle.

Ottawa started out to be three settlements. Two of them were laid out in the fall of 1826 and the third developed a few years later. Upper Town, west of Parliament Hill, was "upper" socially as well as geographically, for the lumber merchants, contractors and others engaged in supervising the construction of the canal and the building of the town, built homes there. Lower Town, east of the canal, along Sussex and Rideau streets and along the side of the canal cut, was the district where the working people eked out an undramatic existence. New Edinburgh was east of the Rideau River, where Thomas MacKay set up something like a beneficent feudal state. Rideau Hall was the manor house. Mills—saw mills, grist mills, woollen mills,—gave employment to his tenants and settlers.

There were natural barriers between these settlements. New Edinburgh was separated from Lower Town by the Rideau River, Lower Town from Upper Town not merely by the canal but more effectively by Parliament, or as it was then called, Barracks Hill, which was kept mostly in its original wilderness state as the site of proposed fortifications.

A little Quebec, this promontory commanded both river and canal and sloped off to the south into beaver meadows and swamps. The only access from Upper to Lower Town was a roadway over this hill that led to Sapper's Bridge across the canal.

It was the middle of the century before that demarcation was changed. In the face of uninterrupted peace, the idea of fortification was given up and the hill laid out in city streets. Lower Town found itself wedged into the center of the city and New Edinburgh became Rideau Ward of the city of Ottawa.

All these changes brought alterations in the characters of the various parts. Residences that had once been exclusive estates found themselves in wholesale or business districts. The fine old stone home built by Nicholas Sparks on Sparks street, then faced the river. Its grey stones were surrounded by trees and flower gardens and it was a social center of the town. Long

since the back of the house was converted into shops facing on the street and the dignified façade of the old mansion now looks down forlornly on an untidy back-yard. It can still be seen in the middle of the "300" block on Sparks street.

There is one intriguing patch of old Upper Town left, down on Cliff street and vicinity, a sad little area that seems to say that it could tell a tale of another and more picturesque day. Here are quaint grey stone walls, courtyards separating mansions from warehouses, quaint gables and bewitching fanlights over broad and hospitable doors. Here, a brooding shadow, is the spirit of old Bytown.

The history of the city, if charted would show many a slope into depression with alternating rises of good fortune. It was a veritable mushroom town, springing up literally with the setting up of the theodolite, for the surveyor, less than a month after the initiation of the canal project wrote:

"We have laid out two villages and all the lots are taken up; it surprises me to see the anxiety people have to become citizens here. On a morning I have sometimes about me such swarms that I cry out like the goose in the fable, that all the world and his wife are here." That was in the fall of 1826. By 1827 there

were a hundred and fifty houses in the new town, named in honor of Lt. Col. John By, engineer in charge of the building of the canal, Bytown.

With the combination of timber trade and canal, Bytown grew When the timber trade slumped, Bytown fell upon hard times. The beginning of the industrial era, with the building of mills in the fifties, gave it new life, and in 1854 it was incorporated as the city of Ottawa. The population then was ten thousand souls.

But for some years Ottawa had its mind set upon a great prize. All the other Canadian cities were quarrelling about where parliament should be established. So long as the two provinces, which then comprised the Canadian colonies, were separated, York was the capital of Upper Canada and Quebec of Lower Canada. But after the union of the provinces in 1841, as a compromise between the French and English interests, the legislature held their sessions successively in Kingston and Montreal, Toronto and Quebec. It was a most cumbersome and unsatisfactory arrangement.

Kingston had its unseemly moments. A French premier of the "united" provinces, driven to indignation by the zest with which Kingston celebrated the defeat of one of his supporters, moved parliament off,

lock, stock and barrel, to Montreal. But Montreal was not much better mannered, as it turned out. When the population became very much annoyed with the course of legislation, it put the torch to the parliament buildings.

These outbursts of political temper gave quiet little Ottawa much to think about, and a chance to play the part of the discerning outsider. It had nothing to live down, politically, since it never had had a chance to become embroiled in the quarrels in which all the others had taken a part.

Ottawa was now in the center of the united provinces. The bridge crossing the Ottawa was the first actual link between the land of the provinces. By a combination of astute politics and the whim of destiny, at a precarious moment in its civic fortunes, Ottawa was named the capital.

This small town had no aristocratic tradition behind it when it became the Canadian capital. Half the population were sons and daughters of Irish immigrants, another quarter were the families of French raftsmen. The wealthy merchants were enterprising men who had gone into lumbering and milling and founded their own fortunes. It was the pick and shovel, broadaxe and peavey, that laid the foundations of Ottawa. There was not a rapier in its history, nor a coronet to its credit.

Chapter II.

PLANS AND COUNTER PLANS

LIEUTENANT - GOVERNOR John Graves Simcoe, who laid his imperious will upon so much of Upper Canada, evinced little or no interest in the Chaudiere Basin. It may have been merely that chance did not bring him there, and so his imagination was never fired by its beauty or possibilities. It is strange that the military importance of the Rideau route did not impress itself upon him. In those days it was a matter of prime importance. Or it may have been that he had an unconscious prejudice against the project to build a town there because it was a project fathered by a man whom he disliked and opposed. For it is upon such small stones of personal antagonism that the schemes of empire are sometimes wrecked. Both were self-willed and dogmatic, but Simcoe was the younger man with much less right to high office and the reins of power than Dorchester, Wolfe's old friend and fellow officer and a soldier of long years of distinguished service. Once Dorchester had passed some slighting remark about Simcoe's regiment, the Queen's

Rangers, and from that hour was born the hostility that years later was to have its effect upon the history of Upper Canada. Simcoe, ambitious, self assertive, stubborn and honest, could never tolerate opposition, actual or implied, though he pursued a course that frequently crossed the purposes of others, both superiors and inferiors, with whom he worked.

Imbued with a deep-rooted and perfectly sincere horror of all that smacked of Republicanism abroad or Reform at home, Simcoe could find no worse name for an opponent than that of Republican. And many a man who crossed the Tory will of this English Governor was dubbed Republican. "The perfect image and transcript of the British constitution," complete with a bishop and an hereditary class of lawmakers, was Simcoe's plan for the infant colony to which he was appointed as governor in 1791. But these people, Loyalists almost to a man, who had settled in Upper Canada and had asked and were awarded a separate government, with English laws and customs, were American born and had had a deal to do with making their own rules and regulations in the American colonies. They were royalists in their views, but they were American royalists, with advanced ideas on the right of the individual, and it was not "the perfect transcript

and image" of English life that they wanted, but a nice balance struck between English Toryism and American Republicanism.

One of the leaders of that mode of thought was Richard Cartwright of Kingston, a rich merchant and an active figure in all public affairs. Doubtless the energetic Cartwright had a lot to do with persuading Lord Dorchester, the Governor all Canada, before the colonies were divided in Upper and Lower Canada, that a town at the mouth of the Rideau, and roads and waterways across the peninsula to Kingston was a sound project for the development and safety of Upper Canada. Certain it is that if Simcoe had not come to Canada there would have been a settlement, known as Ottawa City, at the mouth of the Rideau in the seventeen-nineties. But Cartwright was one of those who brought down upon himself the thunderous epithet of Republican. So there was no Ottawa city.

In 1790 surveyors were sent up the Ottawa to report on the possibilities of settlement at the mouth of the Rideau. They laid out a town plot and two townships and approved of the place for colonization. The plan was "a deviation from the general rules and regulations" for surveying and settlement but the matter was considered so urgent that the report took precedence over

a long list of land board projects and was laid before Lord Dorchester in Quebec in 1791. He approved, for he could see that settlers and goods would be taken up the Ottawa and down the Rideau with greater speed than by the St. Lawrence and in time of war the route would be protected from possible invaders. "The Order for Ottawa City to be laid out" with plots for churches and schools, for ministers and school teachers, was approved. And that is all we hear of Ottawa City.

Long before he had left England, Simcoe had set his heart on building a capital in the midst of the wilderness, on a river he was to re-name the Thames. The capital was to be called London. There were no settlers, no roads, in that area which appeared, upon the map, such an ideal location for his ideal capital, with its cathedral, its university and its viceregal court. Kingston, the chief town of the province he would not consider as a capital. Newark was merely a temporary compromise, and when London proved too fantastic a dream, he settled down in York. From York, he developed a roadway to Lake Simcoe, and the new trade route to Lake Huron gave the death blow to the nebulous schemes for the Rideau Route from the St. Lawrence to the West.

Even in 1795 the Rideau route was still haunting

the dreams of administrators and Simcoe wrote to Lord Dorchester that he had intended to investigate personally the route and the territory adjacent and to build a road through from Ottawa River to Lake Ontario, yet he did not explain why it had remained nothing more than a half formed suggestion. Yet in London engineers and soldiers played with the idea of a canal. Over walnuts and wine it was an amusing topic of speculation, but the eighteenth century had so many other things upon its hands that many a frost and many a flood was to come and go before the dream took shape.

Meantime the Ottawa came into the pressing problems of Canadian trade in another and a somewhat amusing role. Public revenue and the whole matter of taxes and customs duties were serious matters to the new government of Upper Canada. Lower Canada collected duties on everything that landed at Quebec, including the goods for the northwestern trade and supplies for the people of Upper Canada. If Upper Canada imposed another duty when the goods came into that province, Upper Canadians would be doubly taxed and that was assuredly an injustice. But the people would not tolerate land taxes so some revenue must be raised, by some manner or means. As soon as Upper Canada made plans to impose duties of its own, the

merchants in the northwestern trade became alarmed and indignant. Rum and other goods of trade passed up the Ottawa River and into Lake Nipissing on their way to the upper lakes. As soon as they got into Lake Nipissing they were in Upper Canadian territory and the government proposed to levy a tax there. Now the merchants protested that what passed up the Ottawa had nothing whatever to do with Upper Canada, for it was all wilderness. The merchants received neither aid nor protection, for there was not a settler beyond the Long Sault. And it was on these grounds, on proof that the Ottawa country was nothing less than howling wilderness, that a revision of the customs collection was based.

The commissioners appointed by the two colonies went into the matter thoroughly. Most of the revenue came from duties on rum and other liquors. It was proposed that Upper Canada should be content with a proportion of the duties collected at Quebec. This would save the new colony the cost of a customs staff who would most certainly have cost as much as the revenue would have produced. But the problem was how to proportion the duties. The report of the commission is amusing. In one instance they considered the drinking habits of the two provinces and decided that

Lower Canada consumed much more per head than did Upper Canada of these imported liquors for "instead of the tea so generally in use amongst us, a glass of rum and a crust of bread is the usual breakfast of the French-Canadians; the rigor of their climate is alleged as the cause of their frequent recourse to it at other times of the day and their numerous holidays lead to such habits of idleness and dissipation as are very favorable to the consumption of rum." Therefore Upper Canada compromised on one-eighth of the revenue collected at Quebec. The lonely Ottawa and the rum breakfasts of Quebec had played their part in the solution of an inter-provincial crisis.

Yet even while the commissioners were arguing their points, down in a farmhouse in Woburn in New England, a long, lean Yankee farmer was toying with an idea which was to break through the tradition of solitude on the Ottawa and set the Chaudiere basin ringing with the axe of the pioneer

Chapter III

THE FATHER OF THE OTTAWA

LONG before Ottawa was even so much as a construction camp, a settlement was flourishing on the north shore in the township of Hull. When John By first came into the Chaudiere Basin there were three thousand acres of cleared lands, stout barns, bulging with grains, herds of fat cattle browsing in the meadows, orchards around the snug, log cabins and the broad hospitable home of the father of the colony

To-day Hull is an unattractive, industrial town, chiefly French Canadian in population, having completely lost its identity as the staid, New England settlement which it started out to be.

Hull is really an island. A small stream called Brewery Creek separates itself from the Ottawa above the Falls and loops itself around a considerable area of land and debouches into the Ottawa again some two miles down stream. This island, scooped out of the north shore, was the scene of Philomen Wright's far-sighted colonization adventure.

The eighteenth century stopped at the Rapids of the Long Sault. None but missionaries, traders and explorers had come farther than that during the French regime, or even in the years of the early British regime. Beyond the Long Sault was the kingdom of bird and beast. Up the St. Lawrence the Loyalists had streamed and built themselves thousands of homes between Kingston and Niagara. There were red-coated garrisons, a viceregal court, and an elected legislature. On the Ottawa the moose drank among the lily pads and the partridges drummed on Parliament Hill.

Down in Quebec, the Governor-elect of Upper Canada, John Graves Simcoe, spent the winter of 1791-92 most impatiently, waiting for the arrival of his executive council, his state seal and his regiment by the first ships in the spring. His haste and impatience had got him to Quebec, but arrived there he found himself to have no rank whatsoever, neither civil nor military, until he should have soldiers to command and ministers to swear him into office. However, he occupied himself with writing despatches and letters on every conceivable subject. Among other things he framed a proclamation which was destined to become celebrated. It was addressed to "such as are desirous to settle on the lands of the Crown in the Province of Upper Canada." It was

for the purpose of making known the "Royal Intention" concerning grants and settlement. It offered free land to settlers, others than Loyalists, who had up to that time had almost exclusive claim on crown lands in Upper Canada. However, it required the settler to take an oath to "maintain and defend to the utmost of my power the authority of the King in his Parliament as the Supreme Legislature of this Province."

Simcoe's heart was set on drawing a large stream of immigration from the new republic, since he stubbornly believed that many of the citizens of the United States regretted the change of government and were anxious to return to British allegiance. The Americans, on the other hand, were anxious to keep their people at home, to populate the huge areas of Indian lands they were adding to the domain of the republic. They would not tolerate the posting of proclamations such as Simcoe's. Simcoe had it published, therefore, in English and West Indian papers, so that they would gradually pass into the hands of Americans who had trade or other associations with those countries.

By some such means the proclamation came into the hands of Philomen Wright, a rich and successful farmer at Woburn, Massachusetts. Wright's parents were eighteenth-century emigrants from Old to New Eng-

land. They were apparently people of means and ambitions. The family had been farmers and cattle raisers in Kent for many generations. Philomen Wright was born in Woburn in 1760. As a boy of fifteen he fought on the side of the rebels in the early affrays of the American Revolution.

Strangely enough, having come of a family notable for its persistent devotion to its paternal acres and to the same vocation, generation after generation, Philomen Wright was not even content to spend his life on the land his father had brought under cultivation. In spite of his success and his affluence, the year 1792 found him ready to yield to the allurements of Simcoe's proclamation. The American states were seething with unrest. The trek was on from the old coast colonies to the new west. But Wright at heart was an Englishman as well as a shrewd Yankee-born farmer. The urge that had driven his father out of Kent was driving his son out of Massachusetts.

In 1796 Wright made his first trip to Quebec and Montreal. He talked with the people, asked innumerable questions, felt the quality of life in the colony and returned home to think it over. Two years later he returned, went into lands, transportation, markets and so on. Then he went home again.

In 1799 he returned for the third time and brought with him two men to help him in selecting a possible site for settlement. They went up the neglected Ottawa Valley, rummaging about its shores as they went. At the foot of the Chaudiere, Wright paused. Here was a land that was a veritable pagan paradise, the river broad and deep, the snowy, thundering falls rich in potential power, the great trees bespoke rich soil, the forests were alive with game. It was a logical choice for a settlement.

Wright was thorough. He and his men climbed more than a hundred trees to spy out the land. Since some of the pines grew straight up a hundred feet before the first branches bristled out from the trunks, the men cut down smaller trees so that their tops fell into the branches of the greater pines. Up they climbed along the sloping trunks and then up again to the tips of the taller pines. From these lookouts they peered over the virgin forests. They looked and saw that it was good. Wright dreamed, as he clung to the branches of his tree, his legs wound securely to a thick limb, dreamed of a day when these forests would give way to fields of rippling grain, to meadows for grazing cattle, when Indian camp sites would give way to farm houses and schools and churches. . . .

Wright had discovered that the North West Company was anxious to keep settlers out of this valley. Colonists drove out game and forced the Indian hunters farther back into the hinterlands. Deaf to their insinuations, he had come to see for himself. Now he was deeply stirred. He saw, from his perch on the pine tree, miles of virgin forests, and he dreamed of converting them into a thousand shiploads of timber. It was not in terms of adventure that Wright thought. It was in terms of fields and crops, of golden harvests, of men toiling at the plough and at the flail, he thought of trees not in terms of beauty but in terms of merchantable timber, of rafts and cargoes and ships with sails set, beating out to sea.

Many a man has dreamed of a colonizing venture. It has a sweet, feudal taste, in the mouth of a dreamer. And many a dreamer has planted a colony and, at the end of his resources, has left the transplanted colonists to suffer and struggle alone, or to wander in distress to other homes. But Wright was a practical dreamer. He not only proposed, but he achieved. He had all the qualifications for a successful leader. He had money, he had driving force, he had vision. He was patriarchal in all his schemes and he earned his title of Father of the Ottawa.

Though to many it must have seemed a wild scheme, he planned his migration in midwinter The usual scheme was to set the colonists down on their land in the autumn to eke out a long winter of discontent on rations they carried with them, to feel the cold and the solitude before they had learned to love the land. But Wright engaged twenty five men to begin preliminary work on the land and took along several families when he left Woburn on the second of February, 1800. They had with them fourteen horses, eight oxen and seven sleighs.

It was a merry party. Years afterwards Wright loved to recall how cheery they were and their high spirits made even the worst of their difficulties light. There were fifteen children among them. One was an infant in arms. Four were under six years of age. Six of them,—Philomen, Jr., Tiberias, Polly, Ruggles, Abigail and Christopher,—were Wright's sons and daughters.

After a short stay in Montreal they moved on up the Ottawa. The road ended at the foot of the Long Sault. Beyond was wilderness,—and they had eighty miles to go.

The first task was to cut fifteen miles of new road around the rapids, through the forest. Each night they

camped in the open, around a huge fire. The women and children slept in the sleighs. The men in the blankets on cedar bough beds.

Presently the journey through the forest was done and they found themselves on the river. From the Long Sault to the Chaudiere it was a smooth flowing stream, and in winter it was an icy highway over which they proposed to travel.

They had not gone very far when on the bank of the river they saw an Indian and his wife with a small papoose. They approached the travellers with amazement that not even their stoic faces could conceal. White men were indeed quite mad to come so far and to bring with them these curious animals. Suddenly that pagan hunter, from out of the wilderness, felt a great compassion on this company of wandering whites. He offered to be their guide, to sound the ice under the snow for them, that they might not blunder into running water and disaster. He sent his wife and child into the woods to wait for him and then he set out ahead of the colonists, making a trail with his moccasined feet in the snow, over which they led their beasts and dragged their sleighs towards their goal.

On the seventh of March the whole party were safely on the site of the settlement in Hull township.

Grateful and friendly they pressed around the Indian with their gifts and with their thanks. He had made no bargain with them. It was out of the kindness of a savage heart that he had travelled sixty miles out of his way as guide. Therefore he was extraordinarily pleased with his reward and set off highly delighted with them and with himself, to find his wife and child again.

To the end of his life, Philemon Wright loved to point out the tree under which he slept that first night in Hull. The great fire cast long shadows along the shore and gleamed scarlet and gold against the dark rocks and the white snow. Wright was the sort of man who could sleep soundly even then and leave his next day's work to be done on the morrow.

From that day activities at Hull were pressed forward with speed and intelligence. Log cabins were quickly erected by expert builders, split logs were set edge to edge for a floor, outdoors the rough ends of the logs obtruded ragged at the corners where they crossed for there was not time to spend to needless trimming. Split cedar logs, laid alternately convex and concave, made a roof tight against the spring rains.

Presently the sun began to beat down in rich, insistent spring heat against the snowy ground. Every day the clearing spread, eating into the bush on every hand

The water ran off the earth in quick little streams and revealed the soggy carpet of old leaves and the rich black loam. Then, to Wright's intense surprise and delight he discovered that the frost had not penetrated very far. The heavy snows had kept the earth extraordinarily free from the conditions that prevailed in New England where the bleak farmlands were frozen deep and it took weeks of spring weather to make them fit for the plough.

That first summer he reaped a thousand bushels of potatoes, and forty bushels of wheat to an acre.

Wright's difficulties were not all over when he reached the township of Hull. One bright spring day he found the settlement invaded by a tribe of Algonquins. Very curious as they were, Wright humored them by showing them all there was to be seen. Presently they grew uneasy and antagonistic. They could see their hunting destroyed, their land invaded by these possessive whites. They complained, they began to grow ugly

Wright soothed them with such diplomacy as he could command. He made them gifts, he assured them he had not come to hunt, only to farm. Momentarily they were reconciled. Then they demanded payment for the land. Wright firmly refused. They had already

sold their land to Sir John Johnston and he had the consent of the Great White Father to settle on it. Wright was so successful in at once resisting and conciliating them, that in a great good humor they proposed a feast and a council and they made him a chief of their tribe, a blood brother of themselves. From that day on Philomen Wright had no more trouble from his neighbors, the Indians.

Wright built mills that the men, so busy in summer, might not be idle in winter. He brought in more and more farmers and settlers. In four years he had a shoemaker, a tailor, busy in the settlement, a bake house and a tannery in operation. By 1806 he had spent twenty thousand dollars on his enterprise.

Always in the back of his mind was that dream of a thousand ships sailing out to sea with cargoes of Ottawa timber. Down east they told him he could not take timber out from the Ottawa to Montreal because of the rapids between. Wright explored for himself and he discovered that it would be more feasible to take his timber to Quebec, that instead of going to Montreal on the south shore of the island, he could take his rafts around back of the island and come out on the St. Lawrence at Bout de l'Ile. At least he believed he could. No one else believed it.

In the winter of 1806 he sent timbermen to work at cutting white pine. In the spring of the year it had been floated down to the village and there made into a raft. Wright set out with the river drivers to superintend the experiment personally. It was fair enough sailing the first sixty-five miles down the river. Long Sault was the first problem. It took them thirty-five days to get the raft to the foot of the white water. Later they learned to do it in twenty-four hours.

But in the summer of 1807 Philomen Wright had done what he set out to do. He delivered the first raft of Ottawa timber to Quebec. The first of his thousand ships set out to sea.

From that year the timber business on the Ottawa flourished. Wright became a man of wealth and prime importance. The colony spread, the fields and meadows yielded rich profits. In 1813 Wright raised three thousand bushels of wheat. They cost him two thousand dollars. It was war time, so he sold his crop for nine thousand dollars. The colony was a profitable investment.

There were schools now, and churches. Wright was a Royal Arch Mason, so he founded a lodge. He recruited a regiment of militia among the settlers and was made a colonel. He spent a thousand dollars on a

stone magazine to store away guns and ammunition and two small brass cannons.

There was an inn, called the Columbia, a busy place indeed, but visitors of importance were the guests of Wright in his simple and hospitable home. He was elected a member of the legislature for Lower Canada and became a friend of Governors. All the time he remained the simple farmer, rough and ready, shrewd and capable. John Galt, the witty writer, wrote a play and produced it in Quebec and one of his characters was Obadiah Quincy, a caricature of the popular Wright. Wright sat in a box at the theatre and laughed heartily at himself.

In spite of business and politics and many another responsibility, Philomen Wright was still a farmer, as his father had been before him, and many a Wright of other days gone by. But he was anxious that his children should enjoy the privileges of their wealth and he provided them with education and travel and such society as was available. Ruggles, who had been a small boy of eight when he came up the snowy Ottawa for the first time, was a lad of parts. Philomen Wright listened gravely when he talked of travel abroad, but he sent him off well provided with letters of credit on his London bankers. Young Ruggles, they say, spent

something like three thousand pounds on the grand tour He might have come back a dandy and a coxcomb, too fine for his father's backwoods town. But the heart of Philomen Wright glowed with pride when Ruggles came home from Europe. For he brought his father a prize bull and a goat of high degree.

Chapter IV.

O PIONEERS!

SETTLEMENT on the south shore of the Ottawa was very slow even after Hull was a flourishing village. The few who braved the wilderness built their solitary little log cabins at great distances from one another, since there was none of the organization that marked the development of Wright's colony, and none of the friendliness of the patriarchal enterprise on the north shore. Much of the land on the south was granted to Loyalists who had no intention of settling on it but were holding their scripts for speculation.

One of the first Loyalists who paddled his way from Lake Ontario into the district to discover its possibilities was a man who was not apt to find beauty or delight in any land. He was David Jones, who figures in that most tragic tale of revolution days, the murder of Miss MacCrae. They were both young and very much in love with one another She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant on the rebel side. David was a royalist soldier She had planned to escape from her

father's home and join him at his post in the Mohawk Valley. David sent an escort of Indians out to help her. Just what happened after that no one knows. Whether a second party really did quarrel with the first over the honor of bringing her in, whether one side were rebel supporters, or just what other complication entered into the incident no one seems to clearly indicate. What happened however, all agree upon. The Indians returned to the fort bearing with them a scalp of golden hair, and young David Jones recognized it as the hair of the woman he loved so devotedly. David never smiled again.

After looking over the south shore at the Chaudiere he reported against settlement on the broken land, half limestone cliff, half beaver meadow. But apparently he realized the value of power for his brother petitioned for a mill site at Deschenes Rapids and was refused.

In 1798 the township of Nepean was laid out, the first to be surveyed on the south shore. Eventually the county of Carleton was created around it.

The township was the unit of settlement in Upper Canada. On water fronts the townships were nine miles wide by twelve miles deep. Inland they were ten miles square. They were surveyed into two hundred acre lots. Soldiers disbanded after the American Re-

volution and civilian Loyalists were the first to get grants in Upper Canada. They ranged from the two hundred acre farm lots for each man and woman, and children on their majority, to five thousand acre estates to field officers. Later on, non-Loyalists and settlers of every description were granted the two hundred acre lots. In special instances, on the approval of the governor, a settler might secure anything up to twelve hundred acres. Those who undertook to create colonies were granted much greater areas for development.

The first settler in Nepean township was a young man by the name of Ira Honeywell. His descendants still live in Ottawa. One of the Americans who came to Canada in the seventeen-nineties was Rice Honeywell of the Mohawk Valley He was a rebel and fought on the side of congress but he was in love with a Tory sweetheart. After the peace between the nations he made his peace with her and she apparently returned with him to the Mohawk for a while Eventually she persuaded him to emigrate into Canada and take her back among her Loyalist friends. He was one of the first non-Loyalists to take advantage of Simcoe's proclamation and in 1792 he drew his two hundred acres of land. His wife drew a similar grant as a Loyalist. They settled down near Prescott and there Ira was born.

When he became a man his father gave him five Loyalist scripts, a thousand acres of land, in Nepean, for shrewd old Rice Honeywell had been investing his surplus cash in idle Loyalist grants.

Ira Honeywell set out in a canoe to claim the land that was to give him a livelihood It lay on the Ottawa in the vicinity of Britannia Bay There, in the winter of 1808 09 he built a log cabin and cleared some land Apparently he made progress in 1810 for the next year he was back again at home claiming Charlotte Andrews, his Welsh bride. He carried her off to Nepean. Their son, John Honeywell, was the first white child born on the south shore.

The second settler was Braddish Billings. He was a son of another rebel, for Dr Billings had been a prominent agitator for revolution in and about Boston where his family had lived since 1640 But Dr Billings came to Canada, too, in response to Simcoe's call and Braddish was a small child when they settled in Brockville.

Braddish Billings was one of the first to believe in the possibilities of the Ottawa timber trade, once Philomen Wright had broken trail to Quebec with his historic raft of 1807 Two years later, as a very young man, he went into partnership with a friend named William Marr and the two of them went up the Rideau and cut

their first timber on the shores of that river. In the spring of 1810 he took out a raft and sold it to Wright. For two or three years he worked for Wright and then went into business for himself. In 1812 he built a cabin on land he had selected five miles from the mouth of the Rideau. He cleared and sowed four acres of land and then he went up the Rideau again. This time only as far as Merrickville. He went for Lamira Day, the seventeen-year-old school teacher of the backwoods school and he brought her down as mistress of his new log cabin.

Lamira Day was one of the pioneer personalities of the Rideau. Like the Honeywell and Billings families, the Day family had come up from the new American republic to become Canadians in the seventeen nineties. Lamira was just a little girl but she was bright and energetic and enterprising. At sixteen she was appointed school mistress at Merrickville. She was to get a very small cash salary and was to board around from house to house with the parents of her pupils.

The children trudged the rough township roads from the farms in the clearings round about, or made their way by short cuts through the woods. They were hard times for the farmers and there was not much grist for the mill that stood beside the falls. Lamira taught her

scant store of knowledge to the children and waited with eager expectation for that little salary of hers. But when the time came to collect it they told the dismayed girl that nobody had any cash to spare and the best they could do would be to pay her in promissory notes for wheat. The farmers would drive it down to Kingston and meantime she could collect from the agent on the strength of the notes.

Lamira drove down to Kingston in a buggy by herself and presented her promissory notes to the agent. He would honor them for her, he said, but not in cash. Oh, dear, no, but she might have goods to the value of the notes. Indignantly Lamira refused to spend her year's salary in the agent's store so she drove off back to Merrickville with bright spots of color burning in her cheeks and her dark eyes flashing.

Once back among the farmers she borrowed a wagon and went from farm to farm collecting the wheat that each man owed her and then off she went again over the rough road to Kingston. In Kingston she sold her wheat, bargaining for the best price and getting cash in her firm small hand. Then smiling contentedly she turned her horses' noses homeward into the bush again. She had need for that cash, just now, for a trousseau

So Braddish Billings was no fool when he chose young

Lamira Day for his wife and he wouldn't have changed places with Philomen Wright himself the day they set out in their canoe from Merrickville to the cabin in the clearing down stream.

To-day the site of that cabin is the village of Billings' Bridge on the outskirts of Ottawa, three miles from Parliament Hill. The ferry that plied across the river when wayfarers came down the road on the other side, gave way in time to a bridge that linked Metcalfe road with Bank street and to-day the fine bridge that replaced it is part of the highway system. Ottawa has grown out to the river and to the village of Billings' Bridge. It can be reached by Bank street by motor, or by a city electric car that runs near the bridge. Here the river runs broad and placid and on the ridge overlooking it is the beautiful old wooden house that Braddish Billings built more than a century ago for Lamira.

It was near the little church, just east of the bridge, that the bridal couple landed one October day in 1812.

Their daughter Sabra was the first white child born in Gloucester township, and the Billings who now possess the old pioneer estate, still speak of her. Pieces of her fine needlework hang on the walls of the old colonial home.

Sabra was destined to begin her adventures early in

life. At one time when she was still an infant in arms Braddish and Lamira Billings were returning from Merrickville in a canoe, when they encountered Philomen Wright at the head of the portage at Hog's Back Rapids. By some mischance, while they were talking together, Wright's canoe dislodged the Billings' canoe and it swept out into the current at the head of the rapids before Braddish could do anything to prevent it. To the horror of everyone concerned they realized the canoe was in the grip of the swirling white waters and nothing could save it from being swept down in that awful current among the rocks that no man dared run. Frantic with horror Philomen Wright raced along the portage to look for their battered bodies at the foot of the rapids. There, though he could scarcely believe his eyes, was the Billings' family, still afloat in their swamped canoe, tiny Sabra clasped in the arms of her eighteen-year-old mother

There was speedy thinking to be done in the brief moment, scarcely more than the twinkling of an eye, between the time they realized their danger and the headlong passage down the rapids. Braddish paddled like one possessed and Lamira lent what aid she could. Between them they emerged in safety. It was the only canoe that ever went down the dreaded Hog's Back Rapids.

In 1814 Braddish, having prospered both as farmer and lumberman, built a frame house. In the year the canal was begun he gave up lumbering and devoted all his time to farming. It was in that year he began the building of the fine old house that still shelters the Billings of Billings' Bridge. Lamira Billings lived to a ripe old age and watched Ottawa grow from a construction camp to the capital of the Dominion.

Chapter V.

OLD COUNTRY FOLK

A FEW miles up the river from Billings homestead there lived a most extraordinary settler who, by some strange fluke of circumstances settled in the bush of the new province of Upper Canada. Captain Andrew Wilson was the last sort of person anyone would have expected to find in a clearing on the Rideau. A rollicking British sailor, Captain Wilson had served under Nelson at the Battle of the Nile and had been one of the crew of the Victory at Trafalgar.

With the collapse of the Napoleonic dreams of empire a good many British sea-dogs, like their fellow fighting-men of the land forces, found themselves out of employment. Half pay officers in plenty found their way into Canada and Captain Wilson was one of them.

The house he built for himself on the Rideau he called Ossian Hall and he set out to be something of a big wig in the vicinity Among other things he was a Justice of the Peace and held weekly courts at Bytown,

and he was also a Notary Public. He was much in demand for the marrying of the swains and lasses of the country roundabout and could be counted on, when the necessity arose, in overlooking the fact that, as a strict point of law, it was ultra vires when there was a clergyman within fifteen miles range. However, fifteen miles over township roads might be something of a problem and the jovial captain like his glorious commander, could put his glass to the blind eye when convenience demanded it.

All the way from England he had brought a really fine library and installed it at Ossian Hall, "the best library that ever was taken into the wilderness" according to one of his friends. He also had a great collection of sea scenes and drawings of ships in action and famous landmarks on the sea lanes of the world. Moreover the good captain was the author of a three volume naval history, "fraught with tactics and sea affairs."

"Set the captain fully agoing, get him out to sea, some grog aboard and how he dashes away!" writes John MacTaggert in *Three Years in Canada*. "One would imagine to hear him that there never was a battle fought on the ocean but he had the pleasure of being in it. Thus will he speechify: 'We had given the fellow chase for three days, damn him, and on the morning of the

third a slight fog came on, so who could see him? One looked out from the top after another, but no signs of him. Up went I, glass slung at my back, and after looking for a full quarter of an hour I bawled down to the men at the wheel, 'I have him! Starboard! set the compass—off the weather bow—mark the direction of the glass! In an instance round came the ship. 'Yet I have her!' I bawled down. 'Steady, all steady, Sir,' was the reply I withdrew the glass and went below. We bore up, came in view and in two hours we had him,—a Spanish prize worth ten thousand dollars. Captain Andrew Wilson did that, by the Lord!"

But he also did something much more extraordinary, though entirely characteristic At Ossian Hall he wrote a life of St. Paul! It is in the possession of a collector of Canadiana in Ottawa, a bulky, bound manuscript volume in the preface to which he gives his very good reason for having written it, simply that he had never yet discovered one to his own satisfaction! What a picture he makes, this man fresh from the vortex of human affairs in Europe, sitting at his desk beside the Rideau, while the wind made music in the trees around his home, calling back to life the austere Roman, giving him flesh and bones and human cares and emotions, to fit the notion he had conceived of him.

Captain Wilson busied himself with digesting all the laws of Upper Canada and loved to be seen very busily engaged in public affairs, the pockets of his anchor buttoned coat stuffed with documents, complete with red tape and seals. He was also a good farmer and loved as much to talk about cattle, wheat and field affairs as he did to yarn about the sea. Nevertheless, he was a sailor at heart. MacTaggert tells of seeing him one night at the Columbia Inn at Hull, at a party of leading men on the river. Judge Macdonnell was leading them in singing French-Canadian river songs. Captain Wilson did not join in the chorus. He seemed to be looking on with disdain. Then he broke forth.

"Damn your freshwater nonsense, come out to the salt ocean, my boys, and I'm with ye!"

Captain Wilson's pioneer home, near the Hog's Back Rapids, was open house to the weary wayfarer, particularly to the new settlers struggling up the lakes and streams from Kingston, on the way to settle on the Ottawa. He had a princely hospitality for all who came his way, high or low. Food and warmth and shelter by his hearth he gladly gave and a word of cheer and encouragement as he set them on their way.

The first settlers on the actual site of Ottawa lived in the vicinity of the river shore, north of Wellington

street and east of Booth. It was the foot of the river driver's portage around the Chaudiere. It is said that as early as 1809 or thereabouts one, Caleb T. Bellows, had built a dock and a store there and the place became known as Bellows' Point.

Not far away a man by the name of Ralph Smith settled, and is said to have been the first man to build a still and manufacture whiskey on the south shore. It was a trade never threatened with over-production.

It was here, about 1818, to this solitary little clearing at the foot of the portage that there came the first woman to lay her fingers on the reins of history in Ottawa.

The newcomer was Miss Dalmahoy of Edinburgh. A sensible young Scottish lassie with nimble fingers and a taste in flowers and feathers, she became a milliner in the Scottish capital when Queen Victoria was a little girl in very wide skirts and a large straw hat. But Miss Dalmahoy had ambitions and no little courage and a man's size share of grit. She made up a very firm little mind that she was not going to sit with head bent over poke bonnets for the rest of her days.

Her father was dead, her mother married again to a soldier who had fought in the wars in Canada. As she tucked a silk rose into a fold of straw and stitched

a ribbon under the brim she dreamed of Canada.

One day she set off from Edinburgh, a becoming little bonnet from her own fingers over her brown curls, her cape all but hiding the flounces of her wide skirt. In a stage coach she headed south. Whether she paused along the way to see the world, or whether she travelled the weary week it took to ride from Edinburgh to London, at once, in her anxiety to get there, we do not know. Certainly she arrived there tired and bruised and stiff from the springless coaches and horrible roads of William the Fourth's day

Here is London in that day as a young Canadian saw it:

"We got within eight miles of Hyde Park Corner when, from the number of people, the carriages coming and going, the closeness of the houses and the paved road, I could hardly believe I was not in London, for it is one long street, excepting two small breaks. At last we entered the city through a great iron gate and frame with many lamps upon it. Then to see the height and irregularity of the houses! the lower stories are nothing but glass on both sides the street, the houses being in the front supported by iron posts, and the windows filled with the most curious cut glass. The byways are covered with people, you see four or five abreast con-

tinually turning the corners of the street, without ceasing one moment."

They might have been the words of Miss Dalmahoy

She was a winsome young lassie, fresh and capable and lovely, and though she did not stay in London long she turned the heads of the clerks who watched her tripping by. Now one of them was a Yorkshire lad who had a post in a sugar warehouse. He fell very deeply in love, indeed, with the little milliner and tried all his Yorkshire guile to persuade her to marry him. But she shook her brown head very decidedly. She had not come all the way from Edinburgh to become the wife of a London clerk. No, indeed, her eyes were set upon far away places.

So in time she turned her back resolutely on London and its crowds and its temptations and she crossed the Atlantic and after seeing Quebec and Montreal, she kept steadily on her way to the frontier How or why she came as far as the foot of the Chaudiere portage no one knows. She induced her mother and her step-father to join her.

So one spring the river men came singing and tramping down the portage and when they came near still-water they found a neat little cabin by the side of the road, and an inn where they might have anything from

raw whiskey to hot scones at the hands of the little Scottish milliner.

The inevitable happened. Half the brawny shantymen fell in love with her. They were willing to fight for her smiles. They longed for jams to unlock that they might strut their fame before her twinkling blue eyes. They brought her trophies from the woods when they came down stream, and gifts from Quebec when they came back again in the autumn. But she laughed and jollied them in her rich Edinburgh tongue and went on gathering up six pences and shillings, American pennies and Spanish coins and all the hundred and twenty-six varieties of currency in circulation in Canada, laying them away against another day.

One day Moses Holt's coach rumbled into the courtyard of the Columbia Inn in Hull with a young Yorkshireman aboard. He climbed stiffly out of the carriage and hauled his carpet bag with him. He wore tight trousers of nankeen and square toed boots and the long-skirted coat of a Londoner. They stared at him curiously. He was neither soldier nor shantyman. He looked well-set up and prosperous, but he was no farmer. He put up at the inn and in a strange English voice asked for the whereabouts of Miss Dalmahoy. Then he engaged a boatman to carry him over to the

south shore. He landed at Bellows' dock and walked up the hill to the log inn.

She was busy polishing pewter mugs and humming a bit of a song. When someone filled the doorway and threw a shadow into the room, she turned.

"I've come, lass. . . . ."

It was Isaac Firth whose shining eyes were looking so anxiously into hers.

So what could she do? She married him, of course, and when the river drivers came back in the fall she was Mrs. Isaac Firth and her husband was busy in the taproom, while she wiped the table tops and polished the pewter as of yore.

Isaac Firth developed into a regular old John Bull, round and rosy and genial,

> Of milk and human kindness full,
> Of rotund form and smiling face,
> Who kept an entertaining place.

It was Mrs. Firth, or Mother Firth, who continued to be the best known of the pair in all the country round about. She entertained governors and their officers, and her shrewd commonsense was more than once put at their service, as they debated affairs of state under her roof.

"Indeed she has all the folk of the Ottawa river under her holy charge," writes John MacTaggert. "She was much courted by the beaux of the neighborhood. A raftsman of my acquaintance, a half pay navy captain, some Americans from the famous township of Hull, struggled hard for the prize. . . . She keeps a snug little inn and has plenty of dogs and tom cats. . . . We hold all our big nights there with much hilarity, our Hallowe'en, St. Andrews and so forth. . . . were I wishing to have interest in the country among big folks, there could none be found to equal hers."

Even here at the foot of the Chaudiere she found use for her skill as a milliner, for it is recorded "she makes most beautiful black otter caps" for the "rummagers" or surveyors and explorers. With the beginning of the canal she found herself with plenty on her hands to be done, both as mistress of the inn and milliner to rummagers.

Chapter VI

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S TOWN

IN THE aftermath of every great war comes a period that we have called reconstruction. The problem, under some other name, was just as acute at the close of the Napoleonic wars, of which the war of 1812 in Canada was a phase.

Human lives must be accounted for. Men and women cannot be put away like excess munitions or obsolete firearms. They have tongues that talk and stomachs that grow hungry and tempers that destroy. If they are not provided for, they either turn riotous and destroy the possessions of the more fortunate or they die on the streets and bring down odium on the heads of their betters. So when the wars ended something had to be done with the old soldier and his family.

Two regiments that served in Canada, the 99th and the 100th were for a time consolidated and then disbanded. Under a soldier settlement scheme the men were granted in 1818 land in a new township near the Ottawa on which the town of Richmond was laid out. It came to be so called because, in the month of July,

when the ship bearing the soldier-settlers lay at anchor in the harbor of Quebec, the ship bearing the new Governor of Canada, the Duke of Richmond, sailed up the river and came to anchor nearby In honor to the new Duke the settlement was to be called Richmond.

No man of so proud a rank had ever come to Canada as administrator. His ducal birth, his princely airs, his long record of military and diplomatic service, all added to his glamor in the eyes of the Canadians. He was a friend of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of the English. Indeed he had been viceroy of Ireland when Wellington was merely Sir Arthur Wellesley and had acted as his secretary.

There was another incident that lent itself to the popular imagination. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and some of their young sons and daughters were living in Brussels during the campaign on the continent, and on the eve of Waterloo it was the stately Duchess who gave the ball that Byron had immortalized

> There was a sound of revelry by night
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men
> A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
> But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

And many an Englishman went out from the Duchess of Richmond's ball to death or glory, or both. Next day was the battle of Quatre Bras and two days later Waterloo. After Waterloo the Duke of Richmond rode with Wellington back over the blood drenched field, among the dying and the dead, in all their wretchedness. He rode on with him to Paris.

It was in Paris that his pretty and impetuous daughter, Lady Sarah Lennox, ran off with Sir Peregrine Maitland, one of the officers of the Guards who smashed Napoleon's picked troops of the Imperial Guard. Wellington had to intervene with the irate Richmond and help him to find a post for the impoverished Maitland. So when Richmond came as Governor-General of Canada, Sir Peregrine came as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada and Lady Sarah came with him.

It took a month to make the trip from Quebec to Ottawa in those days, so it was August when the settlers arrived at Bellows' Point. The road to Richmond had still to be cut so the settlers camped in tents along the point and called the place Richmond Landing. Such it was until lumber yards and warehouses crawled all over the romantic setting of the settlers' camp.

Enthusiasm for Richmond continued high and when they reached the River Jock by the new road they re-

named it Goodwood River for the Duke's English estate. They had still to travel a few miles up river before they came to the site of the proposed town. It was laid out with grandiose dreams. There was to be a great city here, the metropolis of the Valley of the Ottawa. Col. Burke, late of the 100th regiment, was the leading spirit of the place. He supervised the laying out of streets and the building of cabins, and when they were ready, the trek of women and children from Richmond Landing to Richmond began. There in the backwoods, unfamiliar and forbidding, under the dark winter skies, the old soldiers and their families began the experiment of pioneer life in the bush.

The following summer the Duke set out to make a long tour of his country He went as far as Niagara, where his self-willed daughter lived. After a happy visit there, he turned homeward. He was anxious to see the soldier-settlement at Richmond, so from Kingston he travelled to Perth. He was a sturdy man, was this great duke, with the blood of the Stuarts running through his veins, and he did not hesitate at the thirty mile walk from Perth to Richmond.

Richmond was all agog. And so was Hull. Squire Wright sent a man named Martin, with a double team of oxen all the way to Goodwood River to escort the Duke on his way to the Ottawa.

The Duke arrived. He was genial and friendly The old soldiers cheered him. The old officers feted him at the Masonic Arms Inn. He made heroic efforts to live up to expectations, but the Duke was not well. He was restless and uneasy. Nevertheless the night went off with extraordinary hilarity and high hopes. It was the greatest night in the history of Richmond.

In the morning the Duke set off by canoe down the Goodwood River to the place where the Richmond Road joined it. There Martin waited with his oxen. But the Duke grew agitated as he travelled. He ordered the canoe ashore. Before it was beached he leaped out of it and his companions saw him tearing wildly through the woods. They ran after him unable to keep up with his mad speed. They found him on a pile of hay in a barn, in terrible pain, hopelessly afflicted. The poor Duke had hydrophobia.

Some weeks before the Duke had been bitten by a little pet fox and had thought nothing of it. Here in the backwoods, he suffered the results. There died Charles Gordon Lennox, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, Earl of Darley, Baron Methuen and Duke d'Aubigny of the peerage of France.

Martin's oxen drew the dead Duke over the rough road to Richmond Landing and the body was laid in the

inn of the young Scottish milliner until it could be ferried over to Hull and eventually taken down the river to Montreal. The Duke was buried in the crypt of the English cathedral at Quebec.

Meantime, in spite of all the high hopes, Richmond never became the great city it was to have been. It is now a quiet little village, nine miles from the capital, and the first two miles of the old Richmond road that lie within the city limits of Ottawa are known as Wellington street.

Chapter VII

THE LE BRETON FLATS

OTTAWA was built, like Rome, upon the hills. The whole site of the city was, in its primeval state, a curious patchwork of limestone bluffs and pestilential swamps and beaver meadows. To-day these rocky heads lift themselves up picturesquely in various parts of the city. Where Wellington and Sparks street meet in an angle near the Chaudiere, the grey stratified rocks rear themselves up over the surrounding streets, and the homes on the heights above once commanded a glorious view of the river and falls.

The area of Ottawa that lies to the west of this bluff was once the subject of one of the most famous lawsuits of colonial days. It began with the purchase, in 1807, of the land, by Robert Randall.

Robert Randall was an American who came from Maryland in 1798 and settled down at Niagara Falls. He was enterprising and ambitious. Among other things he was the first manufacturer of wrought iron in Upper Canada. He was making a tidy fortune out

of flour mills and was gradually acquiring quantities of land in various parts of the province.

In 1807 Robert Randall came up the Rideau Lakes with a party of Indians to see for himself what this neglected country might be like. He was intrigued with the possibilities of the south shore and returned to York to secure land there.

Lot Four in Concession One, as this land was called at the time, was a broken front lot. That is, it had an irregular shore line and water rights. By purchase and lease he added to the original lot until he had a strip of land running from Richmond Landing on the Ottawa, right through to the swamp lands that became afterwards Dow's Lake. Dow's Lake is now one of the beauty spots of Ottawa on the route of the boulevard. The Booth Mills stand on a part of the land he secured on the Ottawa front.

By the time he had added this to his possessions he was one of the largest landowners in the province.

Randall's brilliant career was near the breaking point. The agents who handled his financial affairs failed and he suddenly found himself involved in debts which he could not meet. He had enemies who were jealous of the lands he held and he had no friends able to help him out of his predicament. He was imprisoned

in Montreal, and as things were done in those days, he was held there throughout the war of 1812, helpless to set his affairs in order. Things went from bad to worse. There were some mysterious manoeuvres in the conduct of the legal affairs of the estate and the suits involved and to satisfy a judgment the land at the Chaudiere was advertised for sale by auction in 1820.

Meantime, a year or so before the sale a new settler had taken up land on the Ottawa. Captain Le Breton was another "old soldier" and had decided to develop his grant of land in Nepean township.

He realized the lands of the unfortunate Randall were valuable and that they had important possibilities. Therefore when he heard they were to be sold at Kingston, he was anxious to become their possessor. He paddled down to Kingston, hired a horse and rode post-haste to Brockville.

Captain Le Breton did not have the money to buy the land, but he had heard of Livius Sherwood as a man interested in land investment. Unknown as he was, he introduced himself and explained his mission. Le Breton was a Jerseyman who had served in the army with distinction. In 1811 he had been sent to Quebec with his regiment and when the War of 1812 broke out was sent into Upper Canada to serve on the frontier

He was at the taking of Detroit with Brock and was recommended there for his zealous services. He was badly wounded at Lundy's Lane and in 1815 he was sent home to England. Four years later, under the soldier settlement scheme, he returned.

He must have recommended himself highly to Sherwood, for he won his point and Sherwood agreed to lend him the money for the purchase of the land if he could bid it in at the auction.

The auction had been little advertised and there were few bidders. Le Breton bid in the land for four hundred and forty-nine pounds.

Randall was released and his efforts to secure redress and possession of the lands, which he claimed had been illegally disposed of, led to a bitter controversy in which the Family Compact became involved. Ethics which would not be tolerated to-day, were in vogue at the time and the affair had an unsavoury aspect.

Eventually Captain Le Breton became involved in an intrigue in which no less a person than Lord Dalhousie took a part. Le Breton was undoubtedly misrepresented to Dalhousie, who conceived a violent dislike to the gallant soldier and accused him of taking advantage of information acquired at a private dinner to Dalhousie, to speculate in the lands in question.

Captain Le Breton was probably double-crossed by someone who had reasons of his own for drawing down the Tory wrath of Dalhousie upon the soldier's head.

The Firth's Inn and Bellows' Store were on Le Breton's land, and they would neither move away nor pay him for possession of it. In this stand they were backed by the Governor and poor Le Breton had to make the best he could of it. Long after Dalhousie, Randall, and Le Breton were in their graves the controversy over the rights and wrongs of the Le Breton flats, as they were called, continued to rage.

Sherwood and Le Breton reaped rich profits eventually from the land, for it was laid out in lots for settlement when Bytown was born.

Chapter VIII

"IN TIMES OF PEACE. . . . "

THE French, during the whole of their regime in Canada, had been content to overcome the barriers of the rivers in the Indian fashion, by tramping the portages with their canoes and their bundles on their shoulders. No important engineering work was attempted under the flag of the Bourbons.

When the English penetrated into the upper country, it was an age of canals. Among the British garrisons were military engineers eager to match wits with the primeval and subdue rocks and rivers by the forces of their own ingenious minds. First the Lachine rapids had been conquered by the Lachine canal, making transportation on the upper St. Lawrence easier. When events turned the attention of the powers of the day towards Ottawa transportation, in relation to defence and colonization, the Rideau canal became inevitable. Even from those early days of canalization in Canada, men dared to dream of a canal system that would link the St. Lawrence and Lake Superior by way of the Ottawa, the Nipissing, and the Georgian Bay

By the time the Ottawa system of canals was partly accomplished the age of canals had, in a sense, passed. Canals, that had been the only means of effecting and speeding up trade and transportation in the vast river-threaded interior of Canada, in the pre-railway age, became merely auxiliaries, once the iron horse, with its speed and its penetrating powers, laid its trail all over the settled country. With the new tempo in living, impatient travellers would not spend their time locking up and down canals, no matter how picturesque they might be, so the canals were left for the cargo ships, the pack mules of transportation. Here and there throughout the country are old canals, deserted now even by these plodding vessels, left to neglect and decay, or with their picturesque solitude only occasionally disturbed by pleasure boats.

The Rideau canal was an exhilarating dream for military engineers for as long before its construction as it actually served a practical purpose after it was completed. For forty years it lived a nebulous, visionary life, and for another forty years it carried the trade and travel of a busy, young province suffering from growing pains.

The Rideau canal was built long after the purpose for which it was designed had passed out of being. It

was a military canal, built and maintained by British troops for purposes of defence. It was built when, fortunately, the last war had been fought with Canada's only neighbor and possible foe.

The territory between the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and the Rideau system is a big triangle. The base lies along the Rideau River and Lakes and the Cataraqui River. The apex is the angle where the Ottawa and St. Lawrence met at the western end of the Island of Montreal.

From Montreal, accordingly, there was the choice of routes, up the St Lawrence to Lake Ontario; or up the Ottawa and north to Nipissing and Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, or down the Rideau Lakes to Lake Ontario. The Rideau system, which comprised the Cataraqui River to the Rideau Lakes and then the Rideau River down to the Ottawa, was the ancient Indian highway The white man's dream was to make use of this Indian travel trail as the route of the canal.

There had never been a settlement of French in the area comprising Ontario before the conquest. It was still a wilderness when the American Revolution broke out. Loyalists, fleeing from the new republic, were the first to colonize the land to the north of Lake Ontario. Kingston at the mouth of the Cataraqui became the

principal city of the colony, and was to be, so its citizens fondly hoped, the capital of Upper Canada when the first governor was appointed to establish English laws and customs there. However, everyone was shy of the Americans and although the two peoples were officially at peace, it was with their fists clenched in their pockets that Canadians and Americans regarded each other. The fires of the revolution smouldered and each side believed a fresh war was inevitable.

In the seventeen-nineties the canal between Ottawa and Kingston was seriously debated. It was the only way to get troops and supplies to the upper country except by the St. Lawrence which was a boundary river and vulnerable for many miles. Statesmen and soldiers and engineers dallied with the idea for thirty-five years. In those years the anticipated war was fought and ended in enduring peace. But the statesmen and soldiers and engineers of the Napoleonic era did not know the peace would endure. When the war was over they actually set to work to put their plans into operation. And so it happened that in 1826, the canal was actually begun.

Chapter IX.

BRIDGING THE CHAUDIERE

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN BY of the Royal Engineers was living quietly at Shernfold Park in Sussex with his wife, Esther By, and two small daughters, when he received a commission to proceed to Canada to take command of the building of the Rideau Canal. He was a man in his middle forties, quite tall, not too portly to be dignified, bore himself in a habitual military carriage, since as a lanky lad in his early 'teens, he had been put into the hands of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in preparation for a military career. At eighteen he was a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers and he climbed by zealous but unspectacular services to a lieutenant-colonelcy. At twenty-one he was sent out to garrison duty in Quebec and until he was thirty he was engaged in construction work in and about Quebec. The martello towers on the Plains of Abraham were erected under his command.

Having been recalled to England in 1812 he just

missed the opportunity to distinguish himself in active service in the War of 1812. He was retained at duty in England where his abilities to organize and direct were extraordinarily useful to the country but where he was deprived of the chance of winning distinction in the historic campaigns then in progress.

After the war, in 1818, Colonel By married Esther March, and eight years later he was an able but idle engineer when the welcome opportunity came to distinguish himself in the building of the much-discussed Rideau Canal.

There was little money in England then for investment in such a scheme. Upper Canada was pressing for it and bringing all the influence it could muster to bear upon Wellington and others favorably inclined toward the project. Estimates for the canal had to be squeezed through parliament in as inconspicuous a manner as possible. Colonel By was privately informed that in an emergency he was not to wait for the official passage of estimates but that at all costs he must push the building of the canal and that eventually everything would be paid for.

Accompanied by his wife and little daughters and by his engineering staff, Colonel By sailed for Quebec in the summer of 1826. The inauguration of the canal

was considered so important that Lord Dalhousie decided to accompany Colonel By up the Ottawa so that he could be on the spot when final plans were adopted and no time would be lost in setting to work.

When the steamer from Grenville tied up at the dock at Hull with the viceregal flag flying, most of the eleven hundred population of Wright's township were down by the shore to give the party a royal welcome. The Lord of the Manor of Hull, the lean, weather-beaten Philomen Wright, was there to greet them. Impatient to begin, the newcomers, once they had settled their party at the Columbia Inn, set out up the River to look the wild scene over.

The three men presented curious contrasts. Philomen Wright represented the very essence of rough pioneer enterprise. True, at that time, he was a very wealthy man and the chief figure politically, commercially and socially, on the Ottawa. But he was still a Yankee farmer, given to amusing himself with fantastic ideas for the glorification of the Ottawa Valley. Yet here was the evidence of his ability, this flourishing town and the thousands of smiling acres on the north shore. Dalhousie was the essence of British aristocracy, the ninth earl of his name, a distinguished military officer who had fought throughout the Revolutionary

and Peninsular Wars and served as a major-general on the field of Waterloo. He was a viceregal governor and a gentlemen of the courts of Europe.

By was a builder, a man with a mind made for the exact science of engineering, restive for the word to be off on this big project worthy of the mind of any engineer of his generation.

As they walked along the river edge and looked across to the palisades of the south shore each had an extraordinary vision. Not only could they see the mounting locks that would carry ships up over the height of land to the waters beyond, not only did they see a town, with slender spires among the tree tops and roads across the grey rocks of the bold headlands, but they each and all dreamed of the day when that tree-covered promontory, still in its primeval state, would be the capital of a nation.

It is strange that here and there in scattered memoirs and records we can trace the fact that each of these men, at different times, individually conceived the notion that the capital to be would be in the Basin of the Chaudiere. And when strong men dream dreams, they are likely, if not in their own generation, then in another, to take shape.

But a great deal else had to be done besides dream.

It may be, as tradition says, that Lord Dalhousie pointed across the foam flecked river and said, "There, gentlemen, is the site of the future capital!" To more practical immediate ends, Colonel By said, "There, gentlemen, is the site of the bridge we must build as a first step toward the canal."

For that was the first thing definitely agreed upon. The Ottawa had to be bridged, and the place to do it was over the very falls of the Chaudiere. All three went back to the town and to Wright's hospitable house. There the decision was definitely made and the word passed. Two days later the workmen were engaged and the first stones turned.

The series of bridges over the Chaudiere to-day cover the sites of the first bridges, begun in 1826. Although the enterprise was subsidiary to the canal it was an achievement of no mean merit. It was the largest bridge in the country and was called Union Bridge because it was the only actual contact between the soil of one province and the other, the entire boundary between Upper and Lower Canada being along waterways.

Material there was in plenty right at hand. Wright's mills supplied the timber, and the limestone rocks were to be had for the cutting of them. The bridge was to

comprise five units. On the north shore were two small channels, and two more on the south shore between islands. In the center was the Great Kettle itself, smoking and roaring with terrific energy. The first bridge to be attempted was the first from the north shore, built by the Royal Engineers' officers. It had a span of sixty feet. It was begun immediately, in spite of the fact that winter was coming on, for it was hoped to have it completed before the spring floods swept down the Ottawa.

John MacTaggert, clerk of works to Colonel By, was the man left in charge of the building of the bridge. He had never been in Canada and was ignorant of the effect of climate on the materials he was to employ and as he confesses had "never seen, far less built, a dry-stone bridge."

He employed "a wandering millwright lad from Aberdeen" to do the centering of the bridge and to build a scarf screen to keep the mist from the falls off the workmen, else they would have been coated with ice on the bright cold winter days, and to work would have been impossible. Every morning the young millwright had to sweep the snow from the centers, on which the stone work was to be done, to discover what effect the frost had had upon them, while others cut away the

blocks of ice that drifted down in the night from the rapids. Some times these ice blocks would choke the channel and the water would back up until bridge and all was bound up in a mass of shining ice. Meantime the masons were busy and the huge dressed blocks were dragged into place on sleighs by teams of horses or oxen.

After months of anxious work the bridge was completed. The wooden frame work was knocked out and the fine stone arch settled not an inch. MacTaggert was proud of the job, as he had a right to be.

"The great floods of the Ottawa which in spring rolled foamingly down the Rapids, bringing hills of ice and snow before them, were yet to be dreaded; they came in due season, crammed the waterway of the bridge to the parapet; but it defied their power—there it stands, and likely will for a length of time," he wrote.

Philomen Wright had the contract for building the second stone arch which was to be twenty-five feet in width. When it, too, was complete, it brought the roadway from Hull to the very brink of the great falls of the Chaudiere.

Meantime on the south shore the corresponding pair of bridges were in the course of construction. They were longer spans, one of eighty feet and the other of seventy feet.

The lesser problems having been solved and approach secured from each shore to the brink of the falls, the chief obstacle was attacked. There was a stretch of two hundred feet of furious water to be crossed. There was no possible support from the bed of the river because the water poured itself into a subterranean passage at the foot of the fall. Neither was it possible to anchor a boat in the basin while the work was done. MacTaggert dreamed of a stone bridge, "the most beautiful in the world," for, to the engineer, a sweeping arch of grey limestone over the snowy cauldron below was a thing of supreme loveliness. However, the funds at the disposal of the engineers made that impossible. It was decided to build a sort of chain bridge as a foundation for a wooden one.

In order to get a rope across the falls from one island to the other, Colonel By hit upon an ingenious scheme. A small brass cannon, probably one of those of which Wright's militiamen were so proud, was dragged over the north shore bridges to the brink of the Chaudiere. A strong, small rope was fastened to a ball and fired from the cannon across the gorge. Workmen on the other side stood waiting to seize it, and presently the first tie across the river was secured. Heavier ropes were then dragged over, chains and cables followed in

due time and upon them the wooden bridge was successfully erected.

"The view from the bridge," writes the enthusiastic MacTaggert, "no pen can portray."

The five bridges were put up for a sum of about twenty-five hundred pounds, which seems extraordinarily little for the importance of the project. The summer of 1827 found the north and the south shores of the Ottawa united.

Chapter X.

BYTOWN

ONCE the building of the Union Bridge had been set in motion By proceeded to arrange the ceremony of turning the first sod of the canal. A few days actual inspection of the river shore had sufficed to prove to him that the logical entrance for the canal was neither from Richmond Landing nor from Governor Bay, the two clefts in the rocky shore already proposed, but in Rafting Bay where a wooded gully ran up between the two cliffs now known as Parliament Hill and Point Nepean. It was renamed Entrance Valley

We can imagine the official party starting off from Hull that morning of September the twenty-ninth, a clear, golden morning, crossing in batteaux and canoes and accompanied by as many of the population of the north shore as could be accommodated in the boats available. At the prospect of work and enhanced prosperity all Hull is excited and elated, and paddles are worked with a will across the river from shore to shore. The landing place at the mouth of the valley is crowded

with small craft and everyone is clambering up the rough sides between trees and rocks looking for vantage points from which to see the ceremony. The soft brilliance of Indian summer hangs over the valley. The steep cliffs are rich in color as an old tapestry. Young maples with slender arms outstretched, are scarlet and softly aflutter in the wind. The birches are silver and gold, lifting their graceful heads far above the underbrush, that is alive with autumn color, wine and purple, russet and green. Perhaps a black bear is looking down with beady bright eyes from the heights above at the strange performance of the intruders. Great frogs in the marshes croak an accompaniment all the way through.

Men and women who had come up the frozen river that March a quarter century before, looked back upon the first night in the virgin forests of Hull and forward to the changes about to begin. Children born and bred on the river who had never known anything but the life of the settlement, were all agog with excitement.

Lord Dalhousie had made many a viceregal speech, had faced many an expectant audience, but never had he taken part in any ceremony so potent with possibilities as this. Perhaps he was more than vaguely conscious of its significance as he set his spade against the

tough roots and faded grass of Entrance Valley and turned the first sod. Rideau Canal was begun.

The whole place was suddenly humming with activity. There was not so much as a clearing in the woods for a tent. Gangs of men were put to work to clear areas on the big cliff to the west as a site of barracks and on the cliff to the east for a home for the commanding officer. Down in Entrance Valley axes rang as they bit into the trees, and timber was hauled out so that the canal diggers could get to work as soon as they arrived in the spring.

A town had to be laid out. Colonel By reserved big areas for public buildings and the indefatigable MacTaggert had charge of surveying the town plots. The lots were snapped up as fast as they were laid out, for in the wake of the canal builders came all the merchants and traders that go to make up a town.

MacTaggert was indispensable. Once the town sites were laid out he went up Entrance Valley with a party of men to take a flying level, a rough guess of the rise or fall of the country to be traversed by the canal between the Ottawa and the Rideau River. The falls at the mouth of the Rideau had made direct attack impossible, so the distance to be covered in Entrance Valley was nearly five miles. It took the party three days to

cover the distance. They found that the rise from the Ottawa to the Rideau was forty-five feet.

The land thereabouts was so swampy that the surveying party could do nothing and returned to camp to wait for frost. It was the twentieth of December before sufficient ice had formed to make a fresh survey practicable. They started out again, badly handicapped, since with frost had come deep snow. So dense was the growth that there was no view more than five yards in extent and for every scrap of information concerning the formation of the ground and the character of the country they had to cut their way with axes through virgin forest.

Every night camp was made in little wigwams by the side of a swamp where the useful hemlock grew thickly and where dry cedar wood provided them with roaring, comforting fires. Each man roasted chunks of salt pork for himself, on prongs cut from nearby trees. Each drank the strong tea from the same cup, a tin mug which made the rounds of the party.

They turned in on a tot of rum, huddled together for warmth on their hemlock beds until someone would cry "spoon!" whereupon they all turned together. They slept with their feet to the fire but sometimes when they woke they found their hair frozen to the blanket on which they lay.

"In Dow's great swamp, one of the most dismal places in the wilderness," writes MacTaggert, "did five Irishmen, two Englishmen, two Americans, and one French-Canadian and one Scotchman hold their merry Christmas of 1826,—or rather forgot to hold it at all."

Dow's great swamp is now a lovely residential district, and Dow's Lake one of the beauty spots of Ottawa.

Irish laborers poured into the new town, which was named Bytown in the Colonel's honor. They were put to work on civilian barracks for the workmen, on cabins and cottages, shops and offices. Two thousand of them were employed on the canal, working barefoot in the black mud of the swamps. Many of them had their wives and families with them. A new settlement sprang up without the benefit of surveying,—noisy, boisterous Corktown, on the land that lies on the west bank of the canal, between Laurier Avenue and Cartier Square of to-day.

Then, at the end of May four companies of Sappers and Miners in scarlet coats and brass buttons, with "hackle plumes and scales of brass" landed at Nepean Point and pitched their tents in a clearing.

By's stone house was going up and across the Valley, on Barracks Hill stone was being carted for the barracks

and hospital for the troops. Below, in the valley, just below By's house, was to be the headquarters for the officers.

It was a wild, fantastic scene, this city in the making. Engineers and laborers and fortune seekers were still sharing the land with the beavers, for except where the stratified limestone gave the newcomers firm footing, the swamps covered much of present day Ottawa. Where stands the Union Station and the railway yards were extensive beaver meadows, and these industrious animal engineers had for untold ages been busy at dams before the Royal Engineers came to oust them and build dams of another fashion.

It was a dramatic setting. To-day from Nepean Point the first locks of the forty-seven that By flung across the wilderness, to control the water levels of a hundred and twenty-six miles of waterway, look like a flight of giant steps, by which some legendary creature mounted from the river to the hills.

Then because of the fact that the infant town was so oddly divided, it was necessary to build a good bridge over the canal. The Sappers were set to work upon it. It took them a long time to complete it, but it was a beautiful bridge and a nice piece of engineering. It was finished with one final flourish, the crest of the

Engineers in stone carved out by the chisel of some ambitious youth in the ranks.

Still another bridge was necessary as the final link between Bytown and Hull. Lt. Pooley was set to devising a bridge over the gorge between the bridge head on the south shore of the Chaudiere and the west end of Wellington street. He contrived such an ingenious bridge of unpeeled logs that Colonel By was amused as well as delighted.

"We'll call it Pooley's bridge," he said. And Pooley's Bridge is the name still applied to the viaduct that has taken its place, down by the City Water Works building.

This, the seventh of the bridge erected in connection with the construction of the canal, completed the highway from Hull to Bytown. Horses and oxen were now able to haul supplies from Hull, grain and straw and oats, as well as timber from the mills, flour and vegetables and meat for the shops of the little town and the commissariat of the canal builders. By Pooley's Bridge, too, the farmers from March and Britannia and the vicinity of Richmond made their way up to Wellington street and found a market for their produce.

By 1828 there were a hundred and fifty houses in Bytown and fifteen shops—including three jewelry

shops! Before the canal was finished there were fifteen hundred civilian residents.

Ottawa to-day has to thank Colonel By that the town that was born out of the construction camp was blessed with wide streets and public spaces. Everything north of Wellington street he reserved for public buildings,—perhaps he dreamed of a new Westminster perched on that royal rock. Nepean Point was reserved likewise and to-day Ottawa has there one of the finest park locations in America, with superb views up and down the Ottawa.

Wellington street was named, of course, for the man who had interested himself in the building of the canal, the Great Duke, the most powerful man in England. Sussex bore the name of By's own homeland, George, York and Clarence for royal Dukes, and Dalhousie for the Governor

Chapter XI.

BY'S CANAL

COLONEL BY was the feudal lord of his village. He was the last resort in disputes and quarrels, squire, judge, and commandant—a scarlet coated, very British edition of the Seigneur of Quebec. He directed the activities of the newcomers, settled their difficulties, scolded them, praised them, advised them, employed them and when need be, would use the heavy hand of authority to enforce restrictions he considered necessary.

Colonel By lived for the first few weeks of the spring of 1827 in a tent on Nepean Point, until his stone house was ready It was superbly situated, high above Entrance Valley and facing the Chaudiere falls. There he brought a housekeeper and staff of servants and installed Esther By and the little girls. Mrs. By was a fine horsewoman and rode every trail and bypath within reach of Bytown. The settlers up the Rideau Valley would see her riding her spirited horse with a military groom at her heels.

Colonel By's mount was a great black horse that

became as familiar to Bytown as the Colonel himself. The Colonel's broad shoulders, so snugly encased in scarlet broadcloth, his florid face peering down from his great height above the mount, might suddenly appear anywhere that men were engaged in the arduous work of building locks and dams or digging channels between the shores of the Ottawa and the famous Hog's Back Rapids.

A Colonel of Royal Engineers was a personage of no little social as well as military importance. In garrison he was surrounded with strict military etiquette and attention of the most meticulous sort. He was a soldier trained to command and a person of almost princely importance in the eyes of miners and sappers. But out in the wilderness where the veneer of garrison life fell away with alarming promptitude, a colonel of engineers was put to a severe test. By passed the test with flying colors. He was as much a man as any colonist in the country and could dispense with all the niceties of military life and rough it like a *coureur de bois*. He ran rapids and crossed stormy lakes when even the Canadians demurred at his daring and yet watched his progress with admuration and respect. He travelled fever-infested swamps in order to have first hand information concerning the entire course of his enterprise and lived

in rude camps and bad country inns with imperturbable ease and humor. Consequently he was loved and respected by all who knew him. There was no problem arising out of the country he could not understand. He might be firm and even stern, but he would always be just and manly.

The greater part of the work on the canal was executed under contract for the British government. There were several distinct branches of canal work to be done, such as the building and finishing of the locks in heavy masonry, excavating of earth, clay and rock, construction of dams of rough rubble masonry, the framing of aqueducts and the building of wooden bridges. The various camps along the line of the canal were to have military guards to preserve the peace and surgeons with plentiful supplies had to be provided against accidents and against the fevers and agues which were so prevalent in the bush in those days.

The clerk of the works entered a curious statement in his plan for the conduct of the work. He said "There is a melancholy peculiar to Canada which must be combated. People who labor under it must be encouraged with soothing language, good treatment and now and then, as circumstances require, a little assistance, gratis, as stimulant."

Work was begun almost at once along the whole line of the canal, in order that the completion would be speeded up.

John MacTaggert writes:

"The Rideau Canal, when constructed, will be perfectly different from any other in the known world, since it is not ditched or cut by the hand of man. Natural rivers and lakes are made use of for this canal and all that science or art has to do in the matter, is in the lockage of the rapids or waterfalls, which exist either between extensive sheets of still water or expansive lakes. To surmount this difficulty dams are proposed and in many instances already raised, at the bottom of rapids or sometimes at their head, or even, as the case may be, in their middle, by which means the rapids and waterfalls are converted into still water."

Sometimes a dam was so cleverly located and constructed that it would convert twenty miles of turbulent water into still water. From level to level fixed by these dams, the locks would raise and lower ships.

From the eight locks at the entrance to the canal there was no more lockage until the canal reached within a mile of Hog's Back Rapids. Consequently today, now that the city limits of Ottawa include the whole of Dow's Lake, the first four miles of canal

actually flow through the city, but only the eight entrance locks are required to raise a vessel from the Ottawa River into the heart of the capital.

A glance at the map will show how the canal parallels the Rideau River through the city The contours of the land made this much more practicable than cutting through at some one of the intermediate points and the last mile before it debouched into the Rideau River itself was through what was known as Gloucester Snie, a narrow, rocky channel. Five locks and a dam at Hog's Back Rapids carried the canal between Dow's Swamp and the junction formed with the Rideau River

The rest of the canal lies beyond the reach of Ottawa. The rapids and falls along the route were named for the settlers who lived nearby,—Barrett's Rapids, Nicholson's Rapids, Merrick's Falls, Maitland's Rapids, Edmund's Rapids, Smith's Falls, spelt a trail of pioneering homes all along its route. To them the canal was of the utmost importance, since it meant the opening up of the country all along the way to settlement and markets. Oliver's Ferry stood on the highway between Brockville and Perth. Chaffey's Mills stood at Chaffey's Rapids and drew their power from them. It was an extensive establishment with saw, grist, and wool mills and a distillery, stores and barns and house, the

whole worth at least five thousand pounds. For a time it seemed as if, to overcome the Rapids, the whole of the settlement would have to be sacrificed and flooded. It was one of the elations of engineering that this dismal prospect was overcome by the exercise of ingenuity Davis' Rapids and Jones' Falls came before the terrible Cranberry Marsh where Colonel By all but lost his life. It gave entrance to the Cataraqui River which flowed into Lake Ontario at Kingston.

MacTaggert relates the story of By's adventure in Cranberry Marsh.

"One night we lost ourselves altogether in Cranberry Lake on our route through the waters from the Ottawa to Lake Ontario. There were two canoes of us and the poor fellows paddled away lustily, but it was of no use, the more we sailed the farther astray we went and could not find the outlet of the River Cataraqui. Getting through a frightful marsh, partly overflowed with water, we entered with the canoes into an expanse of flooded woods and one of the canoes stuck in the fork of a tree buried in the water. We went along side and the crew having got into the other canoe, we succeeded in lifting it out of the fork. Dark night came on and we landed on some sort of wild shore about ten o'clock clambered up the brow amongst the trees, and pulled

the canoes and their cargoes after. We had parted with our provision canoe in the morning before and appointed to have met with it that night at a station called Brewer's Mills thus we had nothing to eat but a small bit of cheese, and as for drink, there was nothing but a little drop of brandy in a bottle and this was not allowed to be touched. There we were, nobody knew where, in the heart of an endless wild, without food or anything else whatever for the comfort of human life, but we minded it not. Although we had had a fagging day no one was inclined to sleep could we have knocked up anything in the shape of a dinner we might then all have snoozed profoundly, but hunger kept us from the arms of Morpheus and allowed us to ruminate on our forlorn situation. We hallooed out frequently as loud as we could, but no one heard us. We were sometimes answered by the owl, afar in the solitary woods, and the lake bird called the loon also deigned to reply from distant waters. At one time we heard, or thought we heard, the barking of a dog—which might have been so, but I thought it that of the wolf species.

"Having a gun with us we succeeded in lighting a good fire which is always a pleasant thing to look at, while the light reflected aloft on the woods was beautiful. We frequently loaded the gun with powder and

fired it off, and the sound reverberating through the forest and rocks was heard a long time after. Thinking we had got into Loughborough Lake, which opens out of Cranberry Marsh, towards morning we started with the light of the moon and after paddling away five or six miles until we came to the head of a deep bay, swimming full of driftwood, we there put about and were glad to get back to the fire we had left on the unknown shore. We had supplied it well with fuel before we started in hopes we might use its light, like that of a Pharos, to guide us on our proper course, but alas! we now all began to droop a little, for there was a probability that we might not find our way out of the lake and of course, therefore, must perish.

"The sun arose, we took to the canoes again and seeing some wild ducks we shot at them several times but could not succeed in killing one of them. Having paddled away several miles and taking our bearing by the sun, the compass being useless, I found we were returning as we had come the day before, we therefore lay to, to take the course. While doing so, we heard the report of a musket at a distance. We bore away to the place whence the sound proceeded, heard another shot let off and even saw the smoke. It was an Indian shooting wild ducks. We all felt rejoiced to see him,

divided the drop of brandy, engaged him as a guide and he brought us out at the famous Round Tail mouth of the Cataraqui, from whence we proceeded to Brewer's Mills, found the provision canoe and made a hearty breakfast."

To John By, sitting on the rocky mound, listening to the hoot of the owl and the weird laughter of the loon, even crude and muddy little Bytown must have seemed a very heaven of peace and safety, that night in Cranberry Marsh.

One of the dramatic incidents associated with the building of the Rideau Canal was the laying of the corner stone by Sir John Franklin.

He was not Sir John then, only plain Captain John Franklin, but already a distinguished explorer. He was about forty years of age when he came to Bytown. He was first of all a naval officer, having served under Nelson at Copenhagen and at Trafalgar. He had been in the southern seas, visited China and India and had many a strange adventure by the way. He had already commanded an expedition of four ships into the Arctic in search of the North West Passage, the same goal that Champlain had sought up at the headwaters of the Ottawa. The discoveries of Hearne and Mackenzie had proved that two great rivers, the Coppermine and the

Mackenzie, flowed down into the Arctic sea out of the Canadian west. The twelve hundred miles of coast line between them was unknown. So in 1825 Franklin was sent out at the head of another expedition by land, to chart this unknown territory. He was on his way home with the report of his work when he came to Bytown.

Dalhousie had turned the first sod in a veritable wilderness. Franklin found the mushroom town *en fête*, with flags flying and the band playing when on the afternoon of August the sixteenth, 1827, he officiated at the laying of the stone.

It was sometime after his return to England that he married that remarkable woman, Jane Griffin, whose efforts to discover the fate of Sir John, when he was lost with a hundred and twenty-six men on the expedition of 1845, set the whole Arctic ablaze with travel and discovery. Much as Sir John had done to make the Arctic known during his life time, it was little compared with the enormous results of the Franklin Search.

The search still goes on. In Greenwich, England, is a great collection of relics picked up by various expeditions on the trail of Franklin and his men. In Ottawa, in the museum of the North West Territories Branch of the Canadian government, there are other relics, tarnished buttons, shreds of clothing, pemmican from

one of the Franklin camps, a skull, probably of one of the party. Explorers travelling over the vast hinterlands of the Dominion are still searching for Franklin's last resting place. McClintock, in 1859 brought out the story of Franklin's death. By 1846 Franklin's ship had pressed on far toward that fabled North West Passage, when, by the irony of fate, he failed in health and was unable to go on any farther himself. He sent a party by foot to the point where he believed they would be able to prove the existence of the North West Passage. In June of 1846 they returned to his ship and brought to the dying Franklin the word that they had found that for which men had searched since the days of Marco Polo.

No sooner had Franklin heard the dramatic news, than he died in his bunk, knowing neither the plaudits and renown that would have been his if he had returned to England, nor the tragedy and misery that were to fall to the men he left behind him. Crozier, the new commander, abandoned the ships in the ice when the situation became desperate and attempted to bring his party back overland through Canada. The trail of that pitiful trek was marked with crude graves and fleshless skeletons when McClintock eventually came upon it. He left Lady Franklin's memorial stone to her husband

on Beechey Island and a Canadian expedition, sent out from Ottawa, half a century later, set the stone in a concrete base and finished McClintock's task. No one would have dared to predict that August afternoon what fate had in store either for Captain John Franklin or for little Bytown.

Chapter XII

BY'S TOWN

APART from the government, the chief landowner on the site of Bytown was Nicholas Sparks. Some years before the canal was begun the government had purchased the front lots, comprising all that lies between Richmond Landing and the Rideau River, and between Wellington and Rideau streets and the Ottawa. Back beyond Wellington street was another grant which was lying idle until Nicholas Sparks purchased it early in 1826. Philomen Wright was either content with what he had done on the north shore, or else, like the rest of the countryside, was not aware of what was about to happen, for he did not acquire any property on the south shore. Nicholas Sparks was a young Irishman who had worked as a farm laborer for Wright for ten years. With his earnings he purchased John Burrows' idle land for some four hundred dollars, with the intention of clearing and farming it for himself. It was bad farm land and as a farmer Sparks would probably have succeeded very ill.

But imagine his astonishment and delight when, within a few months of his purchase, came news of the building of the Canal. Sparks land stretched from Le Breton's Flats to Entrance Valley, and even though Colonel By expropriated the eastern part of it as part of the military reserve for the proposed fortification, still Sparks had enough left to make him a fortune as settlers poured in and demanded more space than government could allow them.

Sparks immediately had his lands surveyed. The chief street, paralleling Wellington street he named for himself, Sparks street. It is the main business street of Ottawa to-day. The big stone bluff overlooking Le Breton Flats where Sparks street ended, was laid out for the homes of wealthy merchants, and Sparks set aside enough land for a church. The next streets south of Sparks were named, in due time, Queen and Albert, for the young Victoria and her Prince Consort, and Kent street for the young queen's father.

Anyone who had the least pretense to social standing settled west of the Hill on government lots or Sparks' new streets. The poorer classes settled in Lower Town across the canal and the lowest and certainly the most picturesque strata of Ottawa society came to rest in Corktown. The double row of huts and cabins along

the bank of the canal were augmented by some even more primitive dwellings cut out of the mud and sand banks. Here the Irish canal diggers and their families lived on the soggy land and compensated for their discomforts and cold dampness by fortifying themselves plentifully with raw whiskey. It was cheap and abundant and the presiding genius of the grog shop was Mother McGinty. She could neither read nor write, but she could "figger" in a method of her own. She had a system of hieroglyphics by which she kept her accounts on the wall and woe betide the man who got too far behind in his payments.

Life was unconceivably wretched at times, and brawls were the order of the day Only their fighting spirit and their Celtic imagination could have kept the poor Irish of Corktown with body and soul together After days spent in the black mud of the canal the laborers, full of mock courage and hard liquor, spent the nights in fierce and glorious combat.

It was a mixed company that made Bytown. Contractors and sub-contractors, anxious, ambitious, hard-working, with well established families and social aspirations, the engineers, among them haughty young officers fresh from the drawing-rooms of London, staid and careful administrators; honest and skilful craftsmen,

slow and exact, carrying out the schemes of Colonel By, the shopkeepers and tradesmen, the laborers, emigrants in search of a living; of such were the pioneers of Bytown. Out of them, a conglomerate mass, in those first romantic years, the clean, exhilarating life of Upper Canada welded a homogeneous citizenship, raising the whole to a happier, healthier level and a new standard of life.

It was necessary almost immediately to create some form of government for this unwieldly mass of settlement. It seems as though the assiduous MacTaggert must have had something to say about it for the charter that incorporated Bytown gave it the good old Scottish system of city government. There was a provost, two bailies, a dean of guild, a treasurer, ten common councillors, two deacons and a convenor! It may have been one of MacTaggert's droll jokes to set this Scottish cloak of government over a Canadian backwoods town populated mostly by Irishmen.

Brief flashes of life in Bytown reveal it as much like any other frontier town with occasional highlights that get into history. There is the wagon of the Royal Engineers, for instance, rumbling up from the docks to the office with kegs of silver coins sent out from England for the pay of the troops. For the moment the scarlet-coated troopers are caught napping, for one of the kegs

has cast its top and silver coins are dripping into the ruts. Once again a careless saying has come true. The immigrants can write home to Ireland that they actually do pick up money in the streets of Canada.

There were fifteen hundred people in Bytown in the spring of 1832 when Colonel By announced that the canal was close to completion. There were two hundred houses, there were Roman Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, there were schools and inns and a market. Bytown was quite as large and a good deal more important than Hull. All the interest had shifted from one side of the river to the other. Now the ships that came up the river turned to Bytown instead of Hull and all the important visitors and the increasing tribe of tourists, wanted to see the new town on the cliffs and the wonderful canal that had wound its way through the wilderness.

By May the canal had actually reached the point where a steamer could go through the whole of its forty-seven locks. The first ship to be accorded that historic honor was one most unromantically called the *Pumper*. It sailed up the river and tied up at the docks at the foot of Nepean Point. The crew set to work with a will to dress her from end to end and from deck to masthead with flags and bunting. An official party had

been invited to join Colonel By on his trip from Bytown to Kingston. Although quite unofficial, yet the most excited and thrilled of all the guests were the two little daughters of the Colonel who had grown from babyhood to girlhood with the lore of the Rideau canal perpetually about their ears. Now they were to see for themselves what had been keeping their father and all the nice officers busy for so long.

The *Pumper* signalled most importantly with her shrill whistle, threw off her mooring ropes and turned her prow up toward the canal entrance. The lock gates swung wide and in she nosed gently between the cut stone walls. The gate men flung the great wheels round and round and the gates shut close behind her. The next pair of gates moved open and down poured the water and up moved the *Pumper*. She nosed forward into the next lock while the crowds along Barracks Hill and Nepean Point cheered themselves hoarse with delight. Some of them shouted for Colonel By and the genial engineer, never so proud in all his career, as he was that day, waved from the bow of the *Pumper* and smiled back into the faces of the friendly crowds.

Up through the eight locks the *Pumper* moved, all her flags aflutter, until she found herself under the Sapper's Bridge. Over the stone parapet was a solid

mass of faces and hundreds of waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs. And never a ship has sailed through from that day to this without some curious spectators on the bridge watching its progress up that giant flight of steps to the upper level.

Through the cut, past hilarious Corktown, past the swamps and beaver meadows, steamed the *Pamper*, waving a farewell to Bytown. One—two—three—four miles, between the freshly cut banks, the newly cleared channel through the swamps. Then came Dow's Lake and the entrance into the old Gloucester Smc, now a deep channel with two locks midway, and finally the *Pamper* came to the famous locks and dam at the Hog's Back. These were the rapids down which Braddish and Lamira Billings had been swept in their canoe. Here By had wrestled with one of the most serious problems of the canal. Twice the rubble stone dam had broken and the flood had swept down disastrously into the channel below. Once the Colonel was standing at the center of the dam when it began to crack and it was only by leaping nimbly back to shore that he had escaped being washed down into the torrent with the rocks and mortar. He had sworn a good round British oath over that second disaster and had vowed to build the dam if it had to be made of silver dollars.

Beyond the Hog's Back the *Pumper* was well away on its journey to Lake Ontario.

To-day the whole route of the canal from Connaught Square to the Hog's Back is part of the magnificent driveway route under the control of the Ottawa Improvement Commission. Fine residential districts occupy the old swamp lands through which the surveyors tramped in midwinter because they could not get through it in soft weather. The Experimental Farm overlooks Dow's Lake and the old Gloucester Smie and the Hog's Back is a pleasant picnicking place.

Later in the summer of 1827 the canal was opened for general traffic. Transportation from Quebec to Upper Canada had cost five pounds sterling a ton. The Rideau canal promptly cut freight rates in half. But not freight alone was to be speeded up in transport over the canal. The great age of immigration from Europe was just beginning and from 1832 literally hundreds of thousands of settlers passed up the canal to settle Upper Canada and to overflow in vast numbers into the American west. Famine in Ireland, expulsion of tenants in Scotland, the age of machinery in England ousted thousands upon thousands of families from their ancestral homes and occupations and the wilderness of Upper Canada, yawning for colonists, was the promised land of the nineteenth century.

The canal never paid its way. For thirty years it was operated by the Imperial authorities and remained in control of the Royal Engineers. It cost about twenty thousand dollars a year to maintain. The war which it was to serve, never, fortunately, materialized. Eager as Canada had been to have it built in 1826, by 1857 the government was most reluctant to take it off the hands of the builders and assume responsibility for its upkeep, so swift are the changes that take place in a new country and in this age of enterprise and mechanical progress. No one could visualize when By's canal opened its gates to the *Pumper* that the age it represented was already passing by and a new age, panting with speed and mechanical ingenuity was just around the corner.

Colonel John By could regard the whole conduct of the construction of the canal with personal pride and satisfaction. It was a great empire-building enterprise with which he had been entrusted and he had carried it out to a successful and speedy conclusion. He had every justification for supposing that he could return to a grateful England, that there might be honors, perhaps a knighthood waiting to crown a lifetime of loyalty and service. But if John By dared to dream of honors he was to waken to bitter disappointment.

His troubles had begun before the canal was finished.

Too honest and straightforward to lend himself to the petty schemes of those who had get-rich-quick conspiracies afoot, he found himself embroiled in all sorts of irritating situations. Frequent suits were brought against him, and though he won everyone of them, they impeded him and gave him endless trouble. One of his opponents, in an effort to belittle him in the eyes of government, had him served with papers in a legal suit aboard the vessel on which he was bidding farewell to the Governor, at the close of one of his visits to Bytown. Only the loyalty and quick wit of the captain prevented the incident from proceeding to the actual presentation of the papers. The bluff captain ordered the servers of the writ off his decks.

Instead of receiving the thanks of the War Office and of Parliament Colonel By was ordered home to appear before a committee of parliament to explain petty details of the expenses of canal construction. The men who had instructed him to go ahead with the work whether or not the estimates had officially passed the house, allowed him to bear the storm of vituperation and abuse that should have been diverted from his honest and conscientious head. Accusations and insinuations buzzed around London and Colonel By retired to his home at Shernfold Park, Sussex, a bitterly disillusioned man.

Colonel By could have speculated in land along the canal and made a tidy fortune for himself, but it is significant that he did not buy land in Bytown until 1832, when the work was done and that he then paid twelve hundred pounds for the MacQueen Loyalist grant, lying south of Laurier, from the Rideau to Bronson avenue, land he could have had for a song in 1826.

Back in idleness in Sussex, John By's tall figure began to stoop a little and his black hair was streaked with grey. Unhonored and unsung, wearied with the strenuous activities of five years in the wilderness of the Rideau, weakened by swamp fevers, and most of all, hurt by the indifference of his king and the king's ministers. John By secretly nursed a broken heart. In 1836 he died, in his early fifties. Only one of his daughters survived him. She became Lady Ashburnham, and a part of Ottawa was named for her. She left no heirs and John By's line is to-day extinct.

Ottawa, that owed so much to his vision and his enterprise, had not yet raised a memorial to his memory

Chapter XIII.

THE LAND OF WHITE PINE FORESTS

THE story of Canada is largely the story of reactions from forces set in motion far beyond the boundaries of the country itself. Every phase of her romantic history has been dictated by events which, in their origin, seemed to have no relationship to the vast, sleeping wilderness of North America. As people and events revolved around the pole stars of each succeeding age, as forces of human history swelled and surged and ebbed away, they set in motion tides of influence that washed upon Canadian shores and set astirring new floods of life and energy.

The Napoleonic war had a tremendous influence upon the course of Canadian history. Apart from the welding influence of the war of 1812, apart from the era of military settlement, apart from the great migratory movements that came in the wake of post-war depression in Europe, there was another by-product of war which had an inestimable significance for Canada.

You will remember that in 1799 Philomen Wright

saw in his mind's eye a thousand ships freighted with timber from the Ottawa sailing out to sea. Now, strangely enough, events were about to develop that were to vindicate that audacious dream.

England depended on the Baltic countries for wood. Part of Napoleon's policy was to ally all the Baltic countries into a unit against England. In 1801 came the battle of Copenhagen, during which Nelson put the glass to his blind eye and did not see the order to retreat. It was then and there that England temporarily broke up the conspiracy against her. Surely the battle of Copenhagen was far enough removed from the affairs of the Ottawa Valley,—or was it?

In 1807 England went to the extraordinary length of laying siege to the capital of Denmark once again, although she was not at war with the Danes. She reduced the city to chaos and took the whole Danish navy to England in hostage against the renewal of the Baltic conspiracy aimed at her sovereignty

But even while the British fleet was sailing out of English waters, towards the coast of Denmark, a raft of timber was floating down the Ottawa. Both were bound on the same errand—securing a supply of timber for United Kingdom. While the Danish navy sailed prisoner to England, the first of Philomen Wright's ten

thousand ships of Ottawa timber was sailing towards England, too, from the west.

There had been some trade in Canadian timber from the year 1650 and Intendant Talon, whose genius seemed to touch so many of the fundamentals of Canadian expansion, was responsible for the first rafts floated down to Quebec from the shores of the St. Lawrence and St. Maurice But any French-Canadian could tell you that it was impossible to bring timber from the Ottawa Valley to tidewater The rapids were impassable, the Lachine rapids, the Long Sault Rapids and the Chaudiere.

However, as soon as Philomen Wright had his colony well established and self-supporting, he took time to consider that old, haunting dream of his about the white pine, the oak and all the other great timbers of the Ottawa. The white pine was the most valuable and the whole Ottawa Valley was a great forest of towering pines, many of them reaching like church spires two hundred feet into the air There were eighty thousand square miles of forests in the land drained by the Ottawa and its tributaries, and a vast variety of timber, ash, birch, elm, maple, red and white tamarac, basswood, butternut and hickory, groves of cedar, and many more.

In the fall of 1806 Wright set a gang of men to

work cutting white pine and drawing it to the river shores. In the spring of 1807, it was floating in cribs before the village of Hull. He supervised the building of the raft himself and with a chosen crew he set off towards Quebec, three hundred miles away.

It must have been a pleasant trip for the first sixty-odd miles between Hull and the Long Sault. The crew lived in shacks aboard the raft and navigation over the smooth, broad river was simple enough. The Long Sault was the big problem to be solved. The raft had to be broken up into cribs again and since the thing had never been done before, the navigating of them over the rapids was all guess work. It took Wright and his men thirty five days to get the timber from still-water above to still-water below They learned eventually to get a raft through in twenty-four hours.

At the foot of the Long Sault the raft was reconstructed. They floated on down to the junction of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence Now, about three-quarters of the Ottawa flows northward of Montreal while the other quarter sweeps around through St. Anne's rapids and Lachine rapids to the south Instead of attempting to travel to the south of the island, Philemen Wright decided to drift down north of the island. He had explored the route and it seemed feasible.

No wonder Montreal had never shown any enthusiasm for this Ottawa timber project. It meant the timber would go to Quebec, direct, instead of going to Montreal to freight the ships in that port.

Wright carried out the scheme that everyone had condemned and it was probably the proudest moment of his adventurous life when he saw that raft of Ottawa pine tied up in a cove at Quebec. Moreover, it was actually cheaper to get timber down by the new route to Quebec than it would be to take it to Montreal. The principle had been established. Wright was the Columbus of the timber trade.

Timber was to that age what coal and iron are to this. The world still travelled in wooden ships and lived in wooden houses, for steel and concrete construction was far off in the future. So great was the need and so profitable the market that within two years, in 1809 Canada had developed so big a timber business that for the first time in her history she had a favorable balance of trade.

Suddenly the timber business was of tremendous importance to the colonies. Thousands were sent into the bush to cut timber and drive the rafts down to Quebec. An army of shipbuilders went to work at Quebec to provide ships for the trade, and presently Quebec was the greatest timber port in the world.

The timbering in the Ottawa Valley exceeded Wright's wildest expectations. The lonely valley he had invaded was now alive with enterprise. New towns grew up around the portages and much of the land that was cleared of timber was turned into farmlands by the settlers that came on the trail of the lumber men.

There was work for everybody. Frenchmen, Irishmen, Scots and Yankees made up the picturesque population of the forests and never had the savages been more jealous of their tribal rights and dignities than were the shantymen of their national honors. A Frenchmen's slur on an Irishman's ancestry, or a Yankee sneer at a Frenchman's pride, or worst of all, any word casting a slighting reference on anything pertaining to a Scot, and a river feud raged furiously until bloody noses, and black eyes, or worse, had wiped out the stain.

Shantymen was the name applied in general to all who worked at cutting, hauling or driving timber. A "shanty" was a unit by which men figured in the trade. A shanty comprised thirty or forty men, food supplies, oxen and so on, for one camp for a winter.

Timber limits were sold at auction at about a dollar or a dollar and a half a square mile. The lease holder had cutting rights only and the land belonged to the crown. He paid a tax on every foot of timber he cut.

Timber limits were supposed to be ten miles square, or a hundred square miles of forests. Actually they were often two or three times that size. Indians and breeds were employed as scouts and explored the timbers. They had to possess a keen sense of timber values, for much depended on their reports on "stands" of timber. A "shanty" was located in the heart of a promising "stand" and did a winter's work within reach of the camp.

After the trees were felled they were "squared." Some of these squared timbers were as much as three feet square, and the average was about twenty inches. The man with the broadaxe who cut away the bark and the surplus wood was an artist in his way. He had a hand and an eye that worked in perfect unison, and a log squared by the wide, thin axe in the hands of an expert timber cutter was a thing to marvel at.

The men who went into the bush to cut timber were a hardy lot. They were described as having "the stomach of a locomotive and the appetite of a sawmill." They lived on salt pork, "petrified" biscuit and tea that would "peel the tongue off a buffalo." Each man was allowed one to two pounds of tea a week. Great fistfuls of the delicate Chinese herb were flung into pots of cold water and boiled, to prepare it for the taste of the lum-

berjack. On this and salt pork four times a day he flourished.

Once the squared timbers had been piled on the ice of the tributary streams, much depended upon the whims of Mother Nature. A quick, impetuous spring, with the snow melting fast and gushing into floods in the streams made the shantyman roar with delight. The timber flowed out on the flooded streams and was speeded away down the river. But a long, slow spring, and the moisture melting away into the earth meant too little water to carry the timber away.

As soon as the timber reached sufficient depth and width of water the lumbermen made it up into "cribs." Twenty "sticks" of squared timber made a crib, held together by other unpeeled logs with traverse timbers to hold them all together. The squared timbers could not be damaged by nails or pegs, and as they were loose, the cribs were loaded with other timbers in order to produce enough friction to keep the "sticks" from slipping out of place.

Oak, being heavier than the water it displaced, required the help of other lighter wood to make the crib buoyant.

At some places the cribs had to be broken up to go over falls, and at such places the oak had to be hauled

around by the portage, else it would be driven down under the falls and stay there.

The Chaudiere was one of the places where the oak had to be hauled overland.

One of the engineering works undertaken simultaneously with the building of the Union Bridge and the canal, was the construction of a timber slide, on the south side of the river, to carry the cribs from the top of the falls to the foot without the damage and danger involved during the twenty years that river drivers had been bringing timber down the Ottawa. John MacTaggert was intrigued with the timber trade and writes

"The scene of passing rafts down the Big Kettle is one of the most beautiful we can look at. The lumbermen cautiously proceed from off Rafting Bay above the Falls, with the raft, to which a boat is attached. When they have pushed sufficiently out, and come between a small island and the Great Cauldron, where the suction begins, they hurry into the boat and make for the island, leaving the raft to its fate. Away it comes, and when descending into the Big Kettle it generally makes a somersault in magnificent style and spreads amid the foam, every log swimming by itself. Sometimes the raftsmen will venture too far and in the hurry to get

into the boat are caught in the descending ripple, nothing for them to do but to fly into the rock which stands at the head of the Falls, and when there it is a business of great difficulty to bring them off to the mainland. Three men had almost died of hunger before this could be effected; at length the log thrown drifted to the rock, to which a rope was fastened, they got upon it, stride legs, having bound themselves by the rope, and so were dragged through the waterfall, on the brink of the Kettle, to the shore, by their anxious friends."

The owners marked every "stick" and the government tax on the timber was collected at the Chaudiere, since everything had to come this way. In return the government had to maintain portages and eventually to build and maintain the timber slides.

From 1807 until 1827 the portages north and south of the Chaudiere were busy and picturesque places. Not even the building of the canal perturbed the river men for they were curiously indifferent to the engineering work that was in progress. They went on with their river-driving, content with the plentiful excitement that their own occupation provided them.

On a long stretch of still water, the river drivers bound as many as fifty cribs into a raft, using young

birch saplings, tough and supple, to tether them together. The raft might have to be broken up and bound together again a dozen times between Lake Temiscaming and the coves of Quebec. On board the raft they built bark cabins and on beds of sand they built fires and did their cooking. Sometimes they erected sails and made use of the winds. The average trip to Quebec was seven hundred miles. From Allumette Island was eight hundred miles. Before the building of timber slides it sometimes required two seasons to get the wood to tidewater, but with good slides, roads and dams to control the water levels the trip was frequently reduced to six weeks. The first of the slides was built beneath one of the spans of the Union Bridge near the south shore. Three years later Wright built one of his own on the north shore. They were controlled by dams. They may still be seen and Ottawa has had many a day's excitement over the running of the slides. It was often part of the program for distinguished visitors. One crib went down in the summer of 1860 with the boyish Prince of Wales aboard and the royal standard flying overhead.

The river driver's life was one of perpetual chance and frequently, when a raft arrived at Quebec, it brought sad news of the loss of some reckless lumberjack.

When jams occurred and held up the progress of the drive, hundreds of men congregated along the portages and trouble was likely to develop. The most dramatic moment of the riverman's life was the breaking of a jam.

When the logs went over a falls or rapids, sometimes one would wedge itself in behind some rock in such a way that logs behind it were caught and held stationary. More logs would plunge down behind the barricade and the force of the white water would prevent them from moving off. Hour by hour the timber would pile up until it towered thirty or forty feet in the air. Sometimes the stream would be choked and the water back up behind it and flood the shores. The thing to be done was to break the jam and to do that was the most spectacular feat in the life of a shantyman.

An expert knew where to look for the key log but when he set out to cut it away he was offering his life a sacrifice to chance. Bare footed, with his red flannel shirt stripped off and an axe in his brawny hands, he set off over the fantastic pile to locate the log that had caused all the trouble. High above him towered the palisade that might at any moment crash and grind him to pieces. A long rope, fast about his waist, was held by the men on shore. Gauging the strength of the log, the

force of the stream and the distance from shore he set his axe to work. When it had bitten part way through the key log he flung the axe from him and leaped nimbly back from log to log towards safety. With an awful grinding, muttering roar the jam broke and river and logs rushed down stream to freedom. But if he had misjudged any one of the elements involved, the lumberjacks on shore hauled on the rope and brought his gallant, mangled body back and laid it in a lonely grave beside the portage.

The jam was the supreme test of a riverman. The hero of such an exploit was a marked man from Quebec to the headwaters of the Ottawa. Sometimes his praises were sung in river ballads in the long dark nights in the lumber camps.

They had a rude sense of humor, these hard-fisted woodsmen and there was a trick they played on greenhorns which taught them to beware of unnatural gallantry in the wilderness. When they discovered a new crew on the river, waiting at the head of a waterfall to pass down their timbers, they always graciously allowed them precedence. The greenhorns, unsuspicious, accepted the precedence and shot their timbers over into the foam. Laughing to themselves, the old timers watched the timbers filling up the crevices and locking

themselves into nooks and crannies among the rocks. Then they followed with their own timber when a good channel had been created for them to pass straight through into stillwater below. The greenhorns had the trouble of picking and prying their logs out of the eddies and shoals while the others speeded on towards Quebec.

Once the Rideau canal was finished two thousand Irish laborers were released from work. Many of them settled down to farm along the route of the canal, but most of them went into the woods and became shantymen. They were an unruly, quarrelsome lot and between them and the French-Canadians was a deep-rooted and bitter antipathy which still crops up occasionally to-day Open feuds were bound to develop and Bytown was the headquarters for the campaign.

Roughly, between the years of 1837 and 1845 was the period of the Shiners' War. The Irish, particularly skilful with the handling of oak in the mills were called "cheneurs" by the French. Thu became corrupted into "shiners," and so Shiners the Irish came to be called by themselves and everybody else.

The Shiners decided to oust the French-Canadians from the timber camps altogether and they set out to make life so uncomfortable for them wherever they

came in contact with the Irish that the sons of Erin would eventually have a monopoly in the timber trade. They had a playful way of entering the home of a Frenchman and moving all his furniture away, or of breaking up a funeral, or undressing children on the street and sending them home naked. Naturally there were retaliations, and Bytown was treated to as riotous a decade as any frontier town could boast. Legend says many a Shiner and many a Shiner's rival ended his days in the Big Kettle.

Chapter XIV

THE GREY SISTERS

ON Sussex street, opposite Nepean Point, and close neighbor to the Archives and the Royal Mint, is a vast grey stone mass of buildings that house the activities of the Grey Nuns. The building facing on Sussex street is the mother house for the Ottawa district. It has a quaint monastic air, with its gabled windows and great sundial on the wall, that makes it seem much older than it is, older than the history of Ottawa.

Interwoven with the story of the city is this convent which has dispensed so much of devoted service to the poor and needy for nearly nine decades but traditions on which that service was founded goes back much farther. The founder of the order of Grey Nuns was Marie Marguerite Dufrost de la Jammerais. She was the great-granddaughter of the doughty Pierre Boucher who governed Three Rivers and wrote a book on New France before he retired to the seigneury of Boucherville to bring up a big family of good Canadians. Her mother was Marie Renée de Varennes, a sister of La

Verendrye, the celebrated explorer, the first to build trading posts as far west as the site of Winnipeg, and who explored the prairies. Her father was a nobleman from near St. Malo in Brittany, so Marie Marguerite mingled good bourgeois and colonial blood with the blood of the ancient aristocracy and the result was very good.

Marie Marguerite was most unhappily married, and at twenty-nine she was left a widow with a great many debts to pay and two children to support. She paid the debts and raised her sons to be priests and then turned her energies to works of charity in Montreal. It is said that one day in winter, as she was walking on the outskirts of the town, she discovered the body of an infant which had been killed and thrown into a ditch. The little body was frozen into the ice. The horror of the incident made her resolve to devote herself to the care of the unfortunates. The story is long and dramatic, but Madame d'Youville, as she then was, succeeded in founding an order of uncloistered nuns. Her struggle against indifference and even against deliberate attempts to wreck her plans, is one of the romances of the eighteenth century. The few young women she gathered around her before the order was officially established wore sober grey habits. Many sneered at

these sisters of charity and called them "les Soeurs Grises" *grise* having in French a double meaning—grey, and drunken. When the church finally sanctioned the work, she adopted the grey habits as the habit of the order and proudly bore the name bestowed in malice. The Grey Nuns they are to this day, when they have scores of great institutions all over the Dominion. They took in the sick, the crippled, the fallen women and abandoned children, the insane and all the driftwood of French colonial life. The sisters did needlework, sold vegetables and tobacco and began all sorts of curious enterprises such as a brick yard, and the first ferry to Longueuil. Whenever their were calls for help from the ever lengthening frontier, the Grey Nuns went where no others could go, for being uncloistered, their order did not demand the same conventual seclusion that other orders must have. In 1844 a little band went to the Red River and pressed on, in after years, to the far places of the north, Mackenzie River, Lake Athabaska, Great Slave Lake and all the farther frontier points where there was need of their endless services.

In 1845 they sent out a brave little band of nuns to Bytown and although it was not far away from Montreal, it was in very truth a great adventure. Bytown was a place with a most disreputable name.

Rioting and bloodshed and hard living were the common lot. The sisters folded their hands serenely beneath their wide sleeves and agreed demurely to go and live among the quarrelsome French and Irish

The story of their journey from Montreal is not the least romantic in their records. They set out in sleighs from Montreal and drove up the old road to Carillon and Grenville, and thence on the ice of the river, the route that Wright and his people had come so long before. For one pleasant night they were the guests of Louis Joseph Papineau in his great seigneury of La Petite Nation. Next day they drove on, a long, hard, drive towards their destination. They must have been cold and weary when they rounded the mouth of the Gatineau and neared Bytown but all that was instantly forgotten at the evidence of the welcome that was waiting for them. Their eyes must have grown bright with tears of gratitude and excitement for dashing down the river was a procession of sleighs, toboggans, wagons, drawn by every variety of horse, from high stepping thoroughbreds to plodding old nags. There were no fewer than eighty vehicles to form a guard of honor and to escort them back to Bytown.

Two little houses, set side by side were their headquarters for that winter Their leader was Elizabeth

Bruyere, a girl of twenty-seven years of age, and there were four others. Their first and chief task was to establish a hospital. After that came schools, orphanages and refuges.

No sooner were they safely settled and their little hospital in working order than they found themselves thrust into the maelstrom of that terrible year, the typhus epidemic of 1847.

From the year it was opened the Rideau canal was the chief highway by which the increasing tide of emigrants flowed from Europe into Upper Canada and the American west. Countless thousands of unhappy victims of conditions in Europe turned their hopeless faces towards the big, empty land of Canada for succor. War, depression, trade revolutions, famine, plagues, all augmented the social upheaval of Europe in the early nineteenth century. Up to 1847 immigration into Canada had been fairly orderly but the terror of that year threw all systems to the winds.

A writer in the Canadian Historical Review, Frances Moorhouse, says that "there is something grimly humorous in the contrast between the conscious nationalism of the migration planned by government officials and philanthrophists and the headlong movements which actually took place. Emigrants were not as a rule men

who could afford political preference; they wanted land and to live wherever work and a living could be found."

Bytown had suffered grimly in 1832 from the first cholera epidemic and it never outgrew its terror of the immigrant ships. The rebellion of '37 for a while checked the flood but in the forties the tide flowed again. Canada welcomed them and gave them practical help. Her immigration schemes were the most sane and helpful in history up to that day. In 1842, forty-four thousand immigrants came into the country. But in 1847, after the failure of the Irish potato crops, ninety thousand swarmed into the colonies.

Now, normal years of immigration were bad enough. Helpless and destitute people walked the streets of the cities and trailed forlornly from town to town. But that year little ships left from every port in the British Isles and the starving, penniless people simply stampeded. Theretofore most of the immigrants had travelled in timber ships that sought cargoes for the eastward trip. Now, with the repeal of the corn laws, the grain ships were in search of passengers, too. One pound of starchy food a day, issued twice a week, was all they were compelled to provide the passengers.

On the eighth of May, 1847, the first plague-infested ship dropped anchor in Quebec harbor. Within

three weeks, eighty-four ships had clogged the machinery of immigration and transportation in that port. The government had provided extra money, extra men and tents for ten thousand at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, but nothing they could do could prevent the inevitable. The stench, the clamor, the misery, created a new Inferno. The migration included the sweepings of the Irish countryside and English industrial cities,—idiots, the old and decrepit, the undernourished and the incapable, swarmed up the St. Lawrence and to Ottawa. Canada protested. She was not to be a dumping ground for public charges from the old land. Her fair and wholesome land was not to be defiled by either the mentally or morally unfit. But protest as she would, the misery of the newcomers had to be contended with.

In Bytown the tireless nuns grappled with the problem sick and dying and destitute. . . . . .

Yet within a generation thousands upon thousands of these people, thrown up like driftwood upon Upper Canada were living happy, prosperous, wholesome lives on their own land. Many of them settled around Bytown and became good farmers. The raising of the standard of living, the levelling of masses upward, was part of the miracle of the new land.

To-day the Grey Nuns have a great General Hospital, homes for the poor and the aged, orphanages, boarding schools, academies and scores of parochial schools in and about Ottawa. The mother house was begun in 1849 and has a quaint old French air

As we see them walking demurely about Ottawa today in their eighteenth century habits, their modest white headdresses covered with black coifs and veils, their wide grey serge skirts almost sweeping the ground, their energetic, black shod feet tripping the modern streets of the capital, their silver crucifixes on their breasts, they are dramatic as well as romantic figures. They are not only devoted nuns, but they are great and enterprising women.

Chapter XV

THE SPIRES OF OTTAWA

THE first man to build a cabin on the actual site of Ottawa was an Englishman, John Burrows Honey. He hailed from Plymouth and he left England because he held both religious and political views that were abhorrent to a great many people of his time. He was both Methodist and Whig, and both were terms of reproach in the first decades of the nineteenth century. In his time the Whigs openly admired the leaders of the French Revolution and commended many of the aims and objects of European radicals, in spite of the fact that quite the worst thing a Tory could call a political enemy was "republican." But to be a Methodist as well as a Whig was to make John Burrows Honey thoroughly undesirable in the eyes of the diehards of his generation, and after a great deal of controversy and conflict, the young man sought peace and freedom, as so many had done before him, in the virgin lands of the new world

Sometime about 1819 he built his lonely little log cabin on the heights above the Chaudiere in the vicinity

of Lyon and Wellington streets of to-day. There in the clearing he grew his flowers and his vegetables and fostered the faith in which he had been raised.

In the summer of 1826 he sold his land to Nicholas Sparks. If he had kept it a few months longer, John Burrows Honey might have become a wealthy man, but it was Sparks' good fortune to be the owner of two hundred of acres of land on the site of the new town that By founded that very autumn.

Meantime, John Burrows had dropped Honey from his name in order to escape completely from the old associations of Plymouth and it was as John Burrows that he applied to Colonel By for employment on his staff. He was a trained and competent man and By was glad to avail himself of his services. For more than twenty years, from then until his death in 1848 John Burrows remained on the staff of the Royal Engineers.

Apparently among the troops of the Royal Engineers there were many of the reformed religion and suddenly, from being a solitary settler in the middle of a virgin forest, John Burrows found himself the leader of the Methodist movement in Bytown. A certain Sergeant Coombs was a lay preacher and Burrows, at his own expense, put up a little wooden chapel where Methodist services could be held, as early as 1827. When

the chapel was burned the Methodists used, for a while, a little schoolhouse where Miss Napps held sway during the week days over the first school children of Bytown. At other times Burrows opened his own home to the Methodists as a place of service, until they were able to build themselves a substantial church. The Methodist was the first church in Bytown.

When John Burrows died he was buried across the river in Hull. Thirty four years later his bones were brought back across the Ottawa and buried in Beechwood cemetery in 1882. He rests in a little plot, just beyond the southeast corner of the new mausoleum, but no stone marks his resting place. First citizen of Ottawa, Father of the Methodist church on the south shore, he deserves a memorial to his stout faith and his pioneering courage. Those who look back to that little home on the rocks above the Chaudiere for the interest that first things create about themselves, will pay a secret tribute to John Burrows, Whig and Methodist.

Burrows' family rose with the fortunes of Ottawa and were closely associated with the political and social life of the nineteenth century. Some years since a grandson became Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

The Presbyterians followed closely on the heels of

the Methodists and they too, took shelter in Miss Napps' little school until they built a little church in the year 1828

While Anglicans and Catholics held services from time to time in Bytown, neither of the churches built homes for themselves there until the year the canal was completed.

Father Heron was the priest who said the first mass in Bytown, in 1827 and in 1832 the first Roman Catholic chapel was built on the site of the present basilica.

Within a decade of the founding of that modest little chapel the Roman Catholics began the building of the grey stone church that, after ninety years, has developed into the great basilica whose twin silver spires, slender and lofty, are land marks of Ottawa. Of recent years the interior of the church has been very richly decorated. The nave is very lofty and the chancel walls are completely covered with carved niches and figures of the saints. Much of the wood carving in the church was done in Ottawa by native craftsmen.

When Nicholas Sparks set aside a piece of land for an Anglican church on the top of the limestone cliff that overlooked Richmond Landing and the Le Breton

Flats, the trees had to be cleared away to make space for the little church that was to accommodate the new congregation. In 1932 that church, as Christ Church Cathedral, is celebrating its centenary The stone church that the congregation erected to replace the first little building, is a fine piece of Gothic architecture.

The interior is dignified, with its lofty nave divided from the side aisles by rows of clustered columns, their capitals carved in fruits and flowers. The walls bear memorials to many a pioneer and many of the furnishings of the church are placed there to recall men and women who played valiant parts in the history of Ottawa.

The great window over the altar is a memorial to Nicholas Sparks, who died in 1862, to Sarah his wife, and their son and daughter, Mary Wright and Nicholas, Jr.

One of the most interesting churches in Ottawa is quaint little St. Bartholomew's on MacKay street, just outside the grounds of Rideau Hall. It is like a little country parish church in England, with seats for only two hundred and fifty people but it is the church attended by the Governor-General and his staff The little son of Lord and Lady Bessborough, the first child to be born to Rideau Hall in many years, was christened here.

Its memorials recall the line of viceregal worshippers that have occupied the Rideau Hall pews. There is a window erected by the Duke of Connaught in memory of the members of his staff who fell in the Great War, including Lt.-Col. F. D. Farquhar, commander of the celebrated Canadian regiment, The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. It was named for the lovely daughter of the Duke, who worked the regimental colors with her own hands and lent a touch of old-fashioned romance to the raising of the crack troops who were the first Canadians in action in France.

There are dozens of brass and bronze plates in the church commemorating men and women who have served in various capacities in the wars in which Canada has been involved.

Chapter XVI.

THE CAPITAL

ONCE the building of the canal was completed, little Bytown was left to its own devices. Transportation was established between Montreal and Kingston, and Bytown was just "a hole in the woods" on the way. It depended on local enterprise whether Bytown was to sink into the level of a backwoods village or whether it would grow into a lusty little town.

The first important figure in industrial Bytown was MacKay, the partner of Redpath of Montreal, in a contracting firm employed on the canal. MacKay was a master mason who "scorns to shun any work" as one of the Royal Engineers recorded with satisfaction. MacKay liked the country he was helping to open up and he secured for himself a thousand acres of land just east of the Rideau River, which he planned to settle and develop.

His first enterprise was a sawmill, to which he added a grist mill and then a distillery. By this time there were streets laid out and the little settlement was named

New Edinburgh. In the course of a few years he built woollen mills and manufactured cloth and blankets. At the Exposition of All Nations in London in 1850 blankets from MacKay's mills took a gold medal.

Meantime, in 1837, MacKay built himself a beautiful home in the midst of his settlement and named it Rideau Hall. The settlers and mill hands called it the Castle and MacKay was regarded as a veritable lord of the manor.

New Edinburgh prospered with all this activity and at length in 1866 it was incorporated as a village. Two years afterwards Rideau Hall and some ninety acres of land passed into the hands of the Canadian government to be used as Government House and the official residence of the governor-general. So, actually, the viceregal home and court in the young Dominion was in MacKay's village of New Edinburgh. In 1878 Rideau Hall became a royal residence when Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria came to Ottawa as the wife of the Marquis of Lorne, newly appointed governor-general. Three decades later it was occupied by a brother of the Princess Louise, the Duke of Connaught. It was not until twenty years after Rideau Hall became government house that New Edinburgh was incorporated as Rideau Ward of the City of Ottawa.

Another famous residence was Earnscliffe, built by MacKay's son-in-law, MacKinnon, who was associated with him in his enterprises. Earnscliffe became the residence of Sir John A. Macdonald and it was from the old house that lady Macdonald took her title, when, after the death of Sir John, Queen Victoria created his widow Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe.

In the 1840's the land held in reserve since By's day, for possible fortifications to protect the canal, was restored to its original owner, Nicholas Sparks. It was an important event, for Sparks extended Sparks street from Bank street to the canal and added a series of streets to the southward, so that now, for the first time Upper Town and Lower Town were welded into one.

But in spite of all these things, the prospects for Bytown were not nearly as bright as its citizens would have liked them to be. Bytown talked of the Ottawa Ship Canal to Georgian Bay and grimly argued for this new development that would extend the northwestern frontiers of trade so that Bytown would enjoy an enhanced importance as a halt way port.

But events were moving steadily on. Established trades were failing and making place for new ones. Once the whale oil fisheries had failed in the face of the new fangled gas lighting schemes, and now timber

ships were giving place to steel ships, and the timber trade was threatened, just as canals were giving way before the invading railways. Machinery, steam and education were all at work together and consequently the nineteenth century was in a state of turmoil. The slim little princess who had come to the throne of England so soon after the Rideau canal was finished, had her hands on the reins of a new and very restive age.

By far the most crucial decade in the town's history was the 1850's. It was in that decade that the first mills were built at the Chaudiere. The "Asitcou" the Great Kettle of the Algonquins, was set to simmering for the employment of white men. Mills meant work for many, and new homes to be provided for, and in general a great impetus to development and expansion in the little town.

The decade ushered in a picturesque generation of men. Bronson and Weston were among the first to establish big mills; Levi Young was another. In 1854 Ezra Butler Eddy of Vermont rented a small stone building from Alonzo Wright and began to make matches, clothes pins and wash boards. Later on he bought an island on the Hull side of the Falls and went from one enterprise to another until to-day the Eddy mills, in picturesque groups along the north shore, com-

prise forty factories and workshops, manufacturing every conceivable sort of wood and paper products.

Shortly after Eddy set up for himself, along came a tall young man named John R. Booth. He was born at Waterloo, Quebec, and at twenty-five was working in a mill at Hull as a carpenter at nine dollars a week. He, also, rented a little mill in partnership with a lad named Robert Dollar and began to manufacture split shingles. His mill burned down and he moved to the Ottawa side of the river, got a contract for supplying lumber for the new parliament buildings and in the course of time was employing two thousand hands in his Ottawa factories and four thousand men in his timber limits,—limits as large as some of the petty kingdoms of Europe. John R. Booth earned his title of King of the Ottawa. He built a railway with his own money from Ottawa to Parry Sound, five hundred miles through a wilderness of rock and water and bush, and then had to buy a fleet of ships to feed it with freight. John R. Booth died in 1925 at the age of ninety-five, still a simple, direct and powerful man, about whom a vast store of legend has grown up.

One of these anecdotes which throws a good deal of light on the man and his times, tells how, when he drove up into one of his camps, he gave the man who tended

his horse a fifty cent tip. Booth's son, who also had occasion to make the same trip frequently, always tipped the old man a dollar. One day the man thought he would point out the difference to John R. Booth.

"Your son always gives me a dollar, Mr. Booth," he ventured.

"Well, that's different, you see," said the millionaire, "that boy has a father, but I'm only an orphan."

Eddy was much the same type of business pioneer, and between them, one on the north shore and one on the south shore, they built up two huge businesses, with ramifications that brought a much needed prosperity to Ottawa.

The Chaudiere was dammed and a big power project provided electrical energy that insured Ottawa a place as a modern city.

Meantime, to go back to the crucial fifties, Ottawa had grown, on the impetus of the new mills, to be a city of ten thousand people. It was incorporated, and discarded its old name of Bytown for the more dignified and euphonious one of Ottawa,—"a name as old as Troy or Rome."

There was one fair chance to ensure Ottawa's fortunes against the ups and downs of industrial life, but the first step towards its realization was to secure rail-

way communication with the rest of the country In winter time Ottawa was cut off from communication with the outside except by stage coach to Prescott, fifty miles away, through which the trunk line of the railway ran. To lay a railroad over that fifty miles of intervening countryside was the immediate ambition of the citizens.

The town raised a fund of fifteen thousand pounds, and MacKay and MacKinnon came handsomely to their assistance, provided the line ran through New Edinburgh. Even so, there was not enough money and Ottawa had to borrow heavily from the government. The first train ran into Ottawa in 1854.

Their troubles were only beginning. The ten thousand people could not liquidate their civic debts. At one time the sheriff seized the locomotive and sold it to meet a judgment on a railway debt. Fortunately for the history of Ottawa, the man who bought it rented it back to the railway. There was not enough traffic to pay the running expenses. Eventually the company went into bankruptcy and the city defaulted on its bonds.

It was part of the grandiose dreams of Ottawa to be a metropolis. Another part was the building of the Georgian Bay canal to connect Lake Superior with the

sea by way of the Ottawa. Fifty thousand dollars was actually voted and work begun on the stretch of canal just west of Ottawa. Ottawa was determined to leave no stone unturned to save itself from obscurity.

The canal is still a dream, but the railway at least served its ultimate purpose. Whether it was paid for or not, the fact remained that there was a communication between the main line of travel and Ottawa. Then the city promptly set out to bag the biggest prize of all.

Four cities had been contending for capital honors. Quebec, which had always been a capital, from the days of the infancy of the colony until the union of the provinces in 1841, contended for the right to have parliament established there on the grounds of priority Kingston, that had hoped, from the foundation of the province of Upper Canada, to be made the capital, advanced all its old claims. York, Simcoe's capital, stoutly maintained that there was the only logical site for the legislative buildings. Montreal, on the other hand claimed to be the metropolis and therefore the proper home of parliament. Parliament was reduced to the undignified process of travelling from one city to another while the voters quarrelled among themselves.

Now Ottawa had nothing to live down, politically, as it had not yet had a chance to make any mistakes

in the matter of hospitality to the elected representatives of the country. So by judicious propaganda, started in the proper quarters, by a discreet diplomacy in political affairs, it prepared the way to succeed to the honors forfeited by the other ill-mannered cities. Nobody took Ottawa's pretensions very seriously. It was still "a hole in the woods." As a matter of fact, ever since the union of the provinces in 1841, the position was Ottawa was greatly enhanced. It put her actually in the heart of the country, instead of on the outskirts of a province. The river that had hitherto been a dividing line, was now a connecting link.

The Canadians having found it impossible to settle among themselves where the capital should be, it was agreed to submit the problem to the arbitration of the Queen. Victoria was to be asked to play a personal part in Canadian politics.

It was in the last month of 1857 that the matter was laid in her small and capable hands. She laid her finger—not without some guidance, one may guess—on the spot on the map that indicated the little city of Ottawa. There, said she, will be the capital of the United Canadas.

The uproar that ensued was compounded of amazement and unbelief Most ungallantly the Canadians

received the Queen's decision when, early in the year 1858, the news arrived. The royal referee was treated to a little mob petulance. It took the best part of two years to persuade Canadians to abide by the decision to make Ottawa the capital and permanent the home of parliament.

Goldwin Smith put it grimly and cynically, writing from the mellow red brick Grange in Toronto, when he said that Ottawa was "a sub Arctic lumber village converted by royal mandate into a political cockpit."

Ottawa, raised so unexpectedly into international importance, was a crude little town, all rough edges. Except for its natural setting, the wild beauty of its rivers, the eternal calm of the purple Laurentians, the nobility of its limestone cliffs, it had few claims to beauty or dignity. Its streets were wide, thanks to Colonel By, a few of its buildings had the simplicity of limestone and the Georgian tradition. Many of the merchants had large and substantial homes. Otherwise it was commonplace, its gardens uncared for, its roads very bad.

Once the way had been cleared, the town was all agog. The stone barracks that had stood for three decades on Barracks Hill was torn down and an army of men put to work to erect the truly beautiful series

of buildings which was to house the parliament of Canada. Thanks to some happy destiny, those responsible for the architecture of the buildings, in those precarious mid-Victorian days, spared Canada the awful fate that might have been hers and gave her instead a group of grey stone Gothic buildings that have been an honor to the nation ever since. The plan was a great quadrangle. The principal building contained the two chambers, the elective house of Commons and the Senate appointed for life. It stood along the brow of the cliff. To east and west were separate blocks of administrative offices. The fourth side was open to Wellington street.

As the grey walls and towers and turrets went up, built chiefly of stone found nearby, they seemed to conform to the rocky setting, the the Gothic tips had an affinity with the pointed pines of the country.

The work was begun late in 1859. In the summer of 1860 Canada was on the *qui vive* with excitement over the visit of the heir to the British throne. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, young, fair and debonair, took the country by storm. He came and saw and conquered. Wherever he has been, sons and daughters and grandchildren of the enthusiastic Victorians will show you chairs that he sat in or beds that he slept in or gloves that Grandmamma wore when she danced with him.

Ottawa outfitted itself with shiny new top hats, and small ruffled parasols and bought new plush settees for the drawingroom. The town band polished up its brass instruments and practised "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

The Prince's steamer came sailing up the river and a fleet of a hundred and fifty birch bark canoes paddled down to meet him and convoy him to his destination. The Prince was young enough and natural enough to be excited and pleased. The Indians had revived what they could of their primeval glory The lumbermen wore their checked trousers and scarlet shirts. They all sang the brave, noisy, river songs and paddled lustily for his royal pleasure.

They put up a huge timber arch of welcome, with not a nail in it, fragrant and golden, in the center of the city They took him to the Chaudiere and sent him down the slide on a crib of logs. They smiled at him and fluttered lace handkerchiefs along the route wherever he went, they danced with him and dined with him and finally, they took him up to Parliament Hill for the principal ceremony of his visit. He laid the corner stone of the main building, very solemnly and ceremoniously, a handsome boy, a little shy of all the ritual. Fifty-seven years later when the main block

was rebuilt after the fire, his brother the Duke of Connaught, came to the same spot and relaid the same stone.

It took six years to complete the buildings and in 1866, for the first time, the parliament of Canada found itself in its permanent home. And curiously enough that first session in Ottawa was the last session of the old colonial regime. The next parliament to sit there in 1867 was the parliament of confederation, and Ottawa found itself the capital of the Dominion of Canada. The old rivals, Quebec and Toronto, were both capitals again, each in their own provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and Ottawa had become a national city.

The coming of confederation to Ottawa was a truly dramatic incident. Not a drop of blood had been shed in the union of far flung colonies into a new nation. Ballots, not bullets, had decided the issue. It was a magnificent dream materialized by the young colonies, a piece of empire building that was to be the pattern for the whole commonwealth of British nations in the decades ahead.

When dusk fell on the last warm day of June, in 1867, the sun set for the last time on the old order of colonial rule. During the night lights twinkled from hundreds of Gothic windows in the parliament buildings. The Falls thundered out an anthem. It was a night of public joy and celebration.

In the first grey dawn of the first July day, a gun boomed the first shot of the salute across the valley Again . . . and again. . . . One hundred and one guns greeted the young Dominion on its birthday

At the signal, golden tongues of flame leaped into the sky from Nepean Point and all up and down the river everyone knew that the hour had struck. People cheered in the streets and the bells clamored and clanged the news.

It was the gayest day in Ottawa's history The troops were out in their brilliant uniforms with belts white with pipe clay and brass buttons agleam. They marched and manoeuvred, and strutted past bevies of belles in flowery poke bonnets and wide hooped skirts. There were teas and garden parties, dinners and dances and fantastic displays of fireworks in the evening. During the day the first trans-Atlantic cable message came from the Queen and the little town felt it was at last one of a world company.

Fifty years later when Canada should have been celebrating the golden jubilee of confederation, she was very much preoccupied with the war in France. So it was in 1927 that she celebrated the diamond jubilee instead. The cable from the Queen had been a tremendously important event in 1867. In 1927, sixty thousand

people stood in the quadrangle, overflowed into the streets around and listened to the ceremonies which were broadcasted not only to every corner of Canada, but to the whole listening world as well. In those sixty years the whole world had changed, the whole tempo of human life had speeded up. Ottawa had not even a horse car when parliament came to its home on Parliament Hill. But on that day of commemoration, Canada's war birds, with war honors thick upon their breasts, droned overhead in the bright blue sky.

Canada and its capital had grown up.

Chapter XVII

ON PARLIAMENT HILL

OTTAWA owes the greater part of its civic beauty to the presence of government, not alone to the buildings which house the various departments of government, but also to the support provided for parks and driveways.

Crown property is exempt from municipal taxation, but the government agreed that each year it would set aside a sum equal to that which would otherwise have accrued to the city in taxes, as a fund for the beautification of the capital. Consequently many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent upon the waterways, parks and drives, on bridges and lighting, to enhance the natural loveliness of Ottawa.

Ottawa has a national appeal. Canadians are beginning to realize that it is the heart of the nation, that it is the pride of British Columbians and Nova Scotians, quite as much as it is the pride of the Ottawa Valley. It is the national headquarters not only for government but for many nationally organized societies and public

commissions that travel parallel with government in the development and education of the national consciousness. It is the administrative center of such organization as the Royal Society of Canada, the Canadian Historical Association, the Canadian Geographical Society, the League of Nations Society, the Trades and Labor Council and many more of a similar nature.

As a consequence of this centralization of public life in Ottawa more and more travellers turn to the capital and each year its truly national character becomes more and more marked It is fortunate, then, that it has so many charms, quite apart from political or social significance and that so many are content to wander through its parks and public buildings for the sheer delight their beauty provides.

From whatever angle Ottawa is approached, railway or waterway, highway or skyway, the capital is dominated by the parliament buildings and more particularly by the Peace Tower The great monastic group, on the highest ground in the city, have an unmistakably feudal air. Beauty and dignity and romantic charm are the result of their whole character and setting. The Gothic architecture in which they were conceived was wholly suitable, for the very land itself seemed to demand the towers and turrets and pointed arches of the old northern tradition.

It is interesting to remember that this group of buildings so distinguished and so adequate for Canada's affairs of to-day, were conceived and executed three-quarters of a century ago. It was an age of great visions, an age that dreamed of a dominion from sea to sea when there were only a handful of quarrelsome colonies between Lake Huron and the Atlantic on which to base their vision. It was an age which dared to formulate the extremely modern political doctrine of national independence within a commonwealth of British nations, when the experiment had never been tried before. It was an age when men dared to build a railway across a thousand miles of uninhabited wilderness in the faith that the country would some day come into its own. So when Canadians could dream and dare as they did in the fifties and sixties, we need not be quite so surprised that this quadrangle of national buildings came into being under the impetus of their daring.

The central block of buildings was destroyed in a disastrous fire of mysterious origin in 1916. Several lives were lost and relics of irreplaceable historical value were destroyed. Fortunately the beautiful octagonal library was saved. So now as we approach the parliament from the great gates on Wellington street and cross the amphitheatre which is so fine a setting for

national pageantry, a flight of broad steps leads us to a terrace before the new main building.

This was replaced to resemble as closely as possible the original block. Naturally there were changes, to permit of expansion within, but it was done so skilfully that the magnificent new building falls into line with the original architectural scheme in the most natural way.

There are three entrances. The western entrance leads into a great hall with twin flights of stone stairs mounting to the corridor before the Commons chamber. Half way up the stairway hangs two portraits representing the two great political traditions in Canada. To the right is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the beloved leader of the Liberal party and one of the greatest of French-Canadians. He was a silver-tongued orator and a man of solid political and diplomatic reputation. Facing him is Sir John A. Macdonald in his costume as a privy councillor. Sir John was to the Conservative party what Sir Wilfrid was to the Liberal party. He was the most picturesque figure in all Canadian political history.

Sir John was the double of Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield. Shortly after Disraeli's death a friend of his was returning home in London, late in the evening and chanced to meet what seemed to him an apparition of

his old friend in his privy councillor's costume. Startled for the moment, he cast over in his mind who else among all the privy councillors could possibly so amazingly resemble the dead leader. Then he remembered the Canadian Premier had just been appointed to this high honor and he went on his way relieved to feel that Disraeli was not haunting London.

There are several other portraits and memorials above the stairs. One memorial recalls Lt.-Col George Harold Baker, a member of parliament, killed at Sanctuary Wood. Another is to M. Bowman Brown, the member for Yarmouth, killed in the fire of 1916.

The iron grill work over the doors and windows and in the fireplace furniture is well worth particular attention. It is from the studios of a Canadian iron worker, Paul Beau, who has done very fine things in this medium.

The Commons itself is a dignified room, with stone walls and high arched windows. It has a beautifully decorated ceiling and blends with the green carpeting and upholstering. The Commons is known as the Green Chamber in contradistinction to the Senate which is called, in common parlance, the Red Chamber. This is a business-like room, the carvings and ornamentation, the ceiling and deep gilded cornice, not quite so elaborate as in the Red Chamber. Above the Speaker's chair

are the visitors' galleries, behind five Gothic arches. Here the public may listen to the debates of parliament. The desks of the members are arranged on each side, and the parties, of course, divide themselves according to their political affiliations. Between the two banks of desks is the table where the mace lies during session. In Canada the mace has all the traditional circumstance and dignity of the mace in the British Commons, and the entry of the Speaker and his symbol of office is always accorded the most respectful attention.

Only one woman has ever sat in the Canadian Commons, although there has been equal franchise and plenty of opportunities since the war. Several have stood for election, but Miss Agnes MacPhail is the only one who has not only succeeded in securing a seat in the House, but in keeping it ever since. She is quite a remarkable woman who sits firmly in her place among her political friends and foes, and can be counted upon to take her full share of responsibility in debate and action. She has faced ridicule courageously and has developed consistently, which is more than can be said of all who take their places in the Green Chamber. She is an advocate of international peace and social reform and preaches her gospel with a will.

Along each side of the Commons are the members' lobbies.

From the Commons to the Senate a long, barrel-vaulted corridor leads the way, with windows overlooking the twin courts in the interior, since the building is in the form of a double quadrangle.

The Senate occupies the eastern end of the building and has an entrance corresponding to the Commons' entrance. Since the Canadian Senate corresponds to the British House of Lords, something of the tradition of the British upper house clings about this place. The hall is devoted to royal portraits. The best of them is probably the original portrait of John Partridge done when Queen Victoria was a young woman. He shows her as a girl queen, coroneted and bejewelled and in a white satin gown, but the heavy royal crown is set aside on a table nearby and instead of a sceptre she carries in her hand a red and a white rose. There is a miniature of her adored Albert on her wrist. There are also interesting copies of George the Third and Queen Charlotte from the originals of Reynolds.

The Senate Chamber is a sumptuous room in crimson. The richly carved Speaker's chair, under its embroidered canopy, was a gift from the English parliament. The Crown that surmounts it was carved from oak taken from the vault of Westminster Hall and dates back to the time of King Rufus. On the stone

walls are eight murals depicting scenes of Canadians serving in the Great War. They should be constant reminders of the sacrifices of youth to the mistakes of age, unless familiarity dulls the sensitivity of those who sit beneath them.

Senators are elected for life by the party in power Many of them are men distinguished by long careers of service to the nation. One woman sits in the Chamber in the same lonely state that surrounds Agnes MacPhail. Cairine Wilson of Ottawa has broken trail for Canadian women into this sedate Red Chamber.

Until some of the provinces established their own divorce courts of recent years, this was Canada's only divorce court. All the matrimonial difficulties of Canadians had to be brought up on the red carpet for the consideration of dozens of senators of every shade of religious and judicious thought. Several of the provinces still depend upon senatorial wisdom for the unravelling of such domestic difficulties.

One of the most dramatic episodes enacted in this Chamber was the presentation of the monster petition from the people of Canada to the League of Nations for world peace. The League of Nations Society set out to secure one petitioner for every Canadian who had served in the world war That meant five hundred

thousand names. At the end of the months of effort the objective was reached and passed. When the enormous books containing the petition was brought to the Senate under the escort of troops and military police, it was accepted by the Canadian Premier in an official ceremony that filled the Senate with the official and diplomatic world of Ottawa. There was a romance laid between those giant covers for some of the petition forms had the name of every man and woman in a parish, or every member of a household from a titled head to every last maid and gardener. Some of them were signed at great corporation meetings and contained names of the most celebrated business men in the country On one was every name but two of the white population of Yukon.

When it reached Geneva it was found that Canada had sent the greatest per capita appeal for peace of any nation in the world.

In the Senate the official opening of Parliament takes place It is a brilliant viceregal ceremony modelled on the opening of the British parliament by the King and Queen. The Governor-General and his lady drive to the Parliament Buildings in state with a display of military pomp and circumstance. Members of the government and their ladies and the diplomatic

circle are in attendance. The flash of jewels and orders, the sheen of brilliant costumes and the color of military uniforms make the ceremony perhaps the most colorful and formal of all public functions in America.

On each side of the Senate are picture galleries containing a succession of speakers from the Hon. William Smith, the first speaker of the legislative council of Upper Canada of 1791, to the last Speaker to leave the chair. There you will find Beverley Robinson, Speaker from 1830 to 1839, the period of the Family Compact's widest powers and injustices. He was one of the chief characters of the group which used its almost autocratic powers in Upper Canada until the Rebellion of '37 led to political and social reforms. It was a phase of the same struggle that was going on in Europe, for the old policy of power and privilege became entrenched in Canada in the making of the colony and Speaker Robinson was a Tory of the old school. There is also William Dummer Powell, another of the Family Company clique, who served before Robinson.

A picturesque Speaker was Sir Allan MacNab, the last exponent of the Family Compact. He was born in Niagara, a son of an officer of Simcoe's old regiment, the Queen's Rangers. He fought in the War of 1812 as a boy in his 'teens and for his services in the Rebellion

of '37 he was knighted. Later on in his career he was made a baronet. He was one of the picturesque characters of Upper Canada and lived in feudal state at his "castle" at Hamilton.

Among the modern Speakers is Raoul Dandurand, one of the most polished and distinguished of Canadian statesmen and Canada's representative at the League of Nations where he was able to lend his wisdom and experience in the original league of nations, the British Commonwealth of Nations, as well as the advantage of an inter-racial mind and a bilingual tongue. As familiar with American affairs as with British affairs, with the French mind as with the English mind, he was a man of rare gifts to lend to the League.

The finest portrait, from the point of view of the artist, is the only one in the collection painted by a woman. It is a study of Hon. Arthur C. Hardy, Speaker for a few months during 1930 and is by Lilias Torrance Newton of Montreal.

Chapter XVIII.

AT THE PEACE TOWER

THE main entrance to the building is through the base of the Peace Tower. When the old building was destroyed, work was immediately begun upon the new block which was to replace it, and work was still proceeding when peace put an end to the Great War. It was a happy thought to make the great tower a memorial to the dead and a symbol of the nation's desire for peace.

The tower was made fittingly beautiful, one of the really fine towers of America. It is detached from the main building and rises three hundred feet from the foundation stones to the base of the flag pole. The exterior has a richness of design and texture from the combination of the stone and Gothic ornament.

The tower serves several purposes. In addition to being an architectural climax to the parliament buildings, it is the national shrine of the war dead, and it is a carillon tower and a clock tower.

Access to the tower itself is through the main

entrance into the building and up a flight of stairs to the war shrine. What the cenotaph is to London, is this shrine to Canadians. Sixty thousand Canadians who died on war service overseas are commemorated here. Reverent thousands turn to the shrine every year, bare-headed and in silence, to ponder on its beauty, its peace and its significance.

Great wrought iron gates guard the chamber. Over the arched doorway are carved in relief in the stone the heads of animals that served the troops at the front. Suspended over the gates from the top of the arch is a large reproduction of the Silver Cross given to every woman who lost son or husband or father on service.

The shrine itself is richly ornamented in carved stone and stained glass. In the center is the altar stone, carved with the arms of Canada and surmounted with a golden framework, with kneeling winged figures at the angles, within which will be deposited the Book of Remembrance. The beautiful illuminated book will contain the names of all who died. There are three great windows set high in the walls and under each is a recess behind Gothic arches. The walls of these recesses are inscribed in the stone with the story of Canada's part in the great war. Beginning at the east side of the entrance is "The Call." Then comes a panel

with "The Crossing," and so on, with the record of each campaign and the names of the battles in which Canadians played their part. All the way round the story runs to "The Homecoming." Over every panel are scenes in relief depicting a variety of war incidents, and every angle, every capital is embellished with military badges and war decorations.

Opposite the door is carved a quotation from Colonel MacCrae's immortal war poem, *In Flanders Fields*, for this Canadian medical officer wrote one of the few great poems that came out of the war, as poignant in its simplicity and tragic emotions as Rupert Brooke's "If I should die. . . ."

The ceiling of the shrine is fan vaulted, inspired by the Henry the Seventh chapel in Westminster. The floor is made of stone from the battle fields where the Canadian army served.

The foundation stone of the Tower was laid in 1919 by the Prince of Wales and some years later the foundation stone of the altar was laid by Lord Byng of Vimy He was then Governor-General of Canada but for part of the war he commanded the Canadian Corps and he took his title of Baron Byng of Vimy from the heroic action in which the Canadians distinguished themselves at Vimy Ridge in 1917

In dramatic contrast to this room where the hush of sacrifice seems to imbue the very walls, in the tower immediately above hang the fifty-three bells of the great peace carillon. If remembrance of the war and all its bitter sacrifices is kept in silence here below, the message of peace is intended to be loud and insistent.

The bells were cast at Croydon in England and are of such an alloy that neither time nor climate can affect their perfect tones.

The art of tuning a carillon of bells was a seventeenth century growth among Dutch and Flemish bell founders. The art was lost in the nineteenth century and only recently rediscovered. The first accurately tuned carillon of modern bells was installed in the Memorial Tower of the University of Toronto in 1922 Perhaps the Great War may be credited with being responsible for the revival of the carillon, since the twentieth century found, in the beautiful tradition of the singing bells, a fitting memorial for the fallen

The Peace Carillon has for its largest bell one weighing 22,400 pounds. It is one hundred inches in diameter. The smallest bell is ten pounds and eight inches in diameter The range of the carillon is four and a half octaves. The total weight over sixty tons. The bells hang in a chamber a hundred and fifty feet above

the ground. The elevator that takes visitors up through the tower stops at various levels of the bell chamber and the great bells can be seen through wide glass doors.

The carillon was dedicated on July 1, 1927, on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, and the music was broadcasted far and near

In a little room, like a monk's cell, is the consol of the carillon where the bells are played with levers. By an interesting conjunction of events, when the Canadian Peace Carillon was ready for service a Canadian carilloner, the first and only Canadian to graduate from the Mechlin Carillon school, was ready to take his place at the consol. Percival Price is not only the first Canadian to graduate from the school, but the first non-European. From this little chamber he sends out into the air of the Ottawa Valley the great voices of the bells with their repertoire of ageless music.

Far above the bells is the clock with its four huge dials. It is regulated from the Dominion Observatory The hours are struck on the largest of the carillon bells which bears on it the words, in French and in English, "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will" The quarter hours are struck with the Westminster chimes.

From the clock chamber there are four exits to the

galleries behind the parapet. From them there are glorious views of the city and the valley. To the north are the blue Chelsea Hills, a spur of the Laurentians, with the gap where the Gatineau comes tumbling through. On the north shore lies industrial Hull, with the giant enterprise founded by the pioneers, Gilmour, Eddy, and their kin. Astounded indeed would those old timers be to see how many things, of which they never so much as dreamed, are manufactured in those factories out of wood and woodpulp. To the east are the copper roofs and the grey stone walls of the Chateau Laurier, looking like a castle in a fairy tale. There is the old canal, winding through the city, Nepean Point and the castellated Mint, the blue Ottawa streaming by towards the sea. On the south lies the great amphitheatre of Parliament Hill and the business section of the city. Beyond it the towers of the Victoria Museum and Art Gallery, rising out of a sea of green trees, make one think of Windsor Castle. Wherever the eye falls on Ottawa, the city seems to be enveloped in green, and the thousands of lovely trees that line its every street are not the least of its charms.

To the west is the foaming Chaudiere, the broad surfaces of Lake Chaudiere and the little towns and settlements that fringe the river.

Descending from the tower the visitor finds himself once again in the lovely Confederation Hall from which radiate the corridors to various parts of the buildings. The circular chamber is one of the most imposing bits of architecture on Parliament Hill. From a central column the vaulting springs to the groined ceiling. Around rise the clustered columns of the walls. In the angles between the arches the richly carved and decorated spaces are treated with a wealth of architectural beauties. The whole effect is lofty and dignified as is fitting in a hall intended to symbolize the inter-relationships of the empire. An undulating band of black marble in the floor symbolizes the uniting force of the seas between the British nations.

Northward out of Confederation lies the Hall of Fame in which it is intended some day to place bronze figures of celebrated men and women in Canadian history. As it is, it is very beautiful with its columns and Gothic arches and old cathedral grace.

The Hall of Fame leads into the celebrated Parliamentary Library. The fire doors saved it from the flames in 1916 and so it is to-day just as it has been for the last seventy-five years. As a library it is old-fashioned and overcrowded and one wonders where the librarians find space for the three hundred thousand or

more books that have accumulated on its stacks. The octagonal room is lofty, nearly a hundred and fifty feet from the floor to the lantern which terminates the beautifully grained roof. In the alcoves are three-storey tiers of book galleries and all the shelves and spaces between the alcoves are richly carved in white pine that has grown mellow with the passing years. The pine for the interior of the library was one of the first contracts young John Booth secured when he set up business for himself in Ottawa, long before he became known as the Lumber King. The crests of the provinces are used as decorative motives in the wood carving.

In the center of the room on a high pedestal is a quaint marble figure of Queen Victoria as a young woman.

The library was founded in 1815. Alpheus Todd was one of the early assistants in the library. In 1856 he was appointed Chief Librarian. There were only six hundred volumes in the library by that time and it was "singularly deficient." Members of parliament had a way of borrowing books and forgetting to return them and half the library has disappeared. Todd was sent to Europe with the delightful task of spending fifty thousand dollars on books. When the library was

assembled parliament had moved to Ottawa and the collection was housed in the new library. That was the foundation of the present large and important collection.

It is from the exterior that the library has its greatest architectural charm. Built like a twelfth century chapter house with buttressed walls and turrets and flying arches, it is one of the quaintest things in Canada. The Dominion sighed with relief after the fire of 1916 to know that at least the beautiful, weathered, polygonal library had escaped the flames. In a land as young, and in a city as new as Ottawa these bits which have somehow wrapped themselves in the glamor and romance of age are held in greater veneration than they would be in other lands rich with hoary antiquities.

Chapter XIX

IN AND AROUND THE CITY

MUCH of Ottawa's charm lies out of doors. Its river scenes, its panoramas, its great parks and boulevards, and its neighborly wilderness, all call people out into the air and sunshine. Sunday and holiday mornings signal an exodus from town, in winter for the ski trails in the hills around and in summer for hikes and drives in the valley lands. Thousands of people quit the city in the summer for camps and summer homes along the Ottawa and Rideau, or in the Gatineau Valley, for the wilderness is at Ottawa's very doors.

Yet the city itself is not a crowded town but an airy place almost hidden under its trees and it has more than a score of parks and open spaces for those who cannot leave.

In the very heart of the city Nepean Point and Parliament Hill provide delightful walks and views. Nepean Point was the part of the land set aside by Colonel By as public property. Entrance to the residential property of the officer commanding the garrison was by

way of a lodge and gates where the Chateau Laurier stands to-day and what is now Major's Hill Park was once the park and garden of Colonel By and his successors.

In the center of this park are two great stones taken from Sapper's Bridge, one of them the time-defaced crest of the Royal Engineers. They have been placed on the site of Colonel By's house. After Colonel By came Major Bolton as officer commanding at Bytown, and it was from him the property was called Major's Hill. The park ends at Nepean Point, bristling with obsolete guns. From it there is a superb view of the river and surrounding countryside.

On the point is a memorial erected to commemorate Champlain's visit to the site of Ottawa. It was on June 4, 1613, that Champlain landed here and climbed to the heights to take his bearings. He used an astrolabe, a three pound brass instrument on a double hinged ring by which it was hung from a branch while the observations were made. The sculptor who designed the monument shows Champlain with the instrument upside down in his hand.

Two or three days after Champlain left Nepean Point the astrolabe was lost on a portage in what is now the township of Ross. Two hundred and fifty four

years later it was discovered under a rotting log by a fourteen year old boy and identified as Champlain's instrument.

The story of Champlain's first trip up the Ottawa was one poignant with tragedy. It goes back to the beginning of French settlement in Canada. Champlain realized that one of the first essentials to success in settlement and trade was in interpreters. In 1610 he had intrusted to a fifteen year-old boy a dangerous and important mission. Young Etienne Brule had already been two years in Quebec with the colonists and being fond of adventure and full of daring, he eagerly accepted the suggestion that he should go back into the wilderness with a tribe of Hurons, to learn their tongue and their customs, their travel routes and haunts. Young Brule was the first white man to travel up the Ottawa, and became the discoverer of Lake Ontario and Lake Superior. A trusted guide and interpreter to his chief, young Brule amply fulfilled Champlain's hopes.

After Brule, in 1611 Champlain sent another youth, one Nicholas de Vignau who spent a twelve month with the Algonquins and returned to Quebec in 1612. He found Champlain absent in Europe, so he set sail to follow him.

Meantime, Champlain had many difficulties to contend with in New France and his object in going to Paris was to secure powerful patronage and laws to regulate the traders. They followed him everywhere like wasps. When he built a log post on the Island of Montreal, twenty ships were at his heels with motley crews of traders. When the Hurons arrived with canoes hung low in the water with the weight of furs, the traders offended the Indians by ignoring the usual ceremonies and committing the sacrilege of demanding immediate trade. The shocked Indian wakened Champlain out of his sleep one night for a midnight conference around the council fire. Then they retreated up stream out of reach of the ships.

"Come to our country," they urged him "and leave these men behind. We will give you our furs, but we do not like these noisy traders. We like them not at all."

The situation was serious. Champlain knew the Indians were uneasy and suspicious. Something must be done to control the activities of these lawless, money-grubbing traders. So he went home to France. Armed with reports and maps and fired with an eloquence born of his own devotion, Champlain sought out Charles de Bourbon, Comte de Soissons, prince of the blood. He won his help, had him named viceroy of Canada and

received from him in turn his commission as lieutenant-general of New France, with viceregal powers. But scarcely had all this been nicely settled to Champlain's satisfaction when Comte de Soissons died. And all the traders jeered. Champlain had to begin all over again. This time he won another Bourbon. Henri, Prince de Conde, is famous chiefly as the father of the Great Conde and the wife of the lovely Charlotte de Montmerency. The golden loveliness of the Princess de Conde had fired the desires of Henry of Navarre, Canada's first sovereign, and to save her from the royal piracy, Conde spirited her off to Italy and kept her there till Henri was dead and gone. They were newly returned to Paris when Champlain succeeded in having Conde named in Soissons' place.

It was now early in the year 1612. The court was gossiping of this New France, for their interest has been stirred over the appointment of Conde and moreover by the marriage of Champlain to that pretty child, Helene Boulle, daughter of the late king's secretary. Beset with so much of importance Champlain forwent his journey to Quebec and so, while he was waiting impatiently in Paris, the court was suddenly set agog by the appearance of a charming and witty young man who gave them plenty of which to gossip. The young man was Nicholas de Vignau.

Now Nicholas was the first man to return to France after having actually lived with the savages, travelled with them, slept in their tepees and learned to speak their tongue. Even Champlain could not speak the Huron tongue. So, full of novelty for the blasé court, the traveller was petted and feted and quoted without end Nicholas tasted the sweet and heady wines of popular favor

Just previous to all this Henry Hudson, the famous explorer, made his last journey, penetrating into Hudson's Bay, only to be set adrift with his small son by mutinous sailors, to perish on the inland sea to which he gave his name. Nicholas, clever and impudent impostor that he was, told the marvelling court in Paris that during his winter with the savages he had made a journey to the sources of the Ottawa and there found a great lake. This he had crossed and out of it flowed a river which led into the north. He descended it and came to the sea. There was the wreck of an English ship whose crew had been massacred by the Indians, who set their heads on spikes. Only one small boy had escaped and was adopted by the tribe. This sea was only seventeen days journey from Montreal, or Place Royale, as the post there was then called.

Nicholas' story was devilishly clever. There were

rumors afloat of the disaster to Hudson and he had ingeniously contrived to make everything so plausible that even Champlain was at once deceived. Nicholas was on the pinnacle of his popularity, a lion of the day, the pivotal personality in the scheme which the court now urged upon Champlain, the exploration of the route to this northern sea. Might it not be, in truth, the goal of the ages, the north west passage to the Orient?

Since the days of Marco Polo men had dreamed that dream. Across that northern sea that Nicholas had seen might be a land of opulent splendor, of jewels and gold, the kingdom of the Great Khan.

So this fascinating impostor imposed upon a shrewd and honest man. He was so plausible, so apparently consistent, that no one questioned his reliability. That winter Champlain dreamed fantastic dreams of Chinese temples, Japanese silks and cargoes of spice, that lay waiting beyond the headwaters of the Ottawa.

Impatiently he longed for the spring and was off so early that the twenty-seventh of May saw him leaving Montreal for the Ottawa.

Two small canoes, carrying five Frenchmen and one Indian, comprised the party. In the Long Sault Champlain all but lost his life. Another Frenchman proved himself so awkward that they exchanged him for an

Indian and sent him back to Montreal. Nicholas de Vignau was one of them, for he had the supreme audacity to return to New France to act as guide to Champlain.

By night they camped along the shore or on some small island. Parkman the historian tells the tale with the skill of a poet, of the east glowing "with tranquil fire" and the horizon jagged with the black tips of the pines.

"The river slept in shadow . . . and the white moon, paling in the face of day, hung like a disk in the western sky. . . . On the left the falling curtains of the Rideau shone like silver betwixt its border of woods and in front, white as a snow drift, the cataract of the Chaudiere barred their way . . . . wearying the solitude with the hoarse outcry of its agony and rage."

There on the rocks that still emerge, naked and grey, beside the boiling Chaudiere, Champlain and Vignau and their two French companions stood while the Indians tossed their propitiatory offerings of tobacco into the snowy foam. While the Indians paid tribute to the unknown gods they lingered around the falls and then toiled their way up the north shore portage and came out where Val Tetreau stands to-day. They embarked again and by evening, when Lake Deschenes was

burnished like a golden shield of quivering light and the purple shadows were creeping up the trunks of the silent trees, they encamped on a small island. Ahead lay the Falls of the Chats a veritable palisade of white water from shore to shore, with small black islands bristling along the top of the foaming wall.

What a man he was, this Champlain, alternating between the luxuries of court and the stern realities of the wilderness trail, arguing and winning in turn kings and princes and savage chiefs and hunters. He bent them all to the purposes of his shining dream.

As they travelled on Vignau's assurance was slowly shaken. Always, it seemed now, Vignau was in the wrong. On Muskrat Lake they came upon their first Indian settlement. The Indians told them the passages beyond Allumette Island were impassable, but they led the Frenchmen to Chief Tessouat at Allumette.

Now there was much commotion. The squaws were put to work to prepare a feast and runners were sent into the woods to summons chiefs and hunters to the tepee of Tessouat.

It was during the feast that Champlain told them of the journey he was to make, to the sea in the north. He asked them for guides to get to the Nipissings.

Now the Algonquins were the middlemen and they

bought the furs of the Nipissings. So they frowned when Champlain said he wanted to go among them himself. They reproached him, they trifled with him, made promises and withdrew them. After hours of parley and recriminations on both sides Champlain played his trump card.

"This young man," he said, pointing to Vignau, "has been to their country and he did not find the way hard or the people so bad as you say."

Even Tessouat's stolidity was ruffled. He gazed at Vignau in amazement.

"Did you say, Nicholas, that you had been to the Nipissings?" he demanded.

"Yes, I have been there," said Nicholas nonchalantly.

Tessouat laughed. The company shouted in derision. Throughout the uproar Champlain felt his spirits sinking and his mind froze at the thought that he had been deceived. The Indians were not only amused. They were indignant.

"You are a liar," said Tessouat succinctly to Vignau. "You slept among my children every night and if you went to the country of the Nipissings, it was in your dreams."

"Speak, man, in Heaven's name speak!" implored Champlain. But Vignau sat motionless and silent.

Champlain dragged him out from the cabin, from the press of greasy, grinning, leering faces. Out in the dusky forest he pleaded with him, urged him to tell the truth. Vignau repeated his story, but he was surly, he had been there, he had seen the wreck, the English heads on pikes. . . . .

The longer Vignau lies the sadder and grimmer Champlain became. His reputation, his ambitions, his dreams, were at stake. The great goal had seemed to be within his reach.

The calm and gentle Champlain grew mighty in his wrath.

"Tell me the truth," he thundered, "and I shall forget the past. Continue to mislead me and I shall hang you without mercy."

And Vignau confessed. Champlain ordered him out of his sight. Alone, he faced the bitterest and blackest hour of his career.

"Give him to us," whispered the Indians, "and he shall never lie to you again." But Champlain shook his head.

There was no motive for going farther. Bitterly disappointed Champlain gave orders for the return to Montreal. The Algonquins offered to accompany him. They packed their canoes with the winter's furs, and

so, not with the silks and spices of the east, but with the skins of beaver bound into rude bundles, the travellers turned eastward.

Once more they came to the Great Kettle and once more they paused, made camp and paid tribute in songs and weird dances and sacrifices to the Manitou who dwelt in the white smoke of the descending waters.

On the seventeenth of June, just three weeks after his departure, the disillusioned Champlain, and the inventor of tragic hoax, were back again at Place Royale on the Island of Montreal.

Chapter XX.

THE SHORES OF THE OTTAWA

PARLIAMENT HILL is a pleasant place to wander about on, whether it be on the terraces around the buildings or along the face of the cliff by what is known as Lovers' Walk. This was laid out when the buildings were constructed and many a crinolined lady and many a late-Victorian youth have sighed their way romantically under the sugar maples and silver birches of this shady lane, while their more prosaic fellows were wrestling with political affairs on the top of the hill. One of the things to do while in Ottawa is to walk the length of this path in the moonlight. Then a silvery glamor lies over the river, and in the night silence the Chaudiere speaks with something of its ancient power. Half way between the water and the tower-crowned heights above, in the dusk and quiet of the evening, Lovers' Lane is one of the most picturesque rendezvous of the capital.

The hill itself was part of a grant sold by its original owner early in the nineteenth century to an officer

living at Three Rivers for the sum of ten pounds. In 1823 the officer re-sold to the government for seven hundred and fifty pounds. Since then it has always been government property It is one of the popular parks of the capital and a very delightful place to loiter in, quiet and beautiful and high above the busy river.

In the park are numerous memorials to celebrated Canadians, including one to D'Arcy McGee. He was one of the Fathers of Confederation, a young Irishman, born in 1825, who had emigrated to America at the age of seventeen. He became the editor of an Irish-American journal at Boston and at the age of twenty returned to Ireland to edit *The Freeman's Journal* in Dublin, and later *The Nation*, the organ of the "Young Ireland" party After getting into political difficulties he escaped to America disguised as a priest. By the time he was twenty-seven he had founded and edited newspapers in New York, Boston and Buffalo in turn. At thirty-two he moved into Canada, founded another paper in Montreal and was elected to parliament in the constituency of Montreal West which he represented until his death. He became a cabinet minister in 1862 and a fervid supporter of the movement for Confederation. Irish rebel that he had been, in the political life of Canada he became a loyal Britisher and by 1866 he

was a bitter opponent of the Irish Fenian ideas. In opposing the Fenian invasion from the United States he earned the enmity of the troublesome Irish leaders and he paid for his loyalty with his life. As he was returning to his home on Sparks street, in the early morning of April 7, 1868, after a session at the House, he was assassinated by a Fenian. He was only forty-three. He had had a career in three countries, he had written four books on Irish affairs, three volumes on Canadian political life, and two volumes of verse. McGee was one of the most brilliant orators Canada has ever known, and a man of rare vision and generosity of feeling.

There is also here, to the west of the main building, on a rising mound, a memorial to Queen Victoria, which was unveiled by her grandson, now King George of England, in 1901. It is the work of Philippe Hebert, a celebrated French Canadian sculptor, in the old classic tradition and shows the queen surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of her imperial reign.

Rockliffe Park, on the outskirts of the city is perhaps the finest city park in Canada. Some hundred and eighty five acres of forest lands are here set aside for beauty and recreation, bounded on the one side by the Ottawa River and on the other by the finest resi-

dential district in the capital. This is a bird sanctuary and a bit of wilderness retreat to be reached by those who are limited to a street railway for their wanderings.

The views from the park are very fine. Across the river lies the mouth of the Gatineau and the low lines of the north shore with the Laurentians mountains sloping into rounded horizons. Sunset and dusk here are indescribably lovely, with the deep shadows casting a color of romance and mystery over hills and water. As the golden sun slides down behind the pine clad hills and shadowy lights fill the valley the delicate spire of the little church at Gatineau Point leans against the sky and hints at the quiet life of a French village, lonely and remote.

Another of the lovely park areas is Strathcona Park between Range road and the Rideau River. This was once a bit of that "Mer Bleu" as the French derisively called the wide swamp lands and muskegs of the Ottawa Valley, but it has been reclaimed and put to the service of civic beauty. Little stone curbed channels and a tiny lake drain the remains of the old beaver meadow. The Rideau hereabouts is tree-fringed and placid. Rideau street, which crosses the north end of the park, is the end of the old Montreal road that leads from the St. Lawrence to Bytown.

Two miles above the Chaudiere the river opens out into an island studded lake and along each shore are delightful roadways and summer places. On the south shore is Britannia Bay with its camps and amusements and its long pier, a popular resort for young townspeople. The south shore is connected with the north by a handsome new bridge, called in honor of the explorer, Champlain Bridge. It leads into clubland, for many an old farmhouse had been converted into a golf and country club. Along the north shore the road runs into Aylmer, a quaint old town with a flavor of its own. There is a little English church and an old stone inn, called the British Hotel, that still has an arched way leading into a courtyard. Over its cobbled area it is easy to imagine the north shore stage coach rumbling to a full stop, while its stiff and weary passengers climb down, eager for the ease and refreshment provided by mine host. For long over a century has this old grey inn been dispensing hospitality. At the end of the main street in Aylmer stands a stout stone building, now an aquatic club, but for many years a famous inn and tavern of the shantyman. Many a roistering night has been spent there by the French and Irish, Scots and Yankee river drivers.

This area is rich in Indian relics, since Lake Des-

chenes was a camping ground of the native tribes. Among those who have done research work into the life and crafts of the Indians is a resident of Aylmer, T W E. Sowter, who has published important scientific material as a result of his work, but although his discoveries have been made in the interests of science they are teeming with very real human interest. For instance on Aylmer Island he came upon an ancient grave, and of it he wrote:

"The writer has in his collection the contents of a single grave found on Aylmer Island. The occupant was well provided with this world's goods, from an Indian standpoint. He had with him, among other things, an iron tomahawk of French make, a small copper kettle, a bone harpoon, three knives and five crooked knives. Among other things that his friends had put into his kit for his trip to the happy hunting ground was a quantity of fringe made out of white woman's hair. He also had with him a bone arrowhead that had been driven completely through a segment of his lumbar vertebrae, piercing the spinal chord and still remaining in position. Now it seems easy to read this Indian's story. At some time in his career he had scalped a white woman and used her hair for his personal adornment, but later on he got what

was coming to him—so to speak, for that identical portion of his transfixed backbone is at present reposing in the writer's cabinet, and it shows conclusively that its owner died by violence—and served him right."

According to Mr Sowter who has been exploring the vicinity for over forty years, the shores all round Lake Deschenes are rich in deposits of flints and pottery and other Indian relics. Echo Bay, Pointe aux Pins, (now called Queen's Park) on the Quebec side, are important spots, Raymond's Point on the Ontario side is "by far the largest beach workshop and campsite on the lake" he writes. Pointe a la Bataille, Big Sand Point and other points around the lake would yield treasure to those who know how to search for Indian relics and how to recognize them once they are found.

Mr Sowter's home in Aylmer is an historic spot for "Cherry Cottage" was the home of the boy who grew up to be Dr Clarke, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Movement.

The Ottawa was a river of several names. The nation of Ottawas who had long inhabited its shores before the coming of the white man, gave it its present name. They moved westward, first to Lake Huron and then, south of the great Lakes. Pontiac, who raised the western Indians in a conspiracy against the British in 1763, was an Ottawa.

After the Ottawas the Algonquins continued to use the Ottawa for travel and hunting. Allumette Island, an island as large as the Island of Orleans, was the head quarters of these people who acted as middlemen, establishing a rude system of exchange whereby they secured the furs of the western tribes and traded them at a profit to southern Indians at the Chaudiere. To them it was Kitchusippe, the Great River

To the French it was Grande Rivière, or the River of the Algonquins, since it was chiefly with these people that they travelled and traded along its course.

Fortunately, in the days of the English regime, it was restored to its original name, and became again the Ottawa.

The Ottawa is a very great river In some places it is miles wide. In one part it is nearly a mile deep, one of the deepest rivers in the world It has at least twenty major tributaries in the course of the seven hundred and fifty miles from Lake Temiscaming to the St. Lawrence. The fact that the Ottawa itself is the tributary of an even greater river has detracted from its own peculiar glory But the Gatineau, which is a tributary of a tributary, is a river more than six hundred miles long.

Roughly the Ottawa has three eras of recorded his-

tory: the seventeenth century of savage warfare, the eighteenth century of exploration and trade, and the nineteenth century of settlement.

As early as 1603 when Champlain made his first trip to the St. Lawrence and landed at Tadoussac, he was met there by Tessouat, a celebrated chief of the Algonquins who had paddled all the way from Allumette Island, two hundred miles up the Ottawa.

Since the coming of Jacques Cartier in 1534 French fishermen and traders had been making yearly trips to Tadoussac. There the Indians gathered to trade their furs for the geegaws that the white men brought from Europe, tin plates and beads, combs and mirrors, metal pots and hatchets. By sixteen-hundred a thousand little ships crossed the Atlantic to fish on the Grand Banks or to trade along the coasts. Every autumn Tadoussac was abandoned, the Frenchmen sailing home to turn their cargoes into gold and the Indians paddling westward for more furs.

In the early years of the seventeenth century the French settled at Quebec, the English at Boston, and the Dutch at Manhattan. Thereafter the Indian trade was a matter for bitter rivalry between the white men, and the red men learned to be jealous of each other's markets. For a century and a half they were all involved in intermittent trade wars.

Of them all the Iroquois nations were the most warlike, the most pitiless and the most difficult to secure in friendship or alliance. They wielded their tomahawks in turn against French, English and Dutch as well as maintaining a cruel policy of extermination against their red rivals. After their first devastating experience with European firearms on Lake Champlain, when Champlain joined the Algonquins against them, they thirsted to possess similar weapons. The Dutch, hoping to win their friendship by satisfying their wants, supplied them with muskets. Thereafter the Algonquins, paddling and portaging down the Ottawa in the Chaudiere basin were picked off from, to them, incredible distances, by invisible enemies.

United, these savage nations could have wiped the puny white colonies off the continent. Divided, they dissipated their strength on savage wars and were played like chessmen on a board, by the wily white invaders. It was a great game of profit and domination.

Chapter XXI.

SAINTS AND SAVAGES

CHAMPLAIN'S second trip up the Ottawa was made two years later. He had brought with him from France four priests of the Recollet order, a reformed branch of the Franciscans. Father Le Caron, who was assigned as a missionary to the Hurons, was full of religious fervor and adventurous zeal, and no sooner was he in New France than he was impatient for his long, strange journey to the land of the savages.

At Montreal he found the Hurons assembled for their yearly trading ceremonies and to them he disclosed his intention of returning with them to their homes. But they received the news with mixed sentiments. They wanted Champlain and his muskets, rather than Father Le Caron and his prayers. The Iroquois were a present menace with whom Champlain could cope with these firesticks he brought across the water The devil and hell-fire were recent acquaintances and of them they were not nearly so fearful.

Champlain consented to take an armed body of

men with him unto the west, so he went back to Quebec to muster them, leaving the Hurons to round up their warriors and prepare for war.

For some reason or other the Hurons at Montreal became panic-stricken and instead of waiting for Champlain they fled back up the Ottawa. When Champlain reached Montreal he discovered the enterprising Father Le Caron had left with them.

Presently, the priest who had so recently left the cool, white cells of the monastery of Bruage, found himself straining at the paddle, climbing portages with bundles on his shoulders, his skirts wet and muddy, his wooden sandals broken on the rocks. There were eighty to a hundred portages between Montreal and the Huron villages, but the monk tried to keep "a smiling, modest, contented face," an heroic effort when he was hungry and weary and disgusted with his filthy companions. The rocks bruised him, the tangled bush scratched him and the flies and mosquitoes tortured him.

Father Le Caron established a mission among the savages where the Recollets labored for ten years. The fruits of their labors were few. In 1625 they were forced to appeal to the powerful and wealthy Jesuits who were conducting successful missions in Asia, Africa and South America.

Jean de Brebeuf was among the Jesuits who came in answer to that call. Thereafter, he strode, a magnificent figure in rough brown habit, and swinging rosary, through the history of New France.

There still remain some traces of the old portage around the Chaudiere on the north shore of the Ottawa, at Val Tetreau. It is easily reached by motor, or those who would like to browse about a bit of shore familiar to this missionary giant may descend to the Hull railway lines by stairs at the northeast angle of the bridge over the canal. The Aylmer car that runs into Ottawa here will take the visitor across the river and up the shore to Val Tetreau. This is a little French settlement proud of its association with the first Canadian martyr and saint. In the park that has been laid out along the river side there is a bronze figure of Brebeuf. The place is delightful and the rapids purr menacingly along the shore, just as they did when Brebeuf himself came up the trail and paused to cool and rest himself here with the Chaudiere safely passed.

Brebeuf's first trip up the Ottawa was in 1626 and he came down again in 1629 to be carried off prisoner to England by the gay young brothers Kirke who had taken Quebec for King Charles the Second.

But Brebeuf was back by the first French ship that

came in 1632 when Charles handed Quebec back to Louis of France in exchange for the remainder of Henrietta Maria's unpaid dowry.

Around 1630 a Petite Nation Indian had killed a Frenchman and the murderer was being dealt with by Champlain on his return to Quebec. That same July, 1632, a hundred and forty Huron canoes swept down the rivers to Quebec to welcome the French and the Indians set up their tepees along the shore.

Swinging down Cote de la Montague to greet them came the great figure of Brebeuf. He hailed them with delight and called them by name as he made his way through the camp. At his heels came two others who were to join him in the west. Champlain offered them to the Indians as friends and emissaries.

"These are our fathers," he said gravely. "We love them. They do not go among you for furs. They left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven. If you love the French as you say you do, then love and honor these our fathers."

The chiefs harangued them in long and brilliant orations and to their delight Brebeuf, the nobly-born Frenchman, replied to them in broken Huron. They assured him they honored him and contended for the privilege of carrying him in their canoes. Now Brebeuf

laughed, for he knew that to be no idle compliment. There had been a time when they refused to give him a place, complaining that he was too big for their frail bark canoes. Brebeuf himself, playing on his name, liked to call himself an ox. He knew how to ingratiate himself with the savages. It was largely on his suggestions that the order in Paris issued instructions to Jesuits bound for New France, so that they might make themselves as little trouble as possible to the Indians. "You should love the Indians like your brothers," they read. "Never make them wait on you for embarkation. Carry flint and steel to light their fire for them. Try to eat their sagamite, no matter how filthy and repulsive it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock so that you do not carry sand and water into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoe but you may put them on crossing the portages. Be careful in the canoe that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better if you wore your nightcap."

By this time Tessouat had been succeeded by another chief, La Borgne, the French called him, the One-Eyed In French it had another meaning, indicating something obscure, and La Borgne was indeed obscure in some of his dealing with Champlain.

When Brebeuf and his fellow missionaries were

packed and ready to set out, La Borgne rose in the night and went among the tepees spreading the conspiracy he had long since conceived. "We have begged for the life of this man of La Petite Nation. They will not spare him. He will die. Then the Algonquins will be angry. They will be revenged. They will kill these priests who come among us. If we defend them, the Algonquins will make war upon us. If we do not defend them, the French will blame us. If Champlain will not free the prisoner, then these men cannot come with us."

The exasperated Jesuits went up to the fort and roused Champlain from his sleep. There was another council, with more harangues.

There were two ends to be achieved by the Indians. If the French were kept out of the west, the middlemen's trade would go on undisturbed. Or, if they must indeed go west, the Hurons might as well acquire credit with the Algonquins by bringing home the pardoned murderer. Champlain could not release the man and condone the murder of a white man, since the only hope of the handful of Europeans on the continent was to maintain their prestige against these hordes of savages.

Neither side would give way, so the Hurons paddled off and left the chagrined Brebeuf to cool his heels in Quebec for another year

The following year the Hurons were subdued. The Iroquois had maltreated them and they had suffered pestilence. Poor and dejected they listened to Brebeuf, rubbing home the lesson. They had refused to help God's men and so they had suffered. He made a great vow to St Joseph and immediately, and miraculously, as it seemed to him, the hearts of the Hurons melted and they promised to carry him off home with them.

Brebeuf counted thirty five portages and more than fifty times they had to get out and push their canoes against the current. Even Brebeuf's great strength nearly failed him, and here, at the head of the Chaudiere portage, he sank, weary and distressed, but as full of zeal and visions as ever he had been, ready, nay, anxious, to be a martyr of his faith.

He was not the accepted type of ascetic missionary, this French noble, vigorous, deep-throated, brawny. He would have been a magnificent figure of a man in a military uniform. Even under the rough habit of his order his noble proportions showed to advantage. But it was not court or battlefield that fired his devotion. This Norman zealot struggled year after year with seemingly insurmountable obstacles everywhere around him. He was fifty-six years of age when, in 1649, he was martyred by the Iroquois. After being beaten and

abused he was tied to a stake. Strips of bark dipped in pitch were wound around his body. Around his neck was hung a collar of red hot hatchets, before fire was piled around his feet. He was baptised, in a horribly fantastic ceremony, with boiling water. Pieces of flesh were cut from his body and eaten before his eyes. A chief drank his blood that he might share his courage. At last his heart was torn out and shared among those who yearned to share his stoicism.

His skull was carried back to Quebec. There half of it is to be seen in a silver bust, exposed in the Jesuit church. The other half is held in jealous care by the nuns of the Hotel Dieu. Meantime the church of Rome that he served so devotedly had found a place for him among the saints.

So, here beside these historic waters it is no less than his due to pause and pay tribute to a manly man, an heroic voyageur, who knew the Chaudiere Basin well, two centuries before John By came to bridge it.

Chapter XXII.

ROMANCE UNDER GLASS

AWAY from the heart of the city, in the residential district, off Elgin avenue, is the Victoria Memorial Museum which houses two truly national institutions, the museum and art gallery. While the new block of the parliament buildings was in course of erection this building was the parliament house of Canada and pictures and exhibits had to give way to the legislature.

At the main entrance to the museum is a great boulder converted into a memorial to the man who has been called the Father of Canadian Geology—Sir William Logan. Although born in Lower Canada in 1798, he was educated in Scotland and spent the early part of his career as manager of his uncle's coal and copper-smelting plant in Wales. He made a study of the Welsh coal beds and gained a reputation for himself as a geologist. Consequently when, in 1843 the Canadian Geological Survey was organized, he was made the director and devoted himself for over thirty years to

the study of Canadian geology. He revolutionized current thought on the subject and brought to light the mineral wealth of the country. Honors came to him as a reward for his work, a fellowship in the Royal Society, from London, the legion of honor from France and a title from the Queen. The geological museum was founded on his collections and there is exhibited there a case of relics of the distinguished scientist, including many of the instruments he used.

The entrance to the several floors of the museum is through a high open well, decorated with several enormous totem poles which give the keynote to the intensely interesting Indian collections for which the museum is celebrated. Visitors from abroad would naturally turn to the national museum of Canada for an insight into the history, art, and archaeology of the aboriginal races, and fortunately they would discover here a wealth of material rich in interest and significance.

Most spectacular of the collections are those pertaining to the West Coast Indians who, of all the Indian races in Canada, had the highest developed forms of arts and crafts. It is easy enough even for the veriest amateur, to distinguish at once the difference between the West Coast exhibits and those of the plains and

eastern Indians. The work of these are crude and primitive compared with the degree of beauty and skill put into the West Coast work. The Coast Indian was an artist, not so many worlds apart from the contemporary artist, who recognizes in his work many of the fundamental ideas and emotions of artists all the world over.

Best known of the work of the West Coast Indians are the totem poles, fantastic representations of family histories and social prestige. There are many very fine ones in the Museum and an important volume has been published by the museum authorities to record the researches of Marius Barbeau, the indefatigable student and research worker who has the collection in his care. Mr. Barbeau spent four seasons in field research on the west coast and took with him some artists who were interested in primitive art, so that, as a result, not only is the scientific research embodied in print and photographs, but the tribal lands of the West Coast Indians has entered the field of the fine arts. The volume in question, "Totem Poles of the Gitksan, Upper Skeena River, British Columbia," is only one of a series of monographs on the history and arts of this strange and fascinating people.

Of the totem Mr. Barbeau writes:

"Totem poles were once a characteristic form of plastic art among the tribes of the North West coast in British Columbia, and southern Alaska. The natives took pride in them and strained every nerve to make them worthy symbols of their own social standing and achievements. . This art now belongs to the past. . . . Totem poles are no longer made Many of them have fallen from old age, they have decayed and disappeared. Some of them have been cut down and removed to museums and public parks. Others have been destroyed by the owners themselves in the course of hysterical revivals under a spurious banner of Christianity"

The poles in the national collection comes from the Skeena River tribal villages, the Nass River, and the Charlotte Islands. In their natural settings the poles usually face the water and stand apart before their owner's lodge. Dotting the village in a long irregular row, they gave to the tribal settlements a strange, fantastic air Carved from cedar trees, fifteen to sixty feet high they were covered from top to bottom with symbolic animals and mythological creatures. Most of the poles now in existence have been carved within the past sixty years.

Totems are not hundreds of years old, as so many people mistakenly believe. Owing to the nature of the

wood, they could not survive such lengths of time and moreover, there are the best of reasons for knowing that when the early travellers explored the West Coast there were no totems to astonish them with their rude dignity. The art of the Indian is older than that but its application to totem poles was a recent development that blossomed and flourished and died away within a few decades. The interest in the totem is in their use of tribal symbolism and in the vast stores of tradition and legend they represent.

The Nass River was the birth place of the totem pole on the coast and Nass River carvers spread the art among the other coast tribes. The totem, wherever it was erected, had a purely social and decorative function. The human figures were not gods or spirits, but symbols that can be compared to European heraldry. The poles were not worshipped any more than our public memorials to national heroes are worshipped. They were an expression of tribal pride and veneration.

Curiously enough once these poles were erected they were never repaired or transplanted under any circumstances. They simply stood as long as nature allowed them and when they fell were pushed aside or destroyed. It was as gross an infringement of tribal tradition to repair them as to cut them down or sell them. Mr

Barbeau records an experience he had when trying to purchase a very fine totem discovered in the wilderness of the lower Nass. The chief, its owner, retorted that the price of the pole was the monument that had been erected to Sir James Douglas, first Governor of British Columbia. As Mr Barbeau concludes, "To him one was at least worth the other, and the pole was, after all, much the more precious."

In the Museum there is an opportunity to study these totems in relation to the rest of the West Coast Indian art. Each great case on exhibition bears on it the name of the tribe which produced the work. Thus, in the cases devoted to the Haida Indians, there are stone carvings of strange designs, worked with infinite patience, and bone and horn carvings that indicate their capacity for adapting all sorts of materials to their use. There is a beautiful ivory war club from the Nass River that suggests a proud chief, decked in all the savage glory of his day, setting out to make war upon his neighbors. Here, too, are mortars for the preparation of foods, decorated with grotesque human faces and ornamental stone pestles. Feasts were an important part of the ceremonial of the West Coast Indians and everything that was used to participate in the rituals was decorated with the best that the savage artist could conceive.

Implements of the hunt, on land and sea, were beautifully made and the bone harpoons are frequently much carved and engraved. Combs and pendants and other articles of personal adornment from whale bones were also produced by the tribal artists. An example of Indian ingenuity is an amusing decoy duck, with leather wings and so made that the wings move as the decoy is drawn through the water. Paddles were often highly decorated with painting, and the Indian killed his seal, halibut and sea lions with clubs that to-day add to his reputation as a connoisseur of art.

The weaving of the West Coast Indians is amazingly interesting. From shredded cedar bark they contrived to make all sorts of things including mats and baskets. Thick, strong ropes for whale fishing, and thin strong twine were made from the same material. There is a beautiful song of the West Coast, that, even in its English translation, is steeped in the spirit of the Indian. It is the *Song of the Whip-Plaiting*.

In the dawn I gathered cedar boughs
For the plaiting of thy whip.
They were wet with sweet drops,
They still thought of the night

All alone I shredded cedar boughs,
Green boughs in the pale light,

Where the morning meets the sea,
And the great mountain stops.

The sweetness will not leave my hands,
No, not in salt sea washings;
Tears will not wash away sweetness.
I shall have sweet hands for thy service.

For the West Coast Indians had songs as fine as their carvings and weavings. Their love songs, lullabys and prayers are gathered up, like their blankets and war clubs, for preservation.

The Kwakiutl tribe is largely represented. There are huge and fantastic masks worn in ceremonial war dances, batons strangely carved and decorated. There is an amazing war apron embroidered and stitched with bone ornaments but what will amuse the fancy will be the clusters of thimbles strung like little bells, and rows of empty bullet cases put to the same purpose. The Kwakiutl Indians must have been fearful figures when they were arrayed in these masks and aprons and weird collars. One of the masks is in the form of a bird's head with an enormous beak that must have been difficult to manage in the frenzy of the ritual of the dance.

The Kwakiutl Indians had beautifully made food dishes, carved and rubbed smooth. There is one, a berry bowl, made to represent a great bird. A painted water

bucket shows how they delighted in making even the homeliest of utensils beautiful. Some of their bracelets, made of copper, silver and brass, are curiously like some of the costume jewelry of to-day and may indeed have inspired some of it. The Indian bracelets are chased and engraved with symbolical designs. They also made the most ingenious fish nets from nettle fibre.

The cases devoted to the Tsimshean Tribes are worth special attention for their beautiful designs in woven shawls, girdles and rugs. Some of their garments are decorated with rows of bell like ornaments made of bears' claws. The Salish Indians wove beautiful blankets of mountain goat's hair The earliest of them are pure wool, but later examples are made of the wool on inner cores of cedar fibre to give strength and body to the fabric. The Salish shawls are magnificently designed in bold colors and finished with fringe. Their cedar rugs are made of bark dyed different colors, black by burying the cedar in the mud near springs, red by the juice from young alders, and so on.

The Pacific coast canoes, dugouts made from the trunks of great trees, were as beautifully decorated as everything else they owned. There are some fine examples in the museum. See how carefully they are chipped in a sort of design on the inner surfaces and

how everything inside and out, is painted with their characteristic designs.

These are only a few of the fascinating things in this great collection. There are also the cases of beautiful Charlotte Island stone carvings, the historic wampum belts, the carved masks inlaid with brilliant opalescent shells, the Eskimo ivories, the jade from northern British Columbia, and a thousand more exhibits, every one with a story.

It is the importance of collections of this kind that make Ottawa a truly national center, for students of Indian history and art travel from all over the continent and from Europe to make a study of these things. It is an important element in the work of government, for these Indian people are part and parcel of Canadian life and all that pertains to them pertains to the cultural history of the country

Chapter XXIII

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

WHILE the history of the national collection goes back to 1880, the story of the Gallery began only about twenty-five years ago, when rooms were first set aside for the exhibition of works of art and a director was appointed.

It started with the founding of the Royal Canadian Academy at the instigation of the Princess Louise, herself an artist, and the Marquis of Lorne her husband. The Prince Consort, the father of Princess Louise, had done much to raise the position of the artist in England and the young Princess was anxious to set in motion some movement for the organization of artists in Canada. Each member elected to the Royal Academy was required to present a diploma picture, and these pictures formed the nucleus of the national collection.

It is amusing to look back upon the social turmoil that resulted. Artists of the eighties sighed for royal favors and struggled for places in the Academy One of the Toronto artists left out of the charmed circle,

indignantly wrote the Princess and sent her some of his pictures to judge for herself. The first president dreamed of a title but it did not materialize. One woman was appointed among the charter members but by some curious quirk of the masculine mind, she never had a successor and since her day, even the best of the women artists, who have had academic honors, have had to be content with associate memberships, even though they are recognized as more distinguished and competent than some of their male fellow academicians. The Royal Canadian Academy remains late Victorian in its attitude to women artists.

Art in Canada in those days was a frail, attenuated, transplanted growth and since British art was not in a very flourishing condition when the transplant took place, there was not any native movement of importance in the young Dominion.

The collection was added to by gifts and by purchases, frequently made from people who were anxious to part with things they did not want and who had enough political influence to reach the ears of government. The pictures were hung in the hallways of the Department of Fisheries and maintained by the Department of Agriculture. In 1907 they were gathered up and placed under the control of a director of the

National Gallery, and the important collection of to-day was begun.

To-day Canada has a national collection of intrinsic value and artistic merit. The quarters are totally inadequate and the great collection of War Memorials, in painting and sculpture, cannot be shown at all. Canada has the greatest collection of this kind among all the nations of the globe, for a systematic record of the war was made while the war was in progress by a staff of painters and sculptors, British and Canadian.

Funds set aside in Canada for the purchase of pictures are exceedingly small, but by judicious selection a really fine collection of old masters has been built up. However, the one thing in which the Gallery should excel and does excel is in its collection of works of art by Canadians. The first choice of canvases exhibited in Canada usually falls to the Gallery and as the prices of works of art in Canada are very low, the Gallery is able to acquire a really notable collection. It is the largest collection of Canadian paintings and sculptures in the country.

For those who are interested there is here a complete history of art in Canada, dating from the Cap Tourmente School of the late seventeenth century in Quebec, to the last exhibited works of contemporaries.

Bishop Laval founded the Cap Tourmente school in 1685 and brought out from France fine artists and craftsmen from the provinces of France, where the traditions of the French Renaissance of Francis the First still flourished. The National Gallery has several important pieces, one of them The Last Supper, carved in wood for the altar of the old church at St. Anne de Beaupre, between 1695 and 1698 by Le Blond de La Tour. The work of Jean Baillarge and Pierre Levasseur, two other famous eighteenth century wood carvers is also represented. The last of the Quebec woodcarvers to work in the old tradition of the Cap Tourmente school was Louis Jobin, who died at St. Joachim in 1929. Though he was more than eighty years of age, he worked in his workshop until the end and it was through him that much was learned of the fascinating story of that old school of arts and crafts. A great deal of documentary evidence has been discovered in the parish records and many of the names of the old artists have been retrieved and preserved. Jobin was the man who carved the great white Madonna of the Saguenay on Cape Trinity and in his youth he was famous for his figure heads for ships built in Quebec of Ottawa timbers.

Among the nineteenth century artists represented is

John Bell-Smith, who organized one of the first art societies in Canada, in Montreal, in the year of Confederation. His son, Frederic Bell-Smith, was also associated with early art movements in this country. The Gallery has examples of the work of Alan Edson, Daniel Fowler, John Fraser and many other charter members of the Academy. One of them was Robert Harris whose best known pictures was called *The Fathers of Confederation.*

The first artist who actually painted from a Canadian point of view was a German named Cornelius Krieghoff, who settled in Montreal, married a French girl, and took a great delight in habitant scenes. The Gallery owns half a dozen examples of his work, but the best known of them is, *The Habitant Farm*, in which he manifests his reaction to the life of Quebec. A contemporary of Krieghoff was Paul Kane, born in York, as Toronto was then called. He was self taught and travelled abroad for some time copying old masters, before he set out on his famous trip across the continent. He painted and sketched Indian life all along the way and wrote a book about his experiences. The largest collection of his work is in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto but the Gallery has four canvases to illustrate his share in directing artists to the unlimited possibilities of their own landscape and native life.

One of the interesting figures represented in the National Gallery is Homer Watson, a recluse of Doon, Ontario, where he has painted for more than half a century. The greatest of all his canvases is, *The Flood Gate*, which carried with it an interesting anecdote.

Homer Watson was a young man, practically self-taught, with a keen urge to paint his native scene. He was the son and grandson of Ontario pioneers and his love of painting was a pure outcropping from some hidden vein, for there were no artists and no pictures within the circle of his environment. He was prompted by the same spirit that led Constable to paint "every stick and stone of his native heath" and curiously enough Watson's work resembled in a great degree the work of the English nature-painter. But Watson was irritated by the allusions and in exasperation he declared that he would paint a Constable, if a Constable flavor his friends demanded. Like Constable he went back to his native heath and painted his grandfather's mill pond. *The Flood Gate* was the result. Whether the passion with which he painted it had something to do with it, or just what the explanation is, matters not, but the canvas is now acknowledged to be his finest work.

Blair Bruce is another native Canadian painter, born at Hamilton in 1859. He worked chiefly in Europe and

his subjects are European, but he indicated a new trend of expression on the part of Canadian painters. A great collection of his paintings have been presented to his native city but the National Gallery has four important canvases.

Another group of important paintings are those from the brush of Morrice, the first of the genuine modernists among the Canadians. Morrice lived most of his life in Paris, but he never lost his interest in and his love for his native land. In his day there was no support for an artist of his ideals or capacity in Canada and he was a veritable exile. His canvases have a fine, broad, interpretive quality and they have had important bearings on the trend of work done by the men of the generation which followed his.

One of the best known of the Canadian artists is C. W. Jeffreys since his historical pictures hang in so many class rooms and so many Canadian school books have been illustrated by him. Although born in England he has lived since childhood in Canada and has devoted himself unreservedly to the study of historical illustration. He is as much historian as artist, in the delineation of character and event.

Modern Canadians are largely represented. Emily Carr was the first of the Canadians to use the West

Coast Indian life as motif for her art. Her water colors are particularly fine and her canvases bold and daring. Lionel Lemoine Fitzgerald, born in Winnipeg, was the first of the Manitobans to strike out into new and modern fields of expression in oils. Prudence Heward, one of the most successful young women painters in the Dominion hails from conservative Montreal and her bold figure subjects have earned her international commendation. One of her canvases, *Girl on a Hill*, was given first prize in the Willingdon Fine Arts Competition of 1929. Perhaps her best known is the study of a young French-Canadian girl, against a Quebec landscape, called *Rollande*. A. Y. Jackson of Toronto is largely represented with studies of Quebec landscape, northern Ontario subjects and Arctic canvases. He has twice gone into the Arctic to paint, sketching as far north as Bache Harbor, the most northerly inhabited spot on the globe. His companion on one of his journeys was Lawren Harris, whose highly stylized work is in strong contrast to the warm, deeply emotional compositions of A. Y. Jackson. Lawren Harris sees the north, whether it be in the Arctic or along the bold north shore of Lake Superior, as landscapes of deep spiritual significance as well as great patterns of the elements.

The Gallery has a notable collection of canvases and sketches by Tom Thomson, the Canadian artist whose brilliant and spectacular career was cut short by an untimely death. His *Jack Pine* is one of the greatest canvases painted in Canada. His *Northern River* and *Spring Ice* have a lyrical loveliness about them. Twenty-five sketches by the same artist demonstrate his amazing faculty for capturing the dynamic qualities of the seasons and the characteristics of his north country in small masterly works.

Canadian sculpture in the National Gallery runs all the way from delicate crucifixes of the Cap Tourmente school, to the dramatic stone *Passing Rain* of Elizabeth Wynn Wood, an ikon-like interpretation of a Georgian Bay landscape. This young Canadian is the first to have developed landscape forms in relief and in the round. There is a marble bust of the artist in the national collection, the work of her husband, Emanuel Hahn. Many other outstanding Canadian sculptors are represented, from the nineteenth century to to-day

Chapter XXIV.

ROUND ABOUT THE CAPITAL

SIDE by side way down on Sussex street stand two grey stone buildings, each with their own exceedingly great interests. The one is the Mint and the other is the Archives.

The systematic organization of Canadian archives began in 1872 although it had been proposed as long ago as 1670 when Intendant Talon foresaw the need to keep the records of the colony in safety. Talon's effort is recorded in a tablet by the door, but it was not until 1908 that the Archives building was completed and the scattered records of Canadian history assembled.

Vast masses of archives in France and England had to be copied or transcribed. Relics and historical momentoes had to be collected. To-day students from all parts of the continent study at the Archives and a great many important volumes have been published under the direction of the Archivist to make the material available for research workers everywhere. Among other collections in the Archives is one of

thirty five thousand maps, many of them of unique historical value, such as the map that Wolfe used to plan the siege of Quebec. There are more than ten thousand pamphlets, on every conceivable subject pertaining to Canadian thought and history. In addition there is a large library of Canadiana, and sunny rooms where visitors may work and study all day and all night, too, if they wish.

The museum of the Archives is a favorite place for visitors to the capital for nowhere else are so many rare relics assembled relating to Canadian history. One of the most fascinating is a model of Quebec city as it was in the first years of the British occupation. Here, too, may be seen the bullet riddled flags of the Canadian militia carried in the War of 1812, Brock's red coat with the bullet hole through which death entered his brave and loving heart. Here, too, is a poster offering four thousand dollars reward for the capture of Papineau, a receipt for a slave purchased in Quebec in 1761, letters signed by Wolfe, belts of wampum by which the Indians made their treaties with the white men, a *ceinture fleche* sash given Brock by Tecumseh and thereafter always worn by the British officer, these and hundreds more of fascinating objects, rich in associations with romantic men and women of the past.

There is a huge silver cup here, also, inscribed to Mac-Kay and Redpath as a souvenir of the completion of the Rideau Canal.

At the Mint next door Canadian coinage is made. The castellated building with its high iron grill fences is closely guarded by Mounted Police, since millions of dollars worth of gold may be stored from time to time within, to be converted into coin of the realm. This was opened also in 1908

The Mint is open to visitors who must apply to one of the banks in the city and in turn will receive notice of the day and hour of the visit. They are then conducted through to see the process of "making money." As many as two hundred thousand coins can be made here in one day

The gold reserve for Canada, which backs all paper money is kept in great vaults under the East Block of the Parliament Buildings. Deep into the rock the passages have been cut, and a series of steel grills, every one with a Mounted Police officer, makes admission as difficult as possible. The corridors are brilliantly lighted No one man ever knows the combination of the national vaults, and as many as eight officials may be involved in contributing the necessary details that will turn the great knobs and swing open the doors to

the treasure room. Once within, the piles of gold bricks and bags of bulging coins reveal the national gold reserve of the Dominion

A modest but interesting little place is the Bytown Museum on Nicholas street where the Women's Historical Society has converted the old Registry Office into a shrine of Ottawa history.

One of the show places of Ottawa is the Experimental Farm Very fittingly, too, in the capital of a country so largely agricultural. Agriculture is one of the pursuits to-day so closely linked with science that the gap between the pioneer farmer, sowing grain between the tree stumps by hand from his leather apron, and the modern farmer, seems indeed much greater than the span of years would indicate.

Canada's first experimental farm began way back in the sixteen-seventies at the instigation of that handsome and intelligent Intendant Talon who laid out the villages of Bourg Le Reine, Bourg Royal and Bourg Talon at Charlesbourg, when he tried out schemes of settlement and agriculture. To-day the experimental farm system in Canada is a mighty modern development with ramifications in the most unexpected places. The chief of the farms, at Ottawa, is, to the layman, a delightful place where he is treated to a rose garden

notous with color and perfume in the summer months or a magnificent chrysanthemum show in the early autumn. He knows vaguely that there are highly pedigreed cattle and aristocratic poultry and various other matters of import to the farmer. But to hundreds of thousands of people from Atlantic to Pacific it is the experimental headquarters where countless problems affecting the well being and the prosperity of the farm are being solved.

A conquering monarch who could add vast territories to his kingdom would be revered by his people and commemorated with national memorials and his story told in countless historical volumes. He would be a dramatic figure and his army would be national heroes. Songs and sagas would record their deeds in extending the boundaries of the nation. Yet here quite undramatic civil servants, toiling over little patches of soil and testing results in little laboratories, have added the area of more than one European kingdom to the inhabited domain of Canada, without any flaunting of flags or any songs of victory. Among all the historic sites in Canada none is more intensely dramatic in its significance than that little plot in which Marquis wheat was first created. Marquis was not the last but only one of a series of epoch making discoveries in grain

culture, and while there are still more kingdoms to be brought under the golden sceptre of wheat-in-the-head, these quiet, unassuming farmer-scientists will go on working at this and the other experimental farms that, like fortresses of old, stand on the frontiers of the land.

The experimental farm system was founded in 1884 when Canada realized the pressing need for scientific aid in agriculture, the value of good seeds, the rotation of crops, summer fallow and many more agricultural commonplaces which were then known to few. Dr. Williams Saunders, a manufacturing chemist in London, had some years before purchased a farm on which to conduct the experiments which were a hobby with him. When the government looked about for a director of the farm movement, Dr Saunders, or plain Mr Saunders as he was then, was the very man for the job. His hobby prepared him for what was virtually the most important post in Canada in his day.

Remember that when William Saunders became director of experimental farms, the Canadian Pacific Railway was not completed, that settlers were still forging into the prairie lands on foot or in wagons in search of the free land grants so easily secured. Every man who settled in the new west added to the serious-

ness of the seed wheat problem. A farming territory that ran like a narrow ribbon along the frontier and left the rest of the west still uninhabited country, made Canada a land barely linked province by province. From a national point of view that narrow, sparsely settled belt was a serious matter Yet grain would not ripen farther north and there was nothing to take settlers where farming was dangerous and uncertain. Early frosts could wipe out in a hour or two a whole year's work and certainly settlers would not court disaster by invading the land beyond proven safety

It was a matter of common debate, for there had been plenty of people to decry the building of a railway through a country that, according to them, had only one month's summer But for every one of little faith there was always one of great faith and men of common sense knew what intelligent scientific interest could do much to better the conditions obtaining on the prairies.

Now the most important thing about William Saunders was his point of view. He had a true, experimental mind, infinite patience and common sense. He was not content to sit in his office and send out questionaires to farmers. He wanted to know for himself So he set out immediately for the far west. He travelled where he could by train, and when he wanted to get

farther he hired a horse and buggy and drove from farm to farm, investigating and making notes.

One of the farmers he encountered was Angus MacKay who had emigrated to the west from Ontario, trekking in with horse and wagon. He settled at Indian Head. The first year he had a fine harvest. The second year frost wiped out his crop the day before he intended to start cutting it. The next year, 1885, he decided to sow earlier, to cheat the frosts, so he began in April. When his seeding was half done his horses were conscripted for the North West Rebellion. Half his farm lay black and seedless.

By 1886 he had replaced his horses and he seeded the whole farm. That summer there was drought. The whole territory was hopeless, watching the parched land burn under the summer sun. Then Angus MacKay discovered an amazing thing. On those acres that had laid unsown the year before his grain grew and flourished until it nodded in golden fields in the autumn sun. MacKay had stumbled on a great principle. He had discovered the benefits of summer fallow. The fields that had had a rest had repaid him a hundred fold. A problem that scientists were puzzling over in their laboratories, MacKay discovered as an accident of war.

MacKay's farm was one of the places William

Saunders discovered on his long journey into the west. He recognized in Angus MacKay an intelligent farmer and he made him superintendent of the experimental farm for that district. He found from MacKay and from many of his neighbors the crying need for an early wheat.

Saunders realized that years of patient research lay ahead. He sent all over the world for samples of wheat that grew in cold climates and high altitudes. He sowed them and crossed them and shipped them all over the west to be grown under various conditions. Every step in the experiment meant shipping little bags of seed wheat back and forth from Ottawa to the farmers and waiting a summer for results. Red Fife must be the parent wheat, Saunders decided, since it was already growing successfully all over the west. In 1892 Red Fife was crossed with Hard Calcutta and the results seemed to offer something in the way of promise. One summer Saunders sent a young son all the way across the country crossing grains, taking the pollen from one variety and laying it on the pistils of another. Finally at Agassiz, British Columbia, he crossed twenty-three wheat plants.

At the end of the summer the superintendent of the farm at Agassiz plucked the twenty-three heads of

grain, put them in a little bag and mailed them to Ottawa. They arrived with the morning mail and some boys in the office discovered that the little bag made a very good ball. They pitched it back and forth for a while and then it landed on the top of a cupboard. It wasn't worth the effort of going after it so they went outdoors to play.

After some letters had been exchanged William Saunders discovered that the bag of precious wheat was missing. With the fervor of a fanatic he began to search for it and set everyone about him searching. Somebody looked in the unlikeliest of places, on top of the cupboard, and there was the bag.

The seeds were planted in that little plot behind Dr. Saunders' old home, a plot still railed off and used for experiments of a similar kind. All the next summer he watched them grow and in the autumn he took the biggest and plumpest of the seeds and began a new series of experiments. This was only one of seven hundred experiments. He was growing old and the search seemed endless. So the task was passed on to the younger hands of his son, Dr. Charles Saunders. He was as patient and visionary as his father. Year after year he could go on with his planting and growing and selecting. It was out of the line of wheat his father had selected that

Dr Charles Saunders at length produced the first few grains of a wheat he called Marquis. He had tested it for growth, for quality, for flour and for its food values. It seemed to fulfil all that was required of it.

In 1907 the new Marquis wheat was sown in an experimental bed at Agassiz It was a bad year, heat and cold and destructive winds chasing each other over the harassed farmlands. There had been nothing to equal it in twenty-five years. Then one morning there was frost. All the wheats hung their heads in frosty defeat All but one grain. There was the little patch of Marquis, undaunted, green and sturdy and heavy in the head.

That autumn a bushel of Marquis wheat was shown at the exhibition at Regina. It was the only bright bit of golden promise in a distressful year.

Within five years Marquis was growing all over the west and across the border in several American states. In the fall of 1912 it was shipped out to some of the world markets. Like a sea of limpid gold it rippled and flooded all over the hungry world. Then came the war Marquis went into war service and hundreds of millions of bushels went to feed the fighting men.

With the use of Marquis the map was rolled back. Millions of acres theretofore considered useless for wheat growing were put under cultivation Marquis ripened ten days earlier than any other wheat in Canada.

The experimental farms did not rest on their laurels. Since then they have produced another wheat, Garnet, which ripens still another ten days earlier, and back went the frontiers again to make place for thousands of new farms in the farther north.

Dr Saunders home still stands among the group of administrative buildings at the experimental farm and every visitor to Ottawa who has marvelled at the tale of national growth and expansion and has seen the evidence of national strength and purpose in the capital city, should make a pilgrimage to this little spot, the source of inestimable wealth and prestige to the Canadian farmer.

To-day there are thirty or more experimental farms and sub-stations and more than two hundred illustration stations from coast to coast. The story of the service offered and applied to Canadian farmers is a book in itself, and a dramatic tale if it was told.

Urban visitors seldom stop to think as they visit the beautiful farm and see the sleek cattle, the enormous pigs, the plumey poultry, that apart from providing Ottawa with a showplace it is indeed a very vital part of government in Canada.

Chapter XXV.

DOWN THE OTTAWA

ON the journey from Montreal up the Ottawa, in colonial days, the first tribe of Indians to be encountered were La Petite Nation, so named by the French because they were a small and comparatively peaceful group, who tended their own business of hunting and fishing and traded with their French neighbors to their mutual satisfaction. They were Algonquins who used the River of La Petite Nation as a highway into the north. It was many days journey after leaving them before white travellers fell in with the next tribes at Allumette Island.

Trade with La Petite Nation was established very early in the days of New France. For some years of that regime the whole trade and colonization of the St. Lawrence Valley was in the hands of a powerful company called The Company of the West Indies. It had power to grant land as well as a monopoly in the Indian trade. In 1674 Bishop Laval appealed to the company for a grant of land, fifteen miles square, on the Ottawa.

This was the land occupied by La Petite Nation. In a quaint old deed drawn up in Paris the company agreed to give this stretch of wilderness to the Bishop as a seigneury "along the road of the Ottawas." He was to have full feudal rights of justice and seigneury, mines and minerals, water and game and fishing privileges. In return the Bishop was to render faith and homage to the Company every twenty years, either in the Chateau St. Louis or Quebec, or in Paris, "with a golden link attached or fixed to a golden Louis, having the value of eleven pounds." He was to begin clearing the seigneury within four years unless prevented 'by war or any reasonable cause."

The Bishop did not clear the land or settle anyone upon it since it would have been little short of madness to leave men and women unprotected in the path of the Iroquois. Six years later the bishop transferred the seigneury to the Seminary of Foreign Missions to help support his religious works at Quebec. One hundred and twenty years later it was sold by the Seminary to Joseph Papineau. Already Philomen Wright had passed that way and had carved a colony out of the forest at the foot of the Chaudiere. Perhaps his example stirred Joseph Papineau to emulation. Very little was done however, until some years later when he sold the land

to his handsome and energetic young son, Louis Joseph Papineau, soldier, student and politician, who set to work to create thereupon a seigneury with the feudal flavor that had attached to it when it first passed into the hands of Bishop Laval.

To-day that seigneury is one of the haunts of Ottawa people when they leave the capital in search of relaxation in the open, for Papineau's manor house is the Seigniory Club, and his seigneurial acres are devoted to preserving fish and game for the sport of its members. Once a long journey from Ottawa by canoe or by sleigh over the ice, the Seigneury Club is now brought near enough, by motor and swift launches, so that the trip can be made for a tea or dinner jaunt.

Although it is a modern club with an enormous log chateau as a guest house, it still preserves a haunting air of history, and some unsubstantial quality of personality and events hovers over it. In the woods or along the river lingers a strange and romantic company, lusty voyageurs, slim, swift Indians, coifed nuns on their journey, merry colonists plodding by with high hopes towards their goal, or weary emigrants, pale and sad from their travels, looking eagerly towards peace and safety in the west.

The seigneur of the seigneury of La Petite Nation

was the last glamorous figure of the Lower Ottawa, and he carried on the feudal tradition in the grand manor long after confederation. Nowhere in the history of New France was there a figure more definitely of the seigneurial type. Papineau was physically the beau ideal of the lord of the manor. Tall, handsome, distinguished, he presided over the affairs of his estate like a veritable overlord of romance. Living in seclusion, he maintained the traditions of fine living. He was courteous to a degree, a famous host, the writer of rare and beautiful letters. Yet behind all the cultural suavity he was a dynamo of thought and energy. No man of his time was more the rebel in ideas than was Louis Joseph Papineau.

Elected to the Assembly at twenty-six, in the year that the war broke out with the United States, he forsook the legislature for the battlefield. Three years later, when the war was done, he became Speaker of the house at twenty-nine. There he stayed, except for one brief dramatic interval (when he locked horns with the king's deputy,) until the Rebellion of '37, twenty-two years afterwards.

From the Speaker's chair he conducted the affairs of revolution, talking as boldly to William the Fourth as he would to a political rival, founding revolutionary

clubs, directing a newspaper campaign and advocating a republic for Canada. At St. Charles on the Richelieu his followers ranged themselves dramatically around the red-capped Liberty Pole and swore to conquer or to die as if Louis Joseph was a princeling cheated of his throne. Fascinating Louis Joseph and his friends refused to wear English clothes and in homespun frock coats, and cowhide boots they put their political faith to a very real test.

Blunders and prejudices, hot tempers and unsteady hands on both sides lead from political enmity to bloodshed,—and rebellion in any guise is an ugly business.

The rebellion was put down and Papineau became a voluntary exile in France where he remained for many years, although France was as alien to him as any other land, for the French republic had little in common with what remains of the old royalist colony on the St. Lawrence.

Louis Joseph Papineau spent his restless energies at the Archives and the great Libraries of Paris, in research into Canadian historical problems. He was one of the first Canadian students to mine that rich vein of historical lore. In 1845 he returned to Canada and began his manor house at La Petite Nation. It was not the manor house of New France with Norman roof and

peaked gables, but the chateau of modern France, a sunny, spacious, gracious place. So long exiled from his own soil, he had a deep, emotional attachment to it, so the chateau that he built with pointed towers and broad low windows was intended to admit as much of the beauty of his land as possible. There was one wall, at the eastern end of the house, overlooking the romantic Ottawa, that was nearly all glass. Here, whether skies were blue as sapphires or heavy with brooding clouds or burning sunset colors, the Papineaus sat and loved their land.

Beside the house Papineau built a great square stone tower, that suggests Indian raids and sieges, but which was devoted solely to his books. It was a famous library and there Papineau delved into the problems of history.

It became a very beautiful estate. Near to his tower he built a Museum, and a chapel, and along the road leading to the highway he built a stone mortuary chapel where to-day Papineau and four generations of his family sleep their last sleep.

In spite of all his radicalism, he was one of the last exponents of the feudal idea. In one of the round towers of the manor he sat to receive his censitaires as they came to render homage and pay their rents. The democracy that he preached came in like flowing tide

and engulfed him. Feudal tenure was abolished, and although his tenants, like a great many French-Canadians, went on paying their ancient tributes and respect to the lord of the manor, they were no longer censitaires, but tenants, with the right to buy the land they occupied.

The road between Montebello, as the village was named, after the manor house, is an old Indian trail and follows the contours of the stream. One of the unsung heroes of the Ottawa was a brother of the Great Papineau, as he was called, Denis Benjamin Papineau, whose heart was not in law or politics, but in the soil of his native land. Like Philomen Wright, he journeyed up from settled lands to wrestle with the wilderness. He came one cold November by canoe from St. Denis on the Richelieu and brought his young wife and a five-week-old baby with him. He built a house near the Papineauville of to-day and acted as deputy seigneur, first for his father and then for his celebrated brother. He lived a simple and devoted life among the settlers that came to take up the seigneurial lands.

Scenes from Papineau's stormy career are painted as murals in the Log Chateau and there are many memorials of his regime in the Seigniory Club. The Papineau Brook is a picturesque little stream that winds its way

through the woods, and now a path follows its contours all the way to the unexpected and dramatic little gorge through which it leaps its way, white among the shadowy rocks, through cool and lovely woods.

The seigneury is very extensive and it is a drive of fifteen miles to Lac Commandant, one of the connecting lakes, on which there is rare hunting and fishing. The lakes and streams are restocked from the club's own fish hatchery that repays a visit with all sorts of interest. Indian guides that serve the members sometimes recount curious tales of battle and bloodshed round about Lac Commandant, for even when the Indian wars were done there were many little "private wars" between the tribes that roamed the Laurentians, even up until the last generations.

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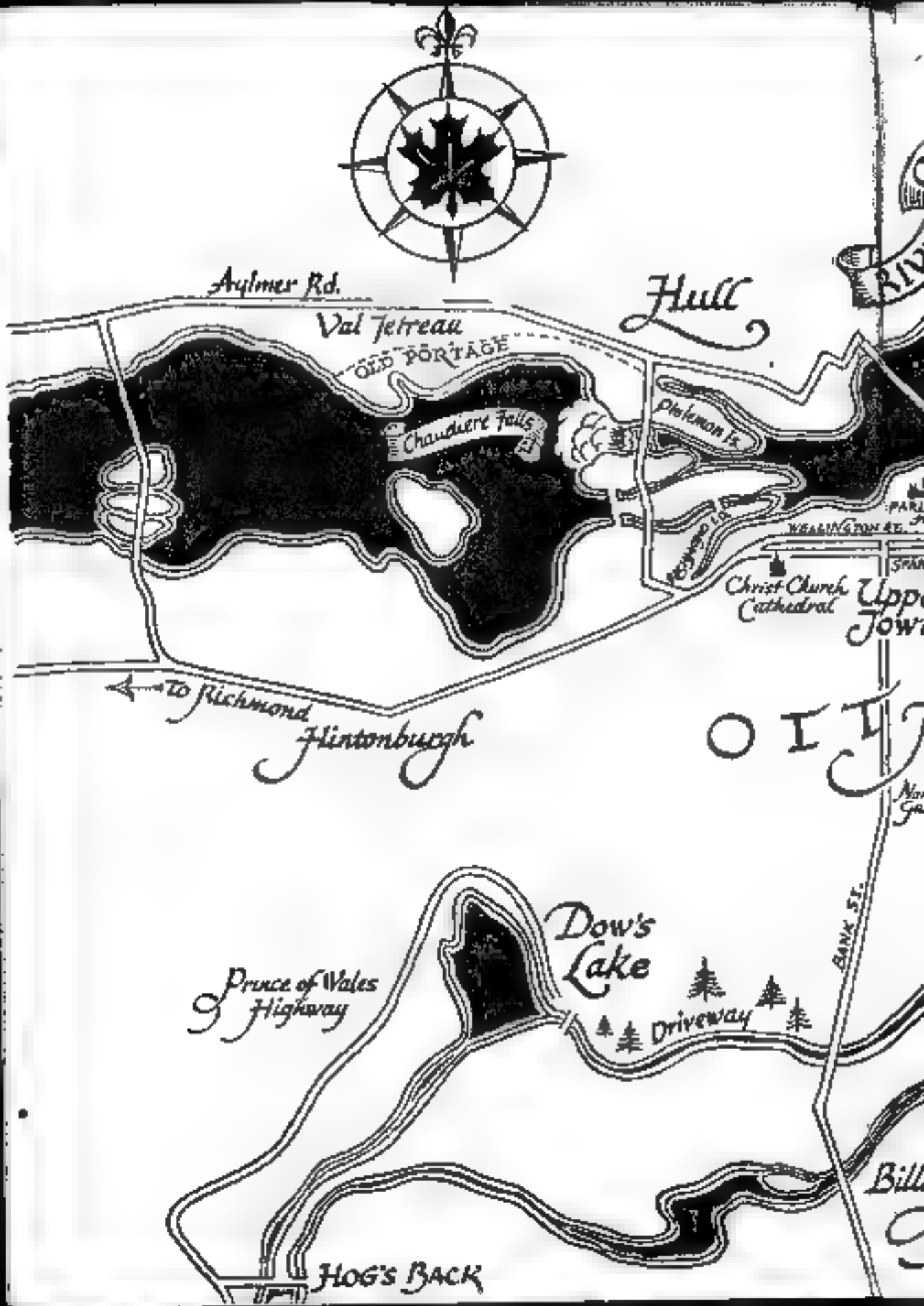
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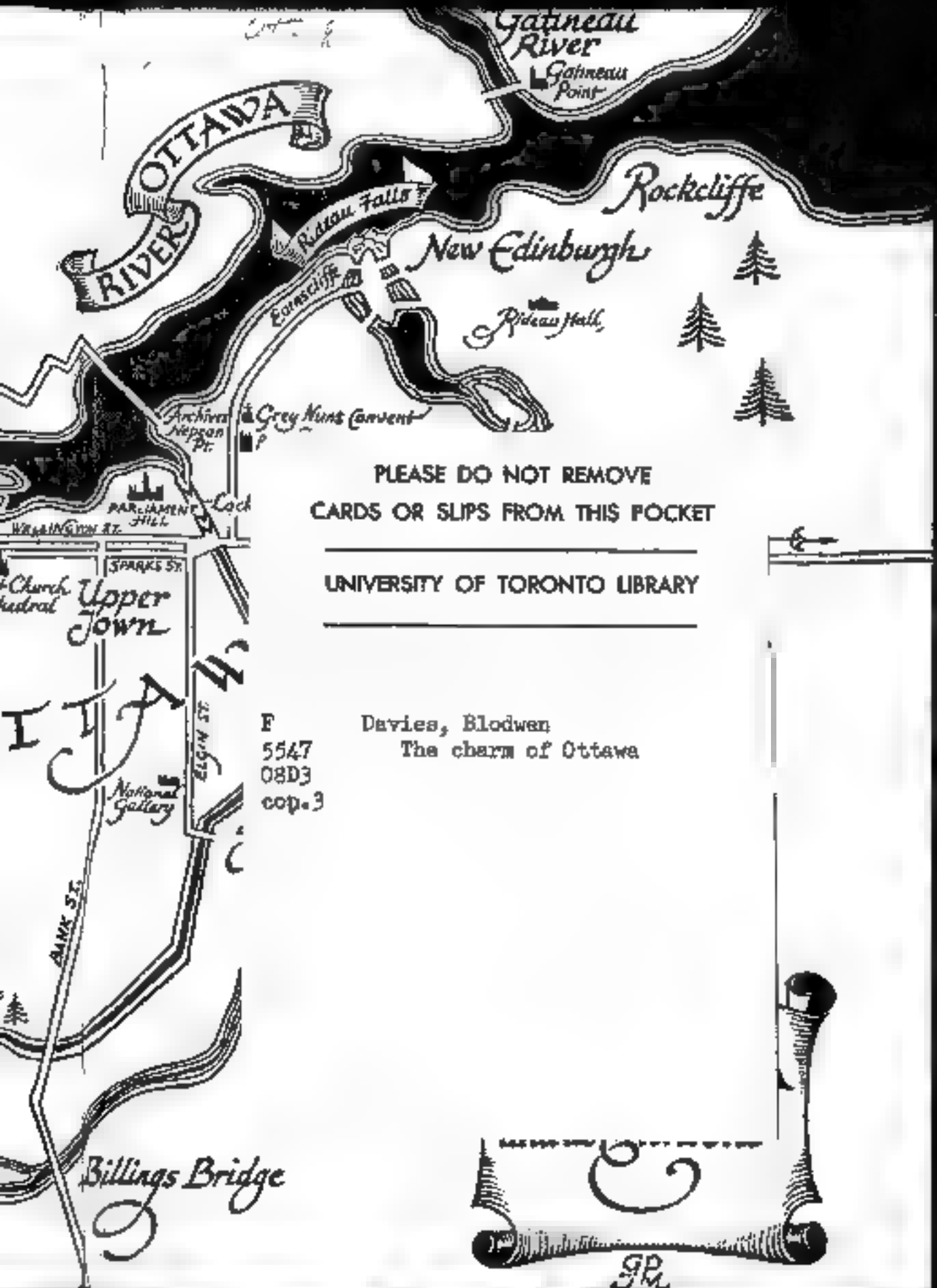

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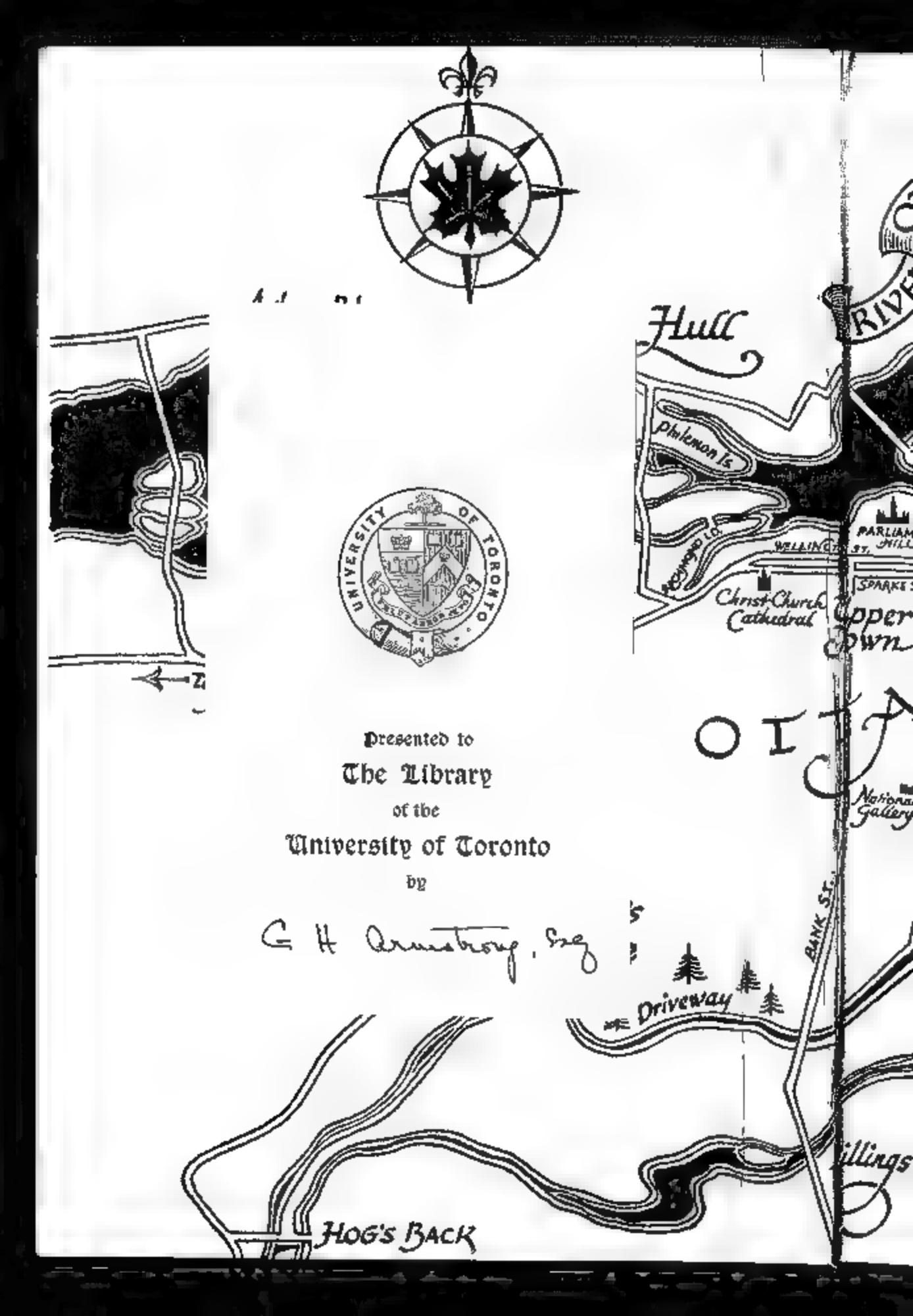

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The
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The CHARM of OTTAWA

by BLODWEN DAVIES

With Illustrations from Etchings
by BARBARA STEPHENS

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FOREWORD

OTTAWA is a capital with unique traditions. It is completely bilingual, and the affairs of government are conducted in the two mother-tongues, English and French. It is a city equally at home in the social life and history of Europe and America, as familiar by experience with the problems of the old world as with those of the new. It borrows much of its ceremony from out of the storied past and keeps itself so in tune with modern thought that it can provide its neighbors with sound experiments in government and social progress.

Ottawa is the only royal court in America and it is also the mother of a new system of modern politics, for the confederation of the Canadian provinces has been the pattern not only for the governments of sister Dominions, but also the foundation stone on which the British Commonwealth of Nations raised its new structure.

So Ottawa can justly claim to be a significant city. If it has not age and mediæval glamor and romantic ruins to ravish the eyes of its visitors, it has instead a

short but dramatic history and a stirring sense of things about to be accomplished, of a new state where possibly some of the ancient dreams of men may one day be realized.

In its brief history Ottawa has seen the young Dominion struggle through from an inherited colonialism into true national consciousness, has seen it grow from a fringe of habitations along its southern boundaries into a nation that glories in its new north and that draws its spiritual strength out of the wilderness. Year after year Canada reaches into the once unknown and mysterious lands under the Northern Lights and draws them into the known under the banner of her enterprise. She shapes her way with her eyes turned not wistfully upon the things that other people created and enjoyed, but into the new and untried, glorying in the opportunities of her own age to create afresh.

All but a brief chapter of Ottawa's history as the capital of the nation lies in the shimmering mists of the future into which our old civilization strains its eyes in search of some new and happier social order. Since 1867 it has been the mouthpiece for a young nation that, to borrow a phrase of the mystics, is "a significant variation" in the story of nationality. It is as though Ottawa was the workshop and Canada the artist, that

here she had taken a great rock of native granite and using the borrowed tools of the past, had set out to hew and shape and inspire a work of political art, informed with all her youthful spirit and idealism. The form emerges, but as with all creative work, it takes time and devotion to round out the conception of the artist, to turn stone into a spiritual reality.

Chapter I.

"HER STREETS OF BRIEF RENOWN"

RISING abruptly out of the south shore of the Ottawa River is a series of limestone cliffs. One of them, higher and broader than the rest, seems to dominate the whole landscape.

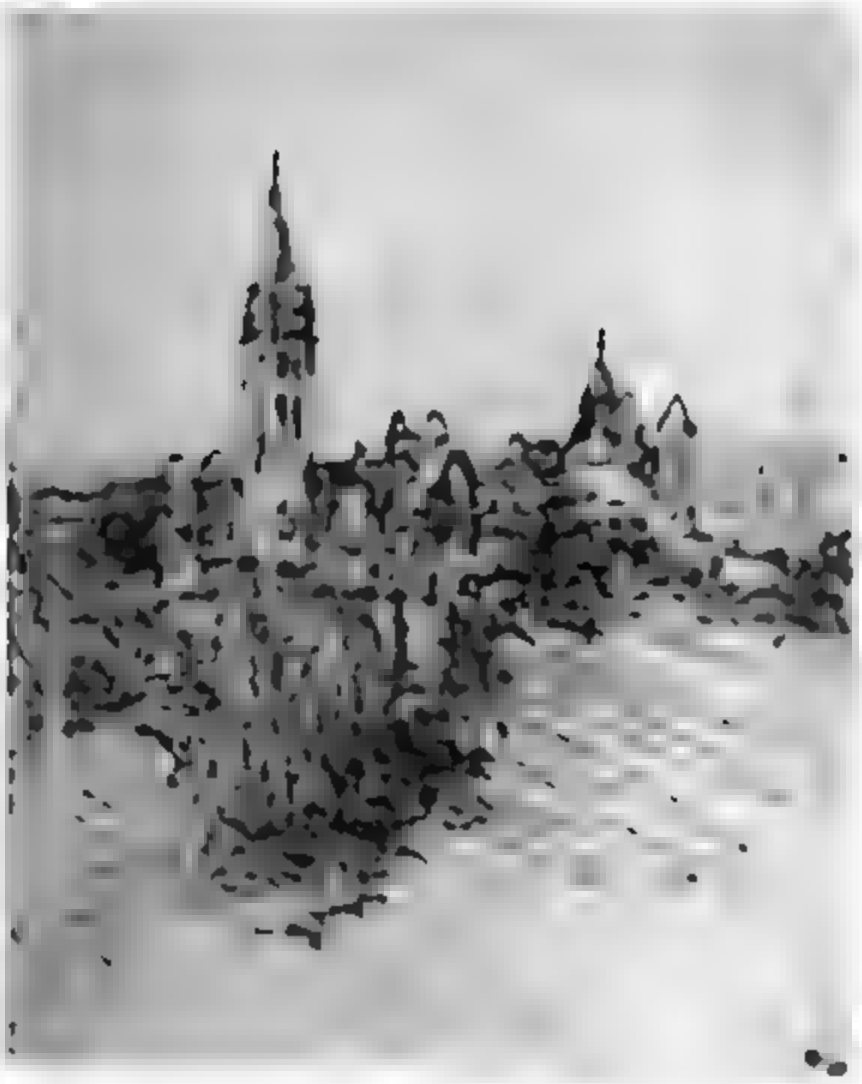
The wide river, flowing swiftly by at the base of the cliffs, drains a great north land fretted with quiet lakes and impetuous streams that were the travelways of the Huron and Algonquin nations. As they muster their forces the lakes and streams eventually pour themselves from unnumbered sources into the Ottawa and descend in a series of placid, island-studded stretches of still water and rocky reaches of white water. The most celebrated of all the Ottawa's variations comes at the Falls of the Chaudiere, some hundred and twenty miles before the river joins the St. Lawrence. Here its lovely fury is concentrated for the plunge over the legend-haunted rocks into the great cauldron below. In some places the river falls in a series of cataracts between sentinel islands along a brink of rocks, sometimes it boils

its way through purring rapids as treacherous as they are beautiful. Here at the Great Kettle, as it is sometimes called, it makes a magnificent, roaring leap into the basin below.

Over the Chaudiere and the basin the limestone cliffs stand sentinel. Here was a stage on which strange primeval dramas, fierce pagan pageantry, were played for long and unrecorded ages. It was altar and stage, mart and battlefield, as occasion demanded and as the surge of savage emotions dictated.

Northward the low purple hills, dark with mystery and solitude, stand backed against the horizon. From out of them flows a strange and beautiful river, the Gatineau. Like the Ottawa, it comes from a thousand secret places and was a highway for the Indians in search of food and furs. From out of the south shore flows another river, the Rideau, broad and serene, between low banks where the beaver once lived. On the very lip of the southern shore it plunges, white and fleecy, into the dark river below. Down the Rideau came another race of copper-skins from below the Great Lakes, brave and cruel, neither seeking nor feeling pity.

This was the focal point of these nomadic people. Here they came to trade. Furs and pemmican from the



far north were exchanged for tobacco and wampum from the south. Here they held council and paid tribute to the Manitou who dwelt in the mists of the Great Kettle and who might ensure them safety and happy hunting, or distress and hunger, according to his mood and whim.

On the rock that, down through the mists of ages, has dominated this elemental beauty, now rise the grey walls and pointed towers that give Ottawa its dignity and significance, the home of the Canadian government. Parliament Hill dominates the river and the Gothic towers dominate the city that has grown up on the south shore from an engineering camp of a century ago into the national capital of to-day.

Parliament Hill is flanked on the west by the modern mills and factories for which the white Chaudiere has been enslaved, and on the east by the picturesque and obsolete canal, rising in giant steps from the river to the heights above through a crease in the limestone bluffs. Nepean Point across Entrance Valley, is the second of the commanding cliffs of the south shore.

Ottawa is a city in green plumage all the long summer, for its streets and parks, gardens and drives are thickly covered with trees. From the clear, translucent green of May until the autumn, when they cover the

city like an old tapestry of jade and gold, wine and russet, they are a crowning glory. In winter, Ottawa, like all the countryside about, is blanketed deeply with snow, the white coat of the north; then all roads lead out into the open and bright-coated ski enthusiasts skim like brilliant birds over the hilly trails.

The Canadian capital is a young and beautiful city, almost as impressive in its bold outlines against the sky as old Quebec. From every avenue of approach the silhouette of Ottawa is impressive. Its towers and turrets break into the skyline like the tips of its native pines, and having been built on a series of bluffs and hollows it is never monotonous in its scheme of streets and spaces. The boldest of its promontories are capped by public buildings, and stone is the chief of its building material. Nepean quarries have provided the city with stone that weathers beautifully, and so the city has taken on a mellow air that belies its youth. The rivers and the Rideau canal give Ottawa that loveliness that only waterways can provide; about and around the city are scores of entrancing retreats, by quiet banks, overhung with old trees, or on heights that look down upon the sheen of silver streams and the snowy fleeces of falls and rapids.

The highways into the city are several. There is

the old south shore road from Montreal over the Rideau River; there is the north shore road that gives the visitor a splendid view of the city mounting to its picturesque climax on Parliament Hill. There are the roads from the south by Billing's Bridge and the placid Rideau, and others from the northwest that follow the current of the Ottawa.

Even the railway entrance into Ottawa is impressive, for, as in Edinburgh, it is in the heart of the city that the traveller emerges from the railway station to catch a first memorable glimpse of the capital's dignity and beauty.

All roads lead into Connaught Place and towering over it, like some great baronial stronghold of northern France, is the Chateau Laurier. Beside it is a roadway leading into Major's Hill Park and Nepean Point and to the east a long vista of Rideau street. Southward the canal winds its placid way through the city, bordered by parks and drives.

From Connaught Place a great viaduct crosses the canal and from it there is a view of the locks descending to the river, with an old stone warehouse, built more than a century ago, under Parliament Hill. To the right rises the grey wall of Nepean Point, and beyond it a bridge that crosses the river to the city of Hull, sprawling on the low north shore.

Beyond the viaduct is Confederation Square that is being steadily enlarged by the razing of old buildings and out of it run three of the chief streets of the city, Wellington street to the north, Sparks street, the business heart of Ottawa, and Elgin street to the south, which is to be one of the processional avenues of the city, a stage for the pageantry of national ceremonials. Northwestward on the rising ground of Parliament Hill are the Parliament Buildings with the lovely height of the Peace Tower dominating the Gothic quadrangle.

Ottawa started out to be three settlements. Two of them were laid out in the fall of 1826 and the third developed a few years later. Upper Town, west of Parliament Hill, was "upper" socially as well as geographically, for the lumber merchants, contractors and others engaged in supervising the construction of the canal and the building of the town, built homes there. Lower Town, east of the canal, along Sussex and Rideau streets and along the side of the canal cut, was the district where the working people eked out an undramatic existence. New Edinburgh was east of the Rideau River, where Thomas MacKay set up something like a beneficent feudal state. Rideau Hall was the manor house. Mills—saw mills, grist mills, woollen mills,—gave employment to his tenants and settlers.

There were natural barriers between these settlements. New Edinburgh was separated from Lower Town by the Rideau River; Lower Town from Upper Town not merely by the canal but more effectively by Parliament, or as it was then called, Barracks Hill, which was kept mostly in its original wilderness state as the site of proposed fortifications.

A little Quebec, this promontory commanded both river and canal and sloped off to the south into beaver meadows and swamps. The only access from Upper to Lower Town was a roadway over this hill that led to Sapper's Bridge across the canal.

It was the middle of the century before that demarcation was changed. In the face of uninterrupted peace, the idea of fortification was given up and the hill laid out in city streets. Lower Town found itself wedged into the center of the city and New Edinburgh became Rideau Ward of the city of Ottawa.

All these changes brought alterations in the characters of the various parts. Residences that had once been exclusive estates found themselves in wholesale or business districts. The fine old stone home built by Nicholas Sparks on Sparks street, then faced the river. Its grey stones were surrounded by trees and flower gardens and it was a social center of the town. Long

since the back of the house was converted into shops facing on the street and the dignified façade of the old mansion now looks down forlornly on an untidy back-yard. It can still be seen in the middle of the "300" block on Sparks street.

There is one intriguing patch of old Upper Town left, down on Cliff street and vicinity, a sad little area that seems to say that it could tell a tale of another and more picturesque day. Here are quaint grey stone walls, courtyards separating mansions from warehouses, quaint gables and bewitching fanlights over broad and hospitable doors. Here, a brooding shadow, is the spirit of old Bytown.

The history of the city, if charted would show many a slope into depression with alternating rises of good fortune. It was a veritable mushroom town, springing up literally with the setting up of the theodolite, for the surveyor, less than a month after the initiation of the canal project wrote:

"We have laid out two villages and all the lots are taken up; it surprises me to see the anxiety people have to become citizens here. On a morning I have sometimes about me such swarms that I cry out like the goose in the fable, that all the world and his wife are here." That was in the fall of 1826. By 1827 there

were a hundred and fifty houses in the new town, named in honor of Lt.-Col. John By, engineer in charge of the building of the canal, Bytown.

With the combination of timber trade and canal, Bytown grew. When the timber trade slumped, Bytown fell upon hard times. The beginning of the industrial era, with the building of mills in the fifties, gave it new life, and in 1854 it was incorporated as the city of Ottawa. The population then was ten thousand souls.

But for some years Ottawa had its mind set upon a great prize. All the other Canadian cities were quarrelling about where parliament should be established. So long as the two provinces, which then comprised the Canadian colonies, were separated, York was the capital of Upper Canada and Quebec of Lower Canada. But after the union of the provinces in 1841, as a compromise between the French and English interests, the legislature held their sessions successively in Kingston and Montreal, Toronto and Quebec. It was a most cumbersome and unsatisfactory arrangement.

Kingston had its unseemly moments. A French premier of the "united" provinces, driven to indignation by the zest with which Kingston celebrated the defeat of one of his supporters, moved parliament off,

lock, stock and barrel, to Montreal. But Montreal was not much better mannered, as it turned out. When the population became very much annoyed with the course of legislation, it put the torch to the parliament buildings.

These outbursts of political temper gave quiet little Ottawa much to think about, and a chance to play the part of the discerning outsider. It had nothing to live down, politically, since it never had had a chance to become embroiled in the quarrels in which all the others had taken a part.

Ottawa was now in the center of the united provinces. The bridge crossing the Ottawa was the first actual link between the land of the provinces. By a combination of astute politics and the whim of destiny, at a precarious moment in its civic fortunes, Ottawa was named the capital.

This small town had no aristocratic tradition behind it when it became the Canadian capital. Half the population were sons and daughters of Irish immigrants, another quarter were the families of French raftsmen. The wealthy merchants were enterprising men who had gone into lumbering and milling and founded their own fortunes. It was the pick and shovel, broadaxe and peavey, that laid the foundations of Ottawa. There was not a rapier in its history, nor a coronet to its credit.

Chapter II.

PLANS AND COUNTER PLANS

LIEUTENANT - GOVERNOR John Graves Simcoe, who laid his imperious will upon so much of Upper Canada, evinced little or no interest in the Chaudiere Basin. It may have been merely that chance did not bring him there, and so his imagination was never fired by its beauty or possibilities. It is strange that the military importance of the Rideau route did not impress itself upon him. In those days it was a matter of prime importance. Or it may have been that he had an unconscious prejudice against the project to build a town there because it was a project fathered by a man whom he disliked and opposed. For it is upon such small stones of personal antagonism that the schemes of empire are sometimes wrecked. Both were self-willed and dogmatic, but Simcoe was the younger man with much less right to high office and the reins of power than Dorchester, Wolfe's old friend and fellow officer and a soldier of long years of distinguished service. Once Dorchester had passed some slighting remark about Simcoe's regiment, the Queen's

Rangers, and from that hour was born the hostility that years later was to have its effect upon the history of Upper Canada. Simcoe, ambitious, self-assertive, stubborn and honest, could never tolerate opposition, actual or implied, though he pursued a course that frequently crossed the purposes of others, both superiors and inferiors, with whom he worked.

Imbued with a deep-rooted and perfectly sincere horror of all that smacked of Republicanism abroad or Reform at home, Simcoe could find no worse name for an opponent than that of Republican. And many a man who crossed the Tory will of this English Governor was dubbed Republican. "The perfect image and transcript of the British constitution," complete with a bishop and an hereditary class of lawmakers, was Simcoe's plan for the infant colony to which he was appointed as governor in 1791. But these people, Loyalists almost to a man, who had settled in Upper Canada and had asked and were awarded a separate government, with English laws and customs, were American born and had had a deal to do with making their own rules and regulations in the American colonies. They were royalists in their views, but they were American royalists, with advanced ideas on the right of the individual, and it was not "the perfect transcript

and image" of English life that they wanted, but a nice balance struck between English Toryism and American Republicanism.

One of the leaders of this mode of thought was Richard Cartwright of Kingston, a rich merchant and an active figure in all public affairs. Doubtless the energetic Cartwright had a lot to do with persuading Lord Dorchester, the Governor all Canada, before the colonies were divided in Upper and Lower Canada, that a town at the mouth of the Rideau, and roads and waterways across the peninsula to Kingston was a sound project for the development and safety of Upper Canada. Certain it is that if Simcoe had not come to Canada there would have been a settlement, known as Ottawa City, at the mouth of the Rideau in the seventeen-nineties. But Cartwright was one of those who brought down upon himself the thunderous epithet of Republican. So there was no Ottawa city.

In 1790 surveyors were sent up the Ottawa to report on the possibilities of settlement at the mouth of the Rideau. They laid out a town plot and two townships and approved of the place for colonization. The plan was "a deviation from the general rules and regulations" for surveying and settlement but the matter was considered so urgent that the report took precedence over

a long list of land board projects and was laid before Lord Dorchester in Quebec in 1791. He approved, for he could see that settlers and goods would be taken up the Ottawa and down the Rideau with greater speed than by the St. Lawrence and in time of war the route would be protected from possible invaders. "The Order for Ottawa City to be laid out" with plots for churches and schools, for ministers and school teachers, was approved. And that is all we hear of Ottawa City.

Long before he had left England, Simcoe had set his heart on building a capital in the midst of the wilderness, on a river he was to re-name the Thames. The capital was to be called London. There were no settlers, no roads, in that area which appeared, upon the map, such an ideal location for his ideal capital, with its cathedral, its university and its viceregal court. Kingston, the chief town of the province he would not consider as a capital. Newark was merely a temporary compromise, and when London proved too fantastic a dream, he settled down in York. From York, he developed a roadway to Lake Simcoe, and the new trade route to Lake Huron gave the death blow to the nebulous schemes for the Rideau Route from the St. Lawrence to the West.

Even in 1795 the Rideau route was still haunting

the dreams of administrators and Simcoe wrote to Lord Dorchester that he had intended to investigate personally the route and the territory adjacent and to build a road through from Ottawa River to Lake Ontario; yet he did not explain why it had remained nothing more than a half-formed suggestion. Yet in London engineers and soldiers played with the idea of a canal. Over walnuts and wine it was an amusing topic of speculation, but the eighteenth century had so many other things upon its hands that many a frost and many a flood was to come and go before the dream took shape.

Meantime the Ottawa came into the pressing problems of Canadian trade in another and a somewhat amusing role. Public revenue and the whole matter of taxes and customs duties were serious matters to the new government of Upper Canada. Lower Canada collected duties on everything that landed at Quebec, including the goods for the northwestern trade and supplies for the people of Upper Canada. If Upper Canada imposed another duty when the goods came into that province, Upper Canadians would be doubly taxed and that was assuredly an injustice. But the people would not tolerate land taxes so some revenue must be raised, by some manner or means. As soon as Upper Canada made plans to impose duties of its own, the

merchants in the northwestern trade became alarmed and indignant. Rum and other goods of trade passed up the Ottawa River and into Lake Nipissing on their way to the upper lakes. As soon as they got into Lake Nipissing they were in Upper Canadian territory and the government proposed to levy a tax there. Now the merchants protested that what passed up the Ottawa had nothing whatever to do with Upper Canada, for it was all wilderness. The merchants received neither aid nor protection, for there was not a settler beyond the Long Sault. And it was on these grounds, on proof that the Ottawa country was nothing less than howling wilderness, that a revision of the customs collection was based.

The commissioners appointed by the two colonies went into the matter thoroughly. Most of the revenue came from duties on rum and other liquors. It was proposed that Upper Canada should be content with a proportion of the duties collected at Quebec. This would save the new colony the cost of a customs staff who would most certainly have cost as much as the revenue would have produced. But the problem was how to proportion the duties. The report of the commission is amusing. In one instance they considered the drinking habits of the two provinces and decided that

Lower Canada consumed much more per head than did Upper Canada of these imported liquors for "instead of the tea so generally in use amongst us, a glass of rum and a crust of bread is the usual breakfast of the French-Canadians; the rigor of their climate is alleged as the cause of their frequent recourse to it at other times of the day and their numerous holidays lead to such habits of idleness and dissipation as are very favorable to the consumption of rum." Therefore Upper Canada compromised on one-eighth of the revenue collected at Quebec. The lonely Ottawa and the rum breakfasts of Quebec had played their part in the solution of an inter-provincial crisis.

Yet even while the commissioners were arguing their points, down in a farmhouse in Woburn in New England, a long, lean Yankee farmer was toying with an idea which was to break through the tradition of solitude on the Ottawa and set the Chaudiere basin ringing with the axe of the pioneer.

Chapter III.

THE FATHER OF THE OTTAWA

LONG before Ottawa was even so much as a construction camp, a settlement was flourishing on the north shore in the township of Hull. When John By first came into the Chaudiere Basin there were three thousand acres of cleared lands, stout barns, bulging with grains, herds of fat cattle browsing in the meadows, orchards around the snug, log cabins and the broad hospitable home of the father of the colony.

To-day Hull is an unattractive, industrial town, chiefly French-Canadian in population, having completely lost its identity as the staid, New England settlement which it started out to be.

Hull is really an island. A small stream called Brewery Creek separates itself from the Ottawa above the Falls and loops itself around a considerable area of land and debouches into the Ottawa again some two miles down stream. This island, scooped out of the north shore, was the scene of Philomen Wright's far-sighted colonization adventure.

The eighteenth century stopped at the Rapids of the Long Sault. None but missionaries, traders and explorers had come farther than that during the French regime, or even in the years of the early British regime. Beyond the Long Sault was the kingdom of bird and beast. Up the St. Lawrence the Loyalists had streamed and built themselves thousands of homes between Kingston and Niagara. There were red-coated garrisons, a viceregal court, and an elected legislature. On the Ottawa the moose drank among the lily pads and the partridges drummed on Parliament Hill.

Down in Quebec, the Governor-elect of Upper Canada, John Graves Simcoe, spent the winter of 1791-92 most impatiently, waiting for the arrival of his executive council, his state seal and his regiment by the first ships in the spring. His haste and impatience had got him to Quebec, but arrived there he found himself to have no rank whatsoever, neither civil nor military, until he should have soldiers to command and ministers to swear him into office. However, he occupied himself with writing despatches and letters on every conceivable subject. Among other things he framed a proclamation which was destined to become celebrated. It was addressed to "such as are desirous to settle on the lands of the Crown in the Province of Upper Canada." It was

for the purpose of making known the "Royal Intention" concerning grants and settlement. It offered free land to settlers, others than Loyalists, who had up to that time had almost exclusive claim on crown lands in Upper Canada. However, it required the settler to take an oath to "maintain and defend to the utmost of my power the authority of the King in his Parliament as the Supreme Legislature of this Province."

Simcoe's heart was set on drawing a large stream of immigration from the new republic, since he stubbornly believed that many of the citizens of the United States regretted the change of government and were anxious to return to British allegiance. The Americans, on the other hand, were anxious to keep their people at home, to populate the huge areas of Indian lands they were adding to the domain of the republic. They would not tolerate the posting of proclamations such as Simcoe's. Simcoe had it published, therefore, in English and West Indian papers, so that they would gradually pass into the hands of Americans who had trade or other associations with those countries.

By some such means the proclamation came into the hands of Philomen Wright, a rich and successful farmer at Woburn, Massachusetts. Wright's parents were eighteenth-century emigrants from Old to New Eng-

RIDEAU HALL—ENTRANCE

land. They were apparently people of means and ambitions. The family had been farmers and cattle raisers in Kent for many generations. Philomen Wright was born in Woburn in 1760. As a boy of fifteen he fought on the side of the rebels in the early affrays of the American Revolution.

Strangely enough, having come of a family notable for its persistent devotion to its paternal acres and to the same vocation, generation after generation, Philomen Wright was not even content to spend his life on the land his father had brought under cultivation. In spite of his success and his affluence, the year 1792 found him ready to yield to the allurements of Simcoe's proclamation. The American states were seething with unrest. The trek was on from the old coast colonies to the new west. But Wright at heart was an Englishman as well as a shrewd Yankee-born farmer. The urge that had driven his father out of Kent was driving his son out of Massachusetts.

In 1796 Wright made his first trip to Quebec and Montreal. He talked with the people, asked innumerable questions, felt the quality of life in the colony and returned home to think it over. Two years later he returned, went into lands, transportation, markets and so on. Then he went home again.

In 1799 he returned for the third time and brought with him two men to help him in selecting a possible site for settlement. They went up the neglected Ottawa Valley, rummaging about its shores as they went. At the foot of the Chaudiere, Wright paused. Here was a land that was a veritable pagan paradise, the river broad and deep, the snowy, thundering falls rich in potential power, the great trees bespoke rich soil, the forests were alive with game. It was a logical choice for a settlement.

Wright was thorough. He and his men climbed more than a hundred trees to spy out the land. Since some of the pines grew straight up a hundred feet before the first branches bristled out from the trunks, the men cut down smaller trees so that their tops fell into the branches of the greater pines. Up they climbed along the sloping trunks and then up again to the tips of the taller pines. From these lookouts they peered over the virgin forests. They looked and saw that it was good. Wright dreamed, as he clung to the branches of his tree, his legs wound securely to a thick limb, dreamed of a day when these forests would give way to fields of rippling grain, to meadows for grazing cattle, when Indian camp sites would give way to farm houses and schools and churches. . . . .

Wright had discovered that the North West Company was anxious to keep settlers out of this valley. Colonists drove out game and forced the Indian hunters farther back into the hinterlands. Deaf to their insinuations, he had come to see for himself. Now he was deeply stirred. He saw, from his perch on the pine tree, miles of virgin forests, and he dreamed of converting them into a thousand shiploads of timber. It was not in terms of adventure that Wright thought. It was in terms of fields and crops, of golden harvests, of men toiling at the plough and at the flail; he thought of trees not in terms of beauty but in terms of merchantable timber, of rafts and cargoes and ships with sails set, beating out to sea.

Many a man has dreamed of a colonizing venture. It has a sweet, feudal taste, in the mouth of a dreamer. And many a dreamer has planted a colony and, at the end of his resources, has left the transplanted colonists to suffer and struggle alone, or to wander in distress to other homes. But Wright was a practical dreamer. He not only proposed, but he achieved. He had all the qualifications for a successful leader. He had money, he had driving force, he had vision. He was patriarchal in all his schemes and he earned his title of Father of the Ottawa.

Though to many it must have seemed a wild scheme, he planned his migration in midwinter. The usual scheme was to set the colonists down on their land in the autumn to eke out a long winter of discontent on rations they carried with them, to feel the cold and the solitude before they had learned to love the land. But Wright engaged twenty-five men to begin preliminary work on the land and took along several families when he left Woburn on the second of February, 1800. They had with them fourteen horses, eight oxen and seven sleighs.

It was a merry party. Years afterwards Wright loved to recall how cheery they were and their high spirits made even the worst of their difficulties light. There were fifteen children among them. One was an infant in arms. Four were under six years of age. Six of them,—Philomen, Jr., Tiberias, Polly, Ruggles, Abigail and Christopher,—were Wright's sons and daughters.

After a short stay in Montreal they moved on up the Ottawa. The road ended at the foot of the Long Sault. Beyond was wilderness,—and they had eighty miles to go.

The first task was to cut fifteen miles of new road around the rapids, through the forest. Each night they

camped in the open, around a huge fire. The women and children slept in the sleighs. The men in the blankets on cedar bough beds.

Presently the journey through the forest was done and they found themselves on the river. From the Long Sault to the Chaudiere it was a smooth flowing stream, and in winter it was an icy highway over which they proposed to travel.

They had not gone very far when on the bank of the river they saw an Indian and his wife with a small papoose. They approached the travellers with amazement that not even their stoic faces could conceal. White men were indeed quite mad to come so far and to bring with them these curious animals. Suddenly that pagan hunter, from out of the wilderness, felt a great compassion on this company of wandering whites. He offered to be their guide, to sound the ice under the snow for them, that they might not blunder into running water and disaster. He sent his wife and child into the woods to wait for him and then he set out ahead of the colonists, making a trail with his moccasined feet in the snow, over which they led their beasts and dragged their sleighs towards their goal.

On the seventh of March the whole party were safely on the site of the settlement in Hull township.

Grateful and friendly they pressed around the Indian with their gifts and with their thanks. He had made no bargain with them. It was out of the kindness of a savage heart that he had travelled sixty miles out of his way as guide. Therefore he was extraordinarily pleased with his reward and set off highly delighted with them and with himself, to find his wife and child again.

To the end of his life, Philomen Wright loved to point out the tree under which he slept that first night in Hull. The great fire cast long shadows along the shore and gleamed scarlet and gold against the dark rocks and the white snow. Wright was the sort of man who could sleep soundly even then and leave his next day's work to be done on the morrow.

From that day activities at Hull were pressed forward with speed and intelligence. Log cabins were quickly erected by expert builders, split logs were set edge to edge for a floor, outdoors the rough ends of the logs obtruded ragged at the corners where they crossed for there was not time to spend to needless trimming. Split cedar logs, laid alternately convex and concave, made a roof tight against the spring rains.

Presently the sun began to beat down in rich, insistent spring heat against the snowy ground. Every day the clearing spread, eating into the bush on every hand.

The water ran off the earth in quick little streams and revealed the soggy carpet of old leaves and the rich black loam. Then, to Wright's intense surprise and delight he discovered that the frost had not penetrated very far. The heavy snows had kept the earth extraordinarily free from the conditions that prevailed in New England where the bleak farmlands were frozen deep and it took weeks of spring weather to make them fit for the plough.

That first summer he reaped a thousand bushels of potatoes, and forty bushels of wheat to an acre.

Wright's difficulties were not all over when he reached the township of Hull. One bright spring day he found the settlement invaded by a tribe of Algonquins. Very curious as they were, Wright humored them by showing them all there was to be seen. Presently they grew uneasy and antagonistic. They could see their hunting destroyed, their land invaded by these possessive whites. They complained, they began to grow ugly.

Wright soothed them with such diplomacy as he could command. He made them gifts, he assured them he had not come to hunt, only to farm. Momentarily they were reconciled. Then they demanded payment for the land. Wright firmly refused. They had already

sold their land to Sir John Johnston and he had the consent of the Great White Father to settle on it. Wright was so successful in at once resisting and conciliating them, that in a great good humor they proposed a feast and a council and they made him a chief of their tribe, a blood brother of themselves. From that day on Philomen Wright had no more trouble from his neighbors, the Indians.

Wright built mills that the men, so busy in summer, might not be idle in winter. He brought in more and more farmers and settlers. In four years he had a shoemaker, a tailor, busy in the settlement, a bake house and a tannery in operation. By 1806 he had spent twenty thousand dollars on his enterprise.

Always in the back of his mind was that dream of a thousand ships sailing out to sea with cargoes of Ottawa timber. Down east they told him he could not take timber out from the Ottawa to Montreal because of the rapids between. Wright explored for himself and he discovered that it would be more feasible to take his timber to Quebec, that instead of going to Montreal on the south shore of the island, he could take his rafts around back of the island and come out on the St. Lawrence at Bout de l'Ile. At least he believed he could. No one else believed it.

In the winter of 1806 he sent timbermen to work at cutting white pine. In the spring of the year it had been floated down to the village and there made into a raft. Wright set out with the river drivers to superintend the experiment personally. It was fair enough sailing the first sixty-five miles down the river. Long Sault was the first problem. It took them thirty-five days to get the raft to the foot of the white water. Later they learned to do it in twenty-four hours.

But in the summer of 1807 Philomen Wright had done what he set out to do. He delivered the first raft of Ottawa timber to Quebec. The first of his thousand ships set out to sea.

From that year the timber business on the Ottawa flourished. Wright became a man of wealth and prime importance. The colony spread, the fields and meadows yielded rich profits. In 1813 Wright raised three thousand bushels of wheat. They cost him two thousand dollars. It was war time, so he sold his crop for nine thousand dollars. The colony was a profitable investment.

There were schools now, and churches. Wright was a Royal Arch Mason, so he founded a lodge. He recruited a regiment of militia among the settlers and was made a colonel. He spent a thousand dollars on a

stone magazine to store away guns and ammunition and two small brass cannons.

There was an inn, called the Columbia, a busy place indeed, but visitors of importance were the guests of Wright in his simple and hospitable home. He was elected a member of the legislature for Lower Canada and became a friend of Governors. All the time he remained the simple farmer, rough and ready, shrewd and capable. John Galt, the witty writer, wrote a play and produced it in Quebec and one of his characters was Obadiah Quincy, a caricature of the popular Wright. Wright sat in a box at the theatre and laughed heartily at himself.

In spite of business and politics and many another responsibility, Philomen Wright was still a farmer, as his father had been before him, and many a Wright of other days gone by. But he was anxious that his children should enjoy the privileges of their wealth and he provided them with education and travel and such society as was available. Ruggles, who had been a small boy of eight when he came up the snowy Ottawa for the first time, was a lad of parts. Philomen Wright listened gravely when he talked of travel abroad, but he sent him off well provided with letters of credit on his London bankers. Young Ruggles, they say, spent

something like three thousand pounds on the grand tour. He might have come back a dandy and a coxcomb, too fine for his father's backwoods town. But the heart of Philomen Wright glowed with pride when Ruggles came home from Europe. For he brought his father a prize bull and a goat of high degree.

Chapter IV.

O PIONEERS!

SETTLEMENT on the south shore of the Ottawa was very slow even after Hull was a flourishing village. The few who braved the wilderness built their solitary little log cabins at great distances from one another, since there was none of the organization that marked the development of Wright's colony, and none of the friendliness of the patriarchal enterprise on the north shore. Much of the land on the south was granted to Loyalists who had no intention of settling on it but were holding their scripts for speculation.

One of the first Loyalists who paddled his way from Lake Ontario into the district to discover its possibilities was a man who was not apt to find beauty or delight in any land. He was David Jones, who figures in that most tragic tale of revolution days, the murder of Miss MacCrae. They were both young and very much in love with one another. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant on the rebel side. David was a royalist soldier. She had planned to escape from her

father's home and join him at his post in the Mohawk Valley. David sent an escort of Indians out to help her. Just what happened after that no one knows. Whether a second party really did quarrel with the first over the honor of bringing her in, whether one side were rebel supporters, or just what other complication entered into the incident no one seems to clearly indicate. What happened however, all agree upon. The Indians returned to the fort bearing with them a scalp of golden hair, and young David Jones recognized it as the hair of the woman he loved so devotedly. David never smiled again.

After looking over the south shore at the Chaudiere he reported against settlement on the broken land, half limestone cliff, half beaver meadow. But apparently he realized the value of power for his brother petitioned for a mill site at Deschenes Rapids and was refused.

In 1798 the township of Nepean was laid out, the first to be surveyed on the south shore. Eventually the county of Carleton was created around it.

The township was the unit of settlement in Upper Canada. On water fronts the townships were nine miles wide by twelve miles deep. Inland they were ten miles square. They were surveyed into two hundred acre lots. Soldiers disbanded after the American Re-

volution and civilian Loyalists were the first to get grants in Upper Canada. They ranged from the two hundred acre farm lots for each man and woman, and children on their majority, to five thousand acre estates to field officers. Later on, non-Loyalists and settlers of every description were granted the two hundred acre lots. In special instances, on the approval of the governor, a settler might secure anything up to twelve hundred acres. Those who undertook to create colonies were granted much greater areas for development.

The first settler in Nepean township was a young man by the name of Ira Honeywell. His descendants still live in Ottawa. One of the Americans who came to Canada in the seventeen-nineties was Rice Honeywell of the Mohawk Valley. He was a rebel and fought on the side of congress but he was in love with a Tory sweetheart. After the peace between the nations he made his peace with her and she apparently returned with him to the Mohawk for a while. Eventually she persuaded him to emigrate into Canada and take her back among her Loyalist friends. He was one of the first non-Loyalists to take advantage of Simcoe's proclamation and in 1792 he drew his two hundred acres of land. His wife drew a similar grant as a Loyalist. They settled down near Prescott and there Ira was born.

When he became a man his father gave him five Loyalist scripts, a thousand acres of land, in Nepean, for shrewd old Rice Honeywell had been investing his surplus cash in idle Loyalist grants.

Ira Honeywell set out in a canoe to claim the land that was to give him a livelihood. It lay on the Ottawa in the vicinity of Britannia Bay. There, in the winter of 1808-09 he built a log cabin and cleared some land. Apparently he made progress in 1810 for the next year he was back again at home claiming Charlotte Andrews, his Welsh bride. He carried her off to Nepean. Their son, John Honeywell, was the first white child born on the south shore.

The second settler was Braddish Billings. He was a son of another rebel, for Dr. Billings had been a prominent agitator for revolution in and about Boston where his family had lived since 1640. But Dr. Billings came to Canada, too, in response to Simcoe's call and Braddish was a small child when they settled in Brockville.

Braddish Billings was one of the first to believe in the possibilities of the Ottawa timber trade, once Philomen Wright had broken trail to Quebec with his historic raft of 1807. Two years later, as a very young man, he went into partnership with a friend named William Marr and the two of them went up the Rideau and cut

their first timber on the shores of that river. In the spring of 1810 he took out a raft and sold it to Wright. For two or three years he worked for Wright and then went into business for himself. In 1812 he built a cabin on land he had selected five miles from the mouth of the Rideau. He cleared and sowed four acres of land and then he went up the Rideau again. This time only as far as Merrickville. He went for Lamira Day, the seventeen-year-old school teacher of the backwoods school and he brought her down as mistress of his new log cabin.

Lamira Day was one of the pioneer personalities of the Rideau. Like the Honeywell and Billings families, the Day family had come up from the new American republic to become Canadians in the seventeen-nineties. Lamira was just a little girl but she was bright and energetic and enterprising. At sixteen she was appointed school mistress at Merrickville. She was to get a very small cash salary and was to board around from house to house with the parents of her pupils.

The children trudged the rough township roads from the farms in the clearings round about, or made their way by short cuts through the woods. They were hard times for the farmers and there was not much grist for the mill that stood beside the falls. Lamira taught her

THE SENATE CHAMBER

scant store of knowledge to the children and waited with eager expectation for that little salary of hers. But when the time came to collect it they told the dismayed girl that nobody had any cash to spare and the best they could do would be to pay her in promissory notes for wheat. The farmers would drive it down to Kingston and meantime she could collect from the agent on the strength of the notes.

Lamira drove down to Kingston in a buggy by herself and presented her promissory notes to the agent. He would honor them for her, he said, but not in cash. Oh, dear, no, but she might have goods to the value of the notes. Indignantly Lamira refused to spend her year's salary in the agent's store so she drove off back to Merrickville with bright spots of color burning in her cheeks and her dark eyes flashing.

Once back among the farmers she borrowed a wagon and went from farm to farm collecting the wheat that each man owed her and then off she went again over the rough road to Kingston. In Kingston she sold her wheat, bargaining for the best price and getting cash in her firm small hand. Then smiling contentedly she turned her horses' noses homeward into the bush again. She had need for that cash, just now, for a trousseau.

So Braddish Billings was no fool when he chose young

Lamira Day for his wife and he wouldn't have changed places with Philomen Wright himself the day they set out in their canoe from Merrickville to the cabin in the clearing down stream.

To-day the site of that cabin is the village of Billings' Bridge on the outskirts of Ottawa, three miles from Parliament Hill. The ferry that plied across the river when wayfarers came down the road on the other side, gave way in time to a bridge that linked Metcalfe road with Bank street and to day the fine bridge that replaced it is part of the highway system. Ottawa has grown out to the river and to the village of Billings' Bridge. It can be reached by Bank street by motor, or by a city electric car that runs near the bridge. Here the river runs broad and placid and on the ridge overlooking it is the beautiful old wooden house that Braddish Billings built more than a century ago for Lamira.

It was near the little church, just east of the bridge, that the bridal couple landed one October day in 1812.

Their daughter Sabra was the first white child born in Gloucester township, and the Billings who now possess the old pioneer estate, still speak of her. Pieces of her fine needlework hang on the walls of the old colonial home.

Sabra was destined to begin her adventures early in

life. At one time when she was still an infant in arms Braddish and Lamira Billings were returning from Merrickville in a canoe, when they encountered Philomen Wright at the head of the portage at Hog's Back Rapids. By some mischance, while they were talking together, Wright's canoe dislodged the Billings' canoe and it swept out into the current at the head of the rapids before Braddish could do anything to prevent it. To the horror of everyone concerned they realized the canoe was in the grip of the swirling white waters and nothing could save it from being swept down in that awful current among the rocks that no man dared run. Frantic with horror Philomen Wright raced along the portage to look for their battered bodies at the foot of the rapids. There, though he could scarcely believe his eyes, was the Billings' family, still afloat in their swamped canoe, tiny Sabra clasped in the arms of her eighteen-year-old mother.

There was speedy thinking to be done in the brief moment, scarcely more than the twinkling of an eye, between the time they realized their danger and the headlong passage down the rapids. Braddish paddled like one possessed and Lamira lent what aid she could. Between them they emerged in safety. It was the only canoe that every went down the dreaded Hog's Back Rapids.

In 1814 Braddish, having prospered both as farmer and lumberman, built a frame house. In the year the canal was begun he gave up lumbering and devoted all his time to farming. It was in that year he began the building of the fine old house that still shelters the Billings of Billings' Bridge. Lamira Billings lived to a ripe old age and watched Ottawa grow from a construction camp to the capital of the Dominion.

Chapter V.

OLD COUNTRY FOLK

A FEW miles up the river from Billings homestead there lived a most extraordinary settler who, by some strange fluke of circumstances settled in the bush of the new province of Upper Canada. Captain Andrew Wilson was the last sort of person anyone would have expected to find in a clearing on the Rideau. A rollicking British sailor, Captain Wilson had served under Nelson at the Battle of the Nile and had been one of the crew of the Victory at Trafalgar.

With the collapse of the Napoleonic dreams of empire a good many British sea-dogs, like their fellow fighting-men of the land forces, found themselves out of employment. Half pay officers in plenty found their way into Canada and Captain Wilson was one of them.

The house he built for himself on the Rideau he called Ossian Hall and he set out to be something of a big-wig in the vicinity. Among other things he was a Justice of the Peace and held weekly courts at Bytown,

and he was also a Notary Public. He was much in demand for the marrying of the swains and lasses of the country roundabout and could be counted on, when the necessity arose, in overlooking the fact that, as a strict point of law, it was ultra vires when there was a clergyman within fifteen miles range. However, fifteen miles over township roads might be something of a problem and the jovial captain like his glorious commander, could put his glass to the blind eye when convenience demanded it.

All the way from England he had brought a really fine library and installed it at Ossian Hall, "the best library that ever was taken into the wilderness" according to one of his friends. He also had a great collection of sea scenes and drawings of ships in action and famous landmarks on the sea lanes of the world. Moreover the good captain was the author of a three volume naval history, "fraught with tactics and sea affairs."

"Set the captain fully agoing, get him out to sea, some grog aboard and how he dashes away!" writes John MacTaggert in *Three Years in Canada.* "One would imagine to hear him that there never was a battle fought on the ocean but he had the pleasure of being in it. Thus will he speechify: 'We had given the fellow chase for three days, damn him, and on the morning of the

third a slight fog came on, so who could see him? One looked out from the top after another, but no signs of him. Up went I, glass slung at my back, and after looking for a full quarter of an hour I bawled down to the men at the wheel, 'I have him! Starboard! set the compass—off the weather bow—mark the direction of the glass! In an instance round came the ship. 'Yet I have her!' I bawled down. 'Steady, all steady, Sir,' was the reply. I withdrew the glass and went below. We bore up, came in view and in two hours we had him,—a Spanish prize worth ten thousand dollars. Captain Andrew Wilson did that, by the Lord!"

But he also did something much more extraordinary, though entirely characteristic. At Ossian Hall he wrote a life of St. Paul! It is in the possession of a collector of Canadiana in Ottawa, a bulky, bound manuscript volume in the preface to which he gives his very good reason for having written it, simply that he had never yet discovered one to his own satisfaction! What a picture he makes, this man fresh from the vortex of human affairs in Europe, sitting at his desk beside the Rideau, while the wind made music in the trees around his home, calling back to life the austere Roman, giving him flesh and bones and human cares and emotions, to fit the notion he had conceived of him.

Captain Wilson busied himself with digesting all the laws of Upper Canada and loved to be seen very busily engaged in public affairs, the pockets of his anchor-buttoned coat stuffed with documents, complete with red tape and seals. He was also a good farmer and loved as much to talk about cattle, wheat and field affairs as he did to yarn about the sea. Nevertheless, he was a sailor at heart. MacTaggert tells of seeing him one night at the Columbia Inn at Hull, at a party of leading men on the river Judge Macdonnell was leading them in singing French-Canadian river songs. Captain Wilson did not join in the chorus. He seemed to be looking on with disdain. Then he broke forth.

"Damn your freshwater nonsense; come out to the salt ocean, my boys, and I'm with ye!"

Captain Wilson's pioneer home, near the Hog's Back Rapids, was open house to the weary wayfarer, particularly to the new settlers struggling up the lakes and streams from Kingston, on the way to settle on the Ottawa. He had a princely hospitality for all who came his way, high or low. Food and warmth and shelter by his hearth he gladly gave and a word of cheer and encouragement as he set them on their way.

The first settlers on the actual site of Ottawa lived in the vicinity of the river shore, north of Wellington

street and east of Booth. It was the foot of the river driver's portage around the Chaudiere. It is said that as early as 1809 or thereabouts one, Caleb T. Bellows, had built a dock and a store there and the place became known as Bellows' Point.

Not far away a man by the name of Ralph Smith settled, and is said to have been the first man to build a still and manufacture whiskey on the south shore. It was a trade never threatened with over-production.

It was here, about 1818, to this solitary little clearing at the foot of the portage that there came the first woman to lay her fingers on the reins of history in Ottawa.

The newcomer was Miss Dalmahoy of Edinburgh. A sensible young Scottish lassie with nimble fingers and a taste in flowers and feathers, she became a milliner in the Scottish capital when Queen Victoria was a little girl in very wide skirts and a large straw hat. But Miss Dalmahoy had ambitions and no little courage and a man's size share of grit. She made up a very firm little mind that she was not going to sit with head bent over poke bonnets for the rest of her days.

Her father was dead, her mother married again to a soldier who had fought in the wars in Canada. As she tucked a silk rose into a fold of straw and stitched

a ribbon under the brim she dreamed of Canada.

One day she set off from Edinburgh, a becoming little bonnet from her own fingers over her brown curls, her cape all but hiding the flounces of her wide skirt. In a stage coach she headed south. Whether she paused along the way to see the world, or whether she travelled the weary week it took to ride from Edinburgh to London, at once, in her anxiety to get there, we do not know. Certainly she arrived there tired and bruised and stiff from the springless coaches and horrible roads of William the Fourth's day.

Here is London in that day as a young Canadian saw it:

"We got within eight miles of Hyde Park Corner when, from the number of people, the carriages coming and going, the closeness of the houses and the paved road, I could hardly believe I was not in London, for it is one long street, excepting two small breaks. At last we entered the city through a great iron gate and frame with many lamps upon it. Then to see the height and irregularity of the houses! the lower stories are nothing but glass on both sides the street, the houses being in the front supported by iron posts, and the windows filled with the most curious cut-glass. The byways are covered with people; you see four or five abreast con-

tinually turning the corners of the street, without ceasing one moment."

They might have been the words of Miss Dalmahoy.

She was a winsome young lassie, fresh and capable and lovely, and though she did not stay in London long she turned the heads of the clerks who watched her tripping by. Now one of them was a Yorkshire lad who had a post in a sugar warehouse. He fell very deeply in love, indeed, with the little milliner and tried all his Yorkshire guile to persuade her to marry him. But she shook her brown head very decidedly. She had not come all the way from Edinburgh to become the wife of a London clerk. No, indeed, her eyes were set upon far away places.

So in time she turned her back resolutely on London and its crowds and its temptations and she crossed the Atlantic and after seeing Quebec and Montreal, she kept steadily on her way to the frontier. How or why she came as far as the foot of the Chaudiere portage no one knows. She induced her mother and her step-father to join her.

So one spring the river men came singing and tramping down the portage and when they came near stillwater they found a neat little cabin by the side of the road, and an inn where they might have anything from

raw whiskey to hot scones at the hands of the little Scottish milliner.

The inevitable happened. Half the brawny shantymen fell in love with her. They were willing to fight for her smiles. They longed for jams to unlock that they might strut their fame before her twinkling blue eyes. They brought her trophies from the woods when they came down stream, and gifts from Quebec when they came back again in the autumn. But she laughed and jollied them in her rich Edinburgh tongue and went on gathering up six pences and shillings, American pennies and Spanish coins and all the hundred and twenty-six varieties of currency in circulation in Canada, laying them away against another day.

One day Moses Holt's coach rumbled into the courtyard of the Columbia Inn in Hull with a young Yorkshireman aboard. He climbed stiffly out of the carriage and hauled his carpet bag with him. He wore tight trousers of nankeen and square toed boots and the long-skirted coat of a Londoner. They stared at him curiously. He was neither soldier nor shantyman. He looked well-set-up and prosperous, but he was no farmer. He put up at the inn and in a strange English voice asked for the whereabouts of Miss Dalmahoy. Then he engaged a boatman to carry him over to the

south shore. He landed at Bellows' dock and walked up the hill to the log inn.

She was busy polishing pewter mugs and humming a bit of a song. When someone filled the doorway and threw a shadow into the room, she turned.

"I've come, lass. . . . ."

It was Isaac Firth whose shining eyes were looking so anxiously into hers.

So what could she do? She married him, of course, and when the river drivers came back in the fall she was Mrs. Isaac Firth and her husband was busy in the taproom, while she wiped the table tops and polished the pewter as of yore.

Isaac Firth developed into a regular old John Bull, round and rosy and genial,

> Of milk and human kindness full,
> Of rotund form and smiling face,
> Who kept an entertaining place.

It was Mrs. Firth, or Mother Firth, who continued to be the best known of the pair in all the country round about. She entertained governors and their officers, and her shrewd commonsense was more than once put at their service, as they debated affairs of state under her roof.

"Indeed she has all the folk of the Ottawa river under her holy charge," writes John MacTaggert. "She was much courted by the beaux of the neighborhood. A raftsman of my acquaintance, a half pay navy captain, some Americans from the famous township of Hull, struggled hard for the prize. . . . . She keeps a snug little inn and has plenty of dogs and tom cats. . . . We hold all our big nights there with much hilarity, our Hallowe'en, St. Andrews and so forth. . . . . were I wishing to have interest in the country among big folks, there could none be found to equal hers."

Even here at the foot of the Chaudiere she found use for her skill as a milliner, for it is recorded "she makes most beautiful black otter caps" for the "rummagers" or surveyors and explorers. With the beginning of the canal she found herself with plenty on her hands to be done, both as mistress of the inn and milliner to rummagers.

Chapter VI.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S TOWN

IN THE aftermath of every great war comes a period that we have called reconstruction. The problem, under some other name, was just as acute at the close of the Napoleonic wars, of which the war of 1812 in Canada was a phase.

Human lives must be accounted for. Men and women cannot be put away like excess munitions or obsolete firearms. They have tongues that talk and stomachs that grow hungry and tempers that destroy. If they are not provided for, they either turn riotous and destroy the possessions of the more fortunate or they die on the streets and bring down odium on the heads of their betters. So when the wars ended something had to be done with the old soldier and his family.

Two regiments that served in Canada, the 99th and the 100th were for a time consolidated and then disbanded. Under a soldier settlement scheme the men were granted in 1818 land in a new township near the Ottawa on which the town of Richmond was laid out. It came to be so called because, in the month of July,

when the ship bearing the soldier settlers lay at anchor in the harbor of Quebec, the ship bearing the new Governor of Canada, the Duke of Richmond, sailed up the river and came to anchor nearby. In honor to the new Duke the settlement was to be called Richmond.

No man of so proud a rank had ever come to Canada as administrator. His ducal birth, his princely airs, his long record of military and diplomatic service, all added to his glamor in the eyes of the Canadians. He was a friend of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of the English. Indeed he had been viceroy of Ireland when Wellington was merely Sir Arthur Wellesley and had acted as his secretary.

There was another incident that lent itself to the popular imagination. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and some of their young sons and daughters were living in Brussels during the campaign on the continent, and on the eve of Waterloo it was the stately Duchess who gave the ball that Byron had immortalized.

> There was a sound of revelry by night
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
> A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again;
> But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

And many an Englishman went out from the Duchess of Richmond's ball to death or glory, or both. Next day was the battle of Quatre Bras and two days later Waterloo. After Waterloo the Duke of Richmond rode with Wellington back over the blood-drenched field, among the dying and the dead, in all their wretchedness. He rode on with him to Paris.

It was in Paris that his pretty and impetuous daughter, Lady Sarah Lennox, ran off with Sir Peregrine Maitland, one of the officers of the Guards who smashed Napoleon's picked troops of the Imperial Guard. Wellington had to intervene with the irate Richmond and help him to find a post for the impoverished Maitland. So when Richmond came as Governor-General of Canada, Sir Peregrine came as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada and Lady Sarah came with him.

It took a month to make the trip from Quebec to Ottawa in those days, so it was August when the settlers arrived at Bellows' Point. The road to Richmond had still to be cut so the settlers camped in tents along the point and called the place Richmond Landing. Such it was until lumber yards and warehouses crawled all over the romantic setting of the settlers' camp.

Enthusiasm for Richmond continued high and when they reached the River Jock by the new road they re-

named it Goodwood River for the Duke's English estate. They had still to travel a few miles up river before they came to the site of the proposed town. It was laid out with grandiose dreams. There was to be a great city here, the metropolis of the Valley of the Ottawa. Col. Burke, late of the 100th regiment, was the leading spirit of the place. He supervised the laying out of streets and the building of cabins, and when they were ready, the trek of women and children from Richmond Landing to Richmond began. There in the backwoods, unfamiliar and forbidding, under the dark winter skies, the old soldiers and their families began the experiment of pioneer life in the bush.

The following summer the Duke set out to make a long tour of his country. He went as far as Niagara, where his self-willed daughter lived. After a happy visit there, he turned homeward. He was anxious to see the soldier-settlement at Richmond, so from Kingston he travelled to Perth. He was a sturdy man, was this great duke, with the blood of the Stuarts running through his veins, and he did not hesitate at the thirty mile walk from Perth to Richmond.

Richmond was all agog. And so was Hull. Squire Wright sent a man named Martin, with a double team of oxen all the way to Goodwood River to escort the Duke on his way to the Ottawa.

The Duke arrived. He was genial and friendly. The old soldiers cheered him. The old officers feted him at the Masonic Arms Inn. He made heroic efforts to live up to expectations, but the Duke was not well. He was restless and uneasy. Nevertheless the night went off with extraordinary hilarity and high hopes. It was the greatest night in the history of Richmond.

In the morning the Duke set off by canoe down the Goodwood River to the place where the Richmond Road joined it. There Martin waited with his oxen. But the Duke grew agitated as he travelled. He ordered the canoe ashore. Before it was beached he leaped out of it and his companions saw him tearing wildly through the woods. They ran after him unable to keep up with his mad speed. They found him on a pile of hay in a barn, in terrible pain, hopelessly afflicted. The poor Duke had hydrophobia.

Some weeks before the Duke had been bitten by a little pet fox and had thought nothing of it. Here in the backwoods, he suffered the results. There died Charles Gordon Lennox, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, Earl of Barley, Baron Methuen and Duke d'Aubigny of the peerage of France.

Martin's oxen drew the dead Duke over the rough road to Richmond Landing and the body was laid in the

inn of the young Scottish milliner until it could be ferried over to Hull and eventually taken down the river to Montreal. The Duke was buried in the crypt of the English cathedral at Quebec.

Meantime, in spite of all the high hopes, Richmond never became the great city it was to have been. It is now a quiet little village, nine miles from the capital, and the first two miles of the old Richmond road that lie within the city limits of Ottawa are known as Wellington street.

Chapter VII.

THE LE BRETON FLATS

OTTAWA was built, like Rome, upon the hills. The whole site of the city was, in its primeval state, a curious patchwork of limestone bluffs and pestilential swamps and beaver meadows. To-day these rocky heads lift themselves up picturesquely in various parts of the city. Where Wellington and Sparks street meet in an angle near the Chaudiere, the grey stratified rocks rear themselves up over the surrounding streets, and the homes on the heights above once commanded a glorious view of the river and falls.

The area of Ottawa that lies to the west of this bluff was once the subject of one of the most famous lawsuits of colonial days. It began with the purchase, in 1807, of the land, by Robert Randall.

Robert Randall was an American who came from Maryland in 1798 and settled down at Niagara Falls. He was enterprising and ambitious. Among other things he was the first manufacturer of wrought iron in Upper Canada. He was making a tidy fortune out

of flour mills and was gradually acquiring quantities of land in various parts of the province.

In 1807 Robert Randall came up the Rideau Lakes with a party of Indians to see for himself what this neglected country might be like. He was intrigued with the possibilities of the south shore and returned to York to secure land there.

Lot Four in Concession One, as this land was called at the time, was a broken front lot. That is, it had an irregular shore line and water rights. By purchase and lease he added to the original lot until he had a strip of land running from Richmond Landing on the Ottawa, right through to the swamp lands that became afterwards Dow's Lake. Dow's Lake is now one of the beauty spots of Ottawa on the route of the boulevard. The Booth Mills stand on a part of the land he secured on the Ottawa front.

By the time he had added this to his possessions he was one of the largest landowners in the province.

Randall's brilliant career was near the breaking point. The agents who handled his financial affairs failed and he suddenly found himself involved in debts which he could not meet. He had enemies who were jealous of the lands he held and he had no friends able to help him out of his predicament. He was imprisoned

in Montreal, and as things were done in those days, he was held there throughout the war of 1812, helpless to set his affairs in order. Things went from bad to worse. There were some mysterious manoeuvres in the conduct of the legal affairs of the estate and the suits involved and to satisfy a judgment the land at the Chaudiere was advertised for sale by auction in 1820.

Meantime, a year or so before the sale a new settler had taken up land on the Ottawa. Captain Le Breton was another "old soldier" and had decided to develop his grant of land in Nepean township.

He realized the lands of the unfortunate Randall were valuable and that they had important possibilities. Therefore when he heard they were to be sold at Kingston, he was anxious to become their possessor. He paddled down to Kingston, hired a horse and rode post-haste to Brockville.

Captain Le Breton did not have the money to buy the land, but he had heard of Livius Sherwood as a man interested in land investment. Unknown as he was, he introduced himself and explained his mission. Le Breton was a Jerseyman who had served in the army with distinction. In 1811 he had been sent to Quebec with his regiment and when the War of 1812 broke out was sent into Upper Canada to serve on the frontier.

He was at the taking of Detroit with Brock and was recommended there for his zealous services. He was badly wounded at Lundy's Lane and in 1815 he was sent home to England. Four years later, under the soldier settlement scheme, he returned.

He must have recommended himself highly to Sherwood, for he won his point and Sherwood agreed to lend him the money for the purchase of the land if he could bid it in at the auction.

The auction had been little advertised and there were few bidders. Le Breton bid in the land for four hundred and forty-nine pounds.

Randall was released and his efforts to secure redress and possession of the lands, which he claimed had been illegally disposed of, led to a bitter controversy in which the Family Compact became involved. Ethics which would not be tolerated to-day, were in vogue at the time and the affair had an unsavoury aspect.

Eventually Captain Le Breton became involved in an intrigue in which no less a person than Lord Dalhousie took a part. Le Breton was undoubtedly misrepresented to Dalhousie, who conceived a violent dislike to the gallant soldier and accused him of taking advantage of information acquired at a private dinner to Dalhousie, to speculate in the lands in question.

Captain Le Breton was probably double-crossed by someone who had reasons of his own for drawing down the Tory wrath of Dalhousie upon the soldier's head.

The Firth's Inn and Bellows' Store were on Le Breton's land, and they would neither move away nor pay him for possession of it. In this stand they were backed by the Governor and poor Le Breton had to make the best he could of it. Long after Dalhousie, Randall, and Le Breton were in their graves the controversy over the rights and wrongs of the Le Breton flats, as they were called, continued to rage.

Sherwood and Le Breton reaped rich profits eventually from the land, for it was laid out in lots for settlement when Bytown was born.

Chapter VIII.

"IN TIMES OF PEACE. . . . ."

THE French, during the whole of their regime in Canada, had been content to overcome the barriers of the rivers in the Indian fashion, by tramping the portages with their canoes and their bundles on their shoulders. No important engineering work was attempted under the flag of the Bourbons.

When the English penetrated into the upper country, it was an age of canals. Among the British garrisons were military engineers eager to match wits with the primeval and subdue rocks and rivers by the forces of their own ingenious minds. First the Lachine rapids had been conquered by the Lachine canal, making transportation on the upper St. Lawrence easier. When events turned the attention of the powers of the day towards Ottawa transportation, in relation to defence and colonization, the Rideau canal became inevitable. Even from those early days of canalization in Canada, men dared to dream of a canal system that would link the St. Lawrence and Lake Superior by way of the Ottawa, the Nipissing, and the Georgian Bay.

By the time the Ottawa system of canals was partly accomplished the age of canals had, in a sense, passed. Canals, that had been the only means of effecting and speeding up trade and transportation in the vast river-threaded interior of Canada, in the pre-railway age, became merely auxiliaries, once the iron horse, with its speed and its penetrating powers, laid its trail all over the settled country. With the new tempo in living, impatient travellers would not spend their time locking up and down canals, no matter how picturesque they might be, so the canals were left for the cargo ships, the pack mules of transportation. Here and there throughout the country are old canals, deserted now even by these plodding vessels, left to neglect and decay, or with their picturesque solitude only occasionally disturbed by pleasure boats.

The Rideau canal was an exhilarating dream for military engineers for as long before its construction as it actually served a practical purpose after it was completed. For forty years it lived a nebulous, visionary life, and for another forty years it carried the trade and travel of a busy, young province suffering from growing pains.

The Rideau canal was built long after the purpose for which it was designed had passed out of being. It

was a military canal, built and maintained by British troops for purposes of defence. It was built when, fortunately, the last war had been fought with Canada's only neighbor and possible foe.

The territory between the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and the Rideau system is a big triangle. The base lies along the Rideau River and Lakes and the Cataraqui River. The apex is the angle where the Ottawa and St. Lawrence met at the western end of the Island of Montreal.

From Montreal, accordingly, there was the choice of routes, up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario; or up the Ottawa and north to Nipissing and Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, or down the Rideau Lakes to Lake Ontario. The Rideau system, which comprised the Cataraqui River to the Rideau Lakes and then the Rideau River down to the Ottawa, was the ancient Indian highway. The white man's dream was to make use of this Indian travel trail as the route of the canal.

There had never been a settlement of French in the area comprising Ontario before the conquest. It was still a wilderness when the American Revolution broke out. Loyalists, fleeing from the new republic, were the first to colonize the land to the north of Lake Ontario. Kingston at the mouth of the Cataraqui became the

principal city of the colony, and was to be, so its citizens fondly hoped, the capital of Upper Canada when the first governor was appointed to establish English laws and customs there. However, everyone was shy of the Americans and although the two peoples were officially at peace, it was with their fists clenched in their pockets that Canadians and Americans regarded each other. The fires of the revolution smouldered and each side believed a fresh war was inevitable.

In the seventeen-nineties the canal between Ottawa and Kingston was seriously debated. It was the only way to get troops and supplies to the upper country except by the St. Lawrence which was a boundary river and vulnerable for many miles. Statesmen and soldiers and engineers dallied with the idea for thirty-five years. In those years the anticipated war was fought and ended in enduring peace. But the statesmen and soldiers and engineers of the Napoleonic era did not know the peace would endure. When the war was over they actually set to work to put their plans into operation. And so it happened that in 1826, the canal was actually begun.

Chapter IX.

BRIDGING THE CHAUDIERE

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN BY of the Royal Engineers was living quietly at Shernfold Park in Sussex with his wife, Esther By, and two small daughters, when he received a commission to proceed to Canada to take command of the building of the Rideau Canal. He was a man in his middle forties, quite tall, not too portly to be dignified, bore himself in a habitual military carriage, since as a lanky lad in his early 'teens, he had been put into the hands of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in preparation for a military career. At eighteen he was a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers and he climbed by zealous but unspectacular services to a lieutenant-colonelcy. At twenty-one he was sent out to garrison duty in Quebec and until he was thirty he was engaged in construction work in and about Quebec. The martello towers on the Plains of Abraham were erected under his command.

Having been recalled to England in 1812 he just

missed the opportunity to distinguish himself in active service in the War of 1812. He was retained at duty in England where his abilities to organize and direct were extraordinarily useful to the country but where he was deprived of the chance of winning distinction in the historic campaigns then in progress.

After the war, in 1818, Colonel By married Esther March, and eight years later he was an able but idle engineer when the welcome opportunity came to distinguish himself in the building of the much-discussed Rideau Canal.

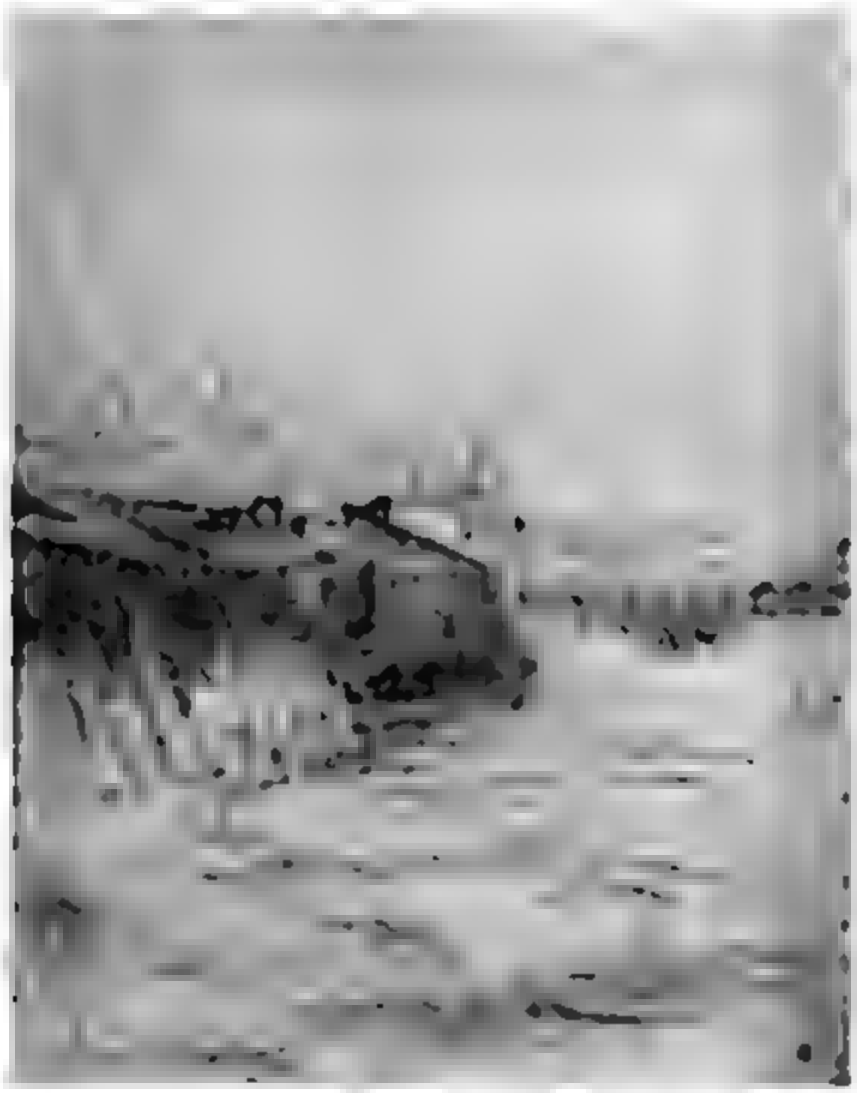
There was little money in England then for investment in such a scheme. Upper Canada was pressing for it and bringing all the influence it could muster to bear upon Wellington and others favorably inclined toward the project. Estimates for the canal had to be squeezed through parliament in as inconspicuous a manner as possible. Colonel By was privately informed that in an emergency he was not to wait for the official passage of estimates but that at all costs he must push the building of the canal and that eventually everything would be paid for.

Accompanied by his wife and little daughters and by his engineering staff, Colonel By sailed for Quebec in the summer of 1826. The inauguration of the canal

was considered so important that Lord Dalhousie decided to accompany Colonel By up the Ottawa so that he could be on the spot when final plans were adopted and no time would be lost in setting to work.

When the steamer from Grenville tied up at the dock at Hull with the viceregal flag flying, most of the eleven hundred population of Wright's township were down by the shore to give the party a royal welcome. The Lord of the Manor of Hull, the lean, weather-beaten Philomen Wright, was there to greet them. Impatient to begin, the newcomers, once they had settled their party at the Columbia Inn, set out up the River to look the wild scene over.

The three men presented curious contrasts. Philomen Wright represented the very essence of rough pioneer enterprise. True, at that time, he was a very wealthy man and the chief figure politically, commercially and socially, on the Ottawa. But he was still a Yankee farmer, given to amusing himself with fantastic ideas for the glorification of the Ottawa Valley. Yet here was the evidence of his ability, this flourishing town and the thousands of smiling acres on the north shore. Dalhousie was the essence of British aristocracy, the ninth earl of his name, a distinguished military officer who had fought throughout the Revolutionary



CHAUDIÈRE FALLS

and Peninsular Wars and served as a major-general on the field of Waterloo. He was a viceregal governor and a gentlemen of the courts of Europe.

By was a builder, a man with a mind made for the exact science of engineering, restive for the word to be off on this big project worthy of the mind of any engineer of his generation.

As they walked along the river edge and looked across to the palisades of the south shore each had an extraordinary vision. Not only could they see the mounting locks that would carry ships up over the height of land to the waters beyond, not only did they see a town, with slender spires among the tree tops and roads across the grey rocks of the bold headlands, but they each and all dreamed of the day when that tree-covered promontory, still in its primeval state, would be the capital of a nation.

It is strange that here and there in scattered memoirs and records we can trace the fact that each of these men, at different times, individually conceived the notion that the capital to be would be in the Basin of the Chaudiere. And when strong men dream dreams, they are likely, if not in their own generation, then in another, to take shape.

But a great deal else had to be done besides dream.

It may be, as tradition says, that Lord Dalhousie pointed across the foam flecked river and said, "There, gentlemen, is the site of the future capital!" To more practical immediate ends, Colonel By said, "There, gentlemen, is the site of the bridge we must build as a first step toward the canal."

For that was the first thing definitely agreed upon. The Ottawa had to be bridged, and the place to do it was over the very falls of the Chaudiere. All three went back to the town and to Wright's hospitable house. There the decision was definitely made and the word passed. Two days later the workmen were engaged and the first stones turned.

The series of bridges over the Chaudiere to-day cover the sites of the first bridges, begun in 1826. Although the enterprise was subsidiary to the canal it was an achievement of no mean merit. It was the largest bridge in the country and was called Union Bridge because it was the only actual contact between the soil of one province and the other, the entire boundary between Upper and Lower Canada being along waterways.

Material there was in plenty right at hand. Wright's mills supplied the timber, and the limestone rocks were to be had for the cutting of them. The bridge was to

comprise five units. On the north shore were two small channels, and two more on the south shore between islands. In the center was the Great Kettle itself, smoking and roaring with terrific energy. The first bridge to be attempted was the first from the north shore, built by the Royal Engineers' officers. It had a span of sixty feet. It was begun immediately, in spite of the fact that winter was coming on, for it was hoped to have it completed before the spring floods swept down the Ottawa.

John MacTaggert, clerk of works to Colonel By, was the man left in charge of the building of the bridge. He had never been in Canada and was ignorant of the effect of climate on the materials he was to employ and as he confesses had "never seen, far less built, a dry-stone bridge."

He employed "a wandering millwright lad from Aberdeen" to do the centering of the bridge and to build a scarf screen to keep the mist from the falls off the workmen, else they would have been coated with ice on the bright cold winter days, and to work would have been impossible. Every morning the young millwright had to sweep the snow from the centers, on which the stone work was to be done, to discover what effect the frost had had upon them, while others cut away the

blocks of ice that drifted down in the night from the rapids. Some times these ice blocks would choke the channel and the water would back up until bridge and all was bound up in a mass of shining ice. Meantime the masons were busy and the huge dressed blocks were dragged into place on sleighs by teams of horses or oxen.

After months of anxious work the bridge was completed. The wooden frame work was knocked out and the fine stone arch settled not an inch. MacTaggert was proud of the job, as he had a right to be.

"The great floods of the Ottawa which in spring rolled foamingly down the Rapids, bringing hills of ice and snow before them, were yet to be dreaded; they came in due season, crammed the waterway of the bridge to the parapet; but it defied their power—there is stands, and likely will for a length of time," he wrote.

Philomen Wright had the contract for building the second stone arch which was to be twenty-five feet in width. When it, too, was complete, it brought the roadway from Hull to the very brink of the great falls of the Chaudiere.

Meantime on the south shore the corresponding pair of bridges were in the course of construction. They were longer spans, one of eighty feet and the other of seventy feet.

The lesser problems having been solved and approach secured from each shore to the brink of the falls, the chief obstacle was attacked. There was a stretch of two hundred feet of furious water to be crossed. There was no possible support from the bed of the river because the water poured itself into a subterranean passage at the foot of the fall. Neither was it possible to anchor a boat in the basin while the work was done. MacTaggert dreamed of a stone bridge, "the most beautiful in the world," for, to the engineer, a sweeping arch of grey limestone over the snowy cauldron below was a thing of supreme loveliness. However, the funds at the disposal of the engineers made that impossible. It was decided to build a sort of chain bridge as a foundation for a wooden one.

In order to get a rope across the falls from one island to the other, Colonel By hit upon an ingenious scheme. A small brass cannon, probably one of those of which Wright's militiamen were so proud, was dragged over the north shore bridges to the brink of the Chaudiere. A strong, small rope was fastened to a ball and fired from the cannon across the gorge. Workmen on the other side stood waiting to seize it, and presently the first tie across the river was secured. Heavier ropes were then dragged over, chains and cables followed in

due time and upon them the wooden bridge was successfully erected.

"The view from the bridge," writes the enthusiastic MacTaggert, "no pen can portray."

The five bridges were put up for a sum of about twenty-five hundred pounds, which seems extraordinarily little for the importance of the project. The summer of 1827 found the north and the south shores of the Ottawa united.

Chapter X.

BYTOWN

ONCE the building of the Union Bridge had been set in motion By proceeded to arrange the ceremony of turning the first sod of the canal. A few days actual inspection of the river shore had sufficed to prove to him that the logical entrance for the canal was neither from Richmond Landing nor from Governor Bay, the two clefts in the rocky shore already proposed, but in Rafting Bay where a wooded gully ran up between the two cliffs now known as Parliament Hill and Point Nepean. It was renamed Entrance Valley.

We can imagine the official party starting off from Hull that morning of September the twenty-ninth, a clear, golden morning, crossing in batteaux and canoes and accompanied by as many of the population of the north shore as could be accommodated in the boats available. At the prospect of work and enhanced prosperity all Hull is excited and elated, and paddles are worked with a will across the river from shore to shore. The landing place at the mouth of the valley is crowded

with small craft and everyone is clambering up the rough sides between trees and rocks looking for vantage points from which to see the ceremony. The soft brilliance of Indian summer hangs over the valley. The steep cliffs are rich in color as an old tapestry. Young maples with slender arms outstretched, are scarlet and softly aflutter in the wind. The birches are silver and gold, lifting their graceful heads far above the underbrush, that is alive with autumn color, wine and purple, russet and green. Perhaps a black bear is looking down with beady bright eyes from the heights above at the strange performance of the intruders. Great frogs in the marshes croak an accompaniment all the way through.

Men and women who had come up the frozen river that March a quarter century before, looked back upon the first night in the virgin forests of Hull and forward to the changes about to begin. Children born and bred on the river who had never known anything but the life of the settlement, were all agog with excitement.

Lord Dalhousie had made many a viceregal speech, had faced many an expectant audience, but never had he taken part in any ceremony so potent with possibilities as this. Perhaps he was more than vaguely conscious of its significance as he set his spade against the

tough roots and faded grass of Entrance Valley and turned the first sod. Rideau Canal was begun.

The whole place was suddenly humming with activity. There was not so much as a clearing in the woods for a tent. Gangs of men were put to work to clear areas on the big cliff to the west as a site of barracks and on the cliff to the east for a home for the commanding officer. Down in Entrance Valley axes rang as they bit into the trees, and timber was hauled out so that the canal diggers could get to work as soon as they arrived in the spring.

A town had to be laid out. Colonel By reserved big areas for public buildings and the indefatigable MacTaggert had charge of surveying the town plots. The lots were snapped up as fast as they were laid out, for in the wake of the canal builders came all the merchants and traders that go to make up a town.

MacTaggert was indispensable. Once the town sites were laid out he went up Entrance Valley with a party of men to take a flying level, a rough guess of the rise or fall of the country to be traversed by the canal between the Ottawa and the Rideau River. The falls at the mouth of the Rideau had made direct attack impossible, so the distance to be covered in Entrance Valley was nearly five miles. It took the party three days to

cover the distance. They found that the rise from the Ottawa to the Rideau was forty-five feet.

The land thereabouts was so swampy that the surveying party could do nothing and returned to camp to wait for frost. It was the twentieth of December before sufficient ice had formed to make a fresh survey practicable. They started out again, badly handicapped, since with frost had come deep snow. So dense was the growth that there was no view more than five yards in extent and for every scrap of information concerning the formation of the ground and the character of the country they had to cut their way with axes through virgin forest.

Every night camp was made in little wigwams by the side of a swamp where the useful hemlock grew thickly and where dry cedar wood provided them with roaring, comforting fires. Each man roasted chunks of salt pork for himself, on prongs cut from nearby trees. Each drank the strong tea from the same cup, a tin mug which made the rounds of the party.

They turned in on a tot of rum, huddled together for warmth on their hemlock beds until someone would cry "spoon!" whereupon they all turned together. They slept with their feet to the fire but sometimes when they woke they found their hair frozen to the blanket on which they lay.

"In Dow's great swamp, one of the most dismal places in the wilderness," writes MacTaggert, "did five Irishmen, two Englishmen, two Americans, and one French-Canadian and one Scotchman hold their merry Christmas of 1826,—or rather forgot to hold it at all."

Dow's great swamp is now a lovely residential district, and Dow's Lake one of the beauty spots of Ottawa.

Irish laborers poured into the new town, which was named Bytown in the Colonel's honor. They were put to work on civilian barracks for the workmen, on cabins and cottages, shops and offices. Two thousand of them were employed on the canal, working barefoot in the black mud of the swamps. Many of them had their wives and families with them. A new settlement sprang up without the benefit of surveying,—noisy, boisterous Corktown, on the land that lies on the west bank of the canal, between Laurier Avenue and Cartier Square of to-day.

Then, at the end of May four companies of Sappers and Miners in scarlet coats and brass buttons, with "hackle plumes and scales of brass" landed at Nepean Point and pitched their tents in a clearing.

By's stone house was going up and across the Valley, on Barracks Hill stone was being carted for the barracks

and hospital for the troops. Below, in the valley, just below By's house, was to be the headquarters for the officers.

It was a wild, fantastic scene, this city in the making. Engineers and laborers and fortune seekers were still sharing the land with the beavers, for except where the stratified limestone gave the newcomers firm footing, the swamps covered much of present day Ottawa. Where stands the Union Station and the railway yards were extensive beaver meadows, and these industrious animal engineers had for untold ages been busy at dams before the Royal Engineers came to oust them and build dams of another fashion.

It was a dramatic setting. To-day from Nepean Point the first locks of the forty-seven that By flung across the wilderness, to control the water levels of a hundred and twenty-six miles of waterway, look like a flight of giant steps, by which some legendary creature mounted from the river to the hills.

Then because of the fact that the infant town was so oddly divided, it was necessary to build a good bridge over the canal. The Sappers were set to work upon it. It took them a long time to complete it, but it was a beautiful bridge and a nice piece of engineering. It was finished with one final flourish, the crest of the

Engineers in stone carved out by the chisel of some ambitious youth in the ranks.

Still another bridge was necessary as the final link between Bytown and Hull. Lt. Pooley was set to devising a bridge over the gorge between the bridge head on the south shore of the Chaudiere and the west end of Wellington street. He contrived such an ingenious bridge of unpeeled logs that Colonel By was amused as well as delighted.

"We'll call it Pooley's bridge," he said. And Pooley's Bridge is the name still applied to the viaduct that has taken its place, down by the City Water Works building.

This, the seventh of the bridge erected in connection with the construction of the canal, completed the highway from Hull to Bytown. Horses and oxen were now able to haul supplies from Hull, grain and straw and oats, as well as timber from the mills, flour and vegetables and meat for the shops of the little town and the commissariat of the canal builders. By Pooley's Bridge, too, the farmers from March and Britannia and the vicinity of Richmond made their way up to Wellington street and found a market for their produce.

By 1828 there were a hundred and fifty houses in Bytown and fifteen shops—including three jewelry

shops! Before the canal was finished there were fifteen hundred civilian residents.

Ottawa to-day has to thank Colonel By that the town that was born out of the construction camp was blessed with wide streets and public spaces. Everything north of Wellington street he reserved for public buildings,—perhaps he dreamed of a new Westminster perched on that royal rock. Nepean Point was reserved likewise and to-day Ottawa has there one of the finest park locations in America, with superb views up and down the Ottawa.

Wellington street was named, of course, for the man who had interested himself in the building of the canal, the Great Duke, the most powerful man in England. Sussex bore the name of By's own homeland; George, York and Clarence for royal Dukes, and Dalhousie for the Governor.

Chapter XI.

BY'S CANAL

COLONEL BY was the feudal lord of his village. He was the last resort in disputes and quarrels, squire, judge, and commandant—a scarlet coated, very British edition of the Seigneur of Quebec. He directed the activities of the newcomers, settled their difficulties, scolded them, praised them, advised them, employed them and when need be, would use the heavy hand of authority to enforce restrictions he considered necessary.

Colonel By lived for the first few weeks of the spring of 1827 in a tent on Nepean Point, until his stone house was ready. It was superbly situated, high above Entrance Valley and facing the Chaudiere falls. There he brought a housekeeper and staff of servants and installed Esther By and the little girls. Mrs. By was a fine horsewoman and rode every trail and bypath within reach of Bytown. The settlers up the Rideau Valley would see her riding her spirited horse with a military groom at her heels.

Colonel By's mount was a great black horse that

became as familiar to Bytown as the Colonel himself. The Colonel's broad shoulders, so snugly encased in scarlet broadcloth, his florid face peering down from his great height above the mount, might suddenly appear anywhere that men were engaged in the arduous work of building locks and dams or digging channels between the shores of the Ottawa and the famous Hog's Back Rapids.

A Colonel of Royal Engineers was a personage of no little social as well as military importance. In garrison he was surrounded with strict military etiquette and attention of the most meticulous sort. He was a soldier trained to command and a person of almost princely importance in the eyes of miners and sappers. But out in the wilderness where the veneer of garrison life fell away with alarming promptitude, a colonel of engineers was put to a severe test. By passed the test with flying colors. He was as much a man as any colonist in the country and could dispense with all the niceties of military life and rough it like a *coureur de bois*. He ran rapids and crossed stormy lakes when even the Canadians demurred at his daring and yet watched his progress with admiration and respect. He travelled fever-infested swamps in order to have first hand information concerning the entire course of his enterprise and lived

in rude camps and bad country inns with imperturbable ease and humor. Consequently he was loved and respected by all who knew him. There was no problem arising out of the country he could not understand. He might be firm and even stern, but he would always be just and manly.

The greater part of the work on the canal was executed under contract for the British government. There were several distinct branches of canal work to be done, such as the building and finishing of the locks in heavy masonry; excavating of earth, clay and rock; construction of dams of rough rubble masonry, the framing of aqueducts and the building of wooden bridges. The various camps along the line of the canal were to have military guards to preserve the peace and surgeons with plentiful supplies had to be provided against accidents and against the fevers and agues which were so prevalent in the bush in those days.

The clerk of the works entered a curious statement in his plan for the conduct of the work. He said "There is a melancholy peculiar to Canada which must be combated. People who labor under it must be encouraged with soothing language, good treatment and now and then, as circumstances require, a little assistance, gratis, as stimulant."

Work was begun almost at once along the whole line of the canal, in order that the completion would be speeded up.

John MacTaggert writes:

"The Rideau Canal, when constructed, will be perfectly different from any other in the known world, since it is not ditched or cut by the hand of man. Natural rivers and lakes are made use of for this canal and all that science or art has to do in the matter, is in the lockage of the rapids or waterfalls, which exist either between extensive sheets of still water or expansive lakes. To surmount this difficulty dams are proposed and in many instances already raised, at the bottom of rapids or sometimes at their head, or even, as the case may be, in their middle, by which means the rapids and waterfalls are converted into still water."

Sometimes a dam was so cleverly located and constructed that it would convert twenty miles of turbulent water into still water. From level to level fixed by these dams, the locks would raise and lower ships.

From the eight locks at the entrance to the canal there was no more lockage until the canal reached within a mile of Hog's Back Rapids. Consequently today, now that the city limits of Ottawa include the whole of Dow's Lake, the first four miles of canal

actually flow through the city, but only the eight entrance locks are required to raise a vessel from the Ottawa River into the heart of the capital.

A glance at the map will show how the canal parallels the Rideau River through the city. The contours of the land made this much more practicable than cutting through at some one of the intermediate points and the last mile before it debouched into the Rideau River itself was through what was known as Gloucester Snie, a narrow, rocky channel. Five locks and a dam at Hog's Back Rapids carried the canal between Dow's Swamp and the junction formed with the Rideau River.

The rest of the canal lies beyond the reach of Ottawa. The rapids and falls along the route were named for the settlers who lived nearby,—Barrett's Rapids, Nicholson's Rapids, Merrick's Falls, Maitland's Rapids, Edmund's Rapids, Smith's Falls, spelt a trail of pioneering homes all along its route. To them the canal was of the utmost importance, since it meant the opening up of the country all along the way to settlement and markets. Oliver's Ferry stood on the highway between Brockville and Perth. Chaffey's Mills stood at Chaffey's Rapids and drew their power from them. It was an extensive establishment with saw, grist, and wool mills and a distillery, stores and barns and house, the

whole worth at least five thousand pounds. For a time it seemed as if, to overcome the Rapids, the whole of the settlement would have to be sacrificed and flooded. It was one of the elations of engineering that this dismal prospect was overcome by the exercise of ingenuity. Davis' Rapids and Jones' Falls came before the terrible Cranberry Marsh where Colonel By all but lost his life. It gave entrance to the Cataraqui River which flowed into Lake Ontario at Kingston.

MacTaggert relates the story of By's adventure in Cranberry Marsh.

"One night we lost ourselves altogether in Cranberry Lake on our route through the waters from the Ottawa to Lake Ontario. There were two canoes of us and the poor fellows paddled away lustily; but it was of no use; the more we sailed the farther astray we went and could not find the outlet of the River Cataraqui. Getting through a frightful marsh, partly overflowed with water, we entered with the canoes into an expanse of flooded woods and one of the canoes stuck in the fork of a tree buried in the water. We went along side and the crew having got into the other canoe, we succeeded in lifting it out of the fork. Dark night came on and we landed on some sort of wild shore about ten o'clock, clambered up the brow amongst the trees, and pulled

the canoes and their cargoes after. We had parted with our provision canoe in the morning before and appointed to have met with it that night at a station called Brewer's Mills: thus we had nothing to eat but a small bit of cheese; and as for drink, there was nothing but a little drop of brandy in a bottle and this was not allowed to be touched. There we were, nobody knew where, in the heart of an endless wild, without food or anything else whatever for the comfort of human life; but we minded it not. Although we had had a fagging day no one was inclined to sleep: could we have knocked up anything in the shape of a dinner we might then all have snoozed profoundly; but hunger kept us from the arms of Morpheus and allowed us to ruminate on our forlorn situation. We hallooed out frequently as loud as we could, but no one heard us. We were sometimes answered by the owl, afar in the solitary woods, and the lake bird called the loon also deigned to reply from distant waters. At one time we heard, or thought we heard, the barking of a dog—which might have been so, but I thought it that of the wolf species.

"Having a gun with us we succeeded in lighting a good fire which is always a pleasant thing to look at; while the light reflected aloft on the woods was beautiful. We frequently loaded the gun with powder and

fired it off; and the sound reverberating through the forest and rocks was heard a long time after. Thinking we had got into Loughborough Lake, which opens out of Cranberry Marsh, towards morning we started with the light of the moon and after paddling away five or six miles until we came to the head of a deep bay, swimming full of driftwood, we there put about and were glad to get back to the fire we had left on the unknown shore. We had supplied it well with fuel before we started in hopes we might use its light, like that of a Pharos, to guide us on our proper course; but alas! we now all began to droop a little, for there was a probability that we might not find our way out of the lake and of course, therefore, must perish.

"The sun arose, we took to the canoes again and seeing some wild ducks we shot at them several times but could not succeed in killing one of them. Having paddled away several miles and taking our bearing by the sun, the compass being useless, I found we were returning as we had come the day before; we therefore lay to, to take the course. While doing so, we heard the report of a musket at a distance. We bore away to the place whence the sound proceeded, heard another shot let off and even saw the smoke. It was an Indian shooting wild ducks. We all felt rejoiced to see him,

divided the drop of brandy, engaged him as a guide and he brought us out at the famous Round Tail mouth of the Cataraqui; from whence we proceeded to Brewer's Mills, found the provision canoe and made a hearty breakfast."

To John By, sitting on the rocky mound, listening to the hoot of the owl and the weird laughter of the loon, even crude and muddy little Bytown must have seemed a very heaven of peace and safety, that night in Cranberry Marsh.

One of the dramatic incidents associated with the building of the Rideau Canal was the laying of the corner stone by Sir John Franklin.

He was not Sir John then, only plain Captain John Franklin, but already a distinguished explorer. He was about forty years of age when he came to Bytown. He was first of all a naval officer, having served under Nelson at Copenhagen and at Trafalgar. He had been in the southern seas, visited China and India and had many a strange adventure by the way. He had already commanded an expedition of four ships into the Arctic in search of the North West Passage, the same goal that Champlain had sought up at the headwaters of the Ottawa. The discoveries of Hearne and Mackenzie had proved that two great rivers, the Coppermine and the

Mackenzie, flowed down into the Arctic sea out of the Canadian west. The twelve hundred miles of coast line between them was unknown. So in 1825 Franklin was sent out at the head of another expedition by land, to chart this unknown territory. He was on his way home with the report of his work when he came to Bytown.

Dalhousie had turned the first sod in a veritable wilderness. Franklin found the mushroom town *en fête*, with flags flying and the band playing when on the afternoon of August the sixteenth, 1827, he officiated at the laying of the stone.

It was sometime after his return to England that he married that remarkable woman, Jane Griffin, whose efforts to discover the fate of Sir John, when he was lost with a hundred and twenty-six men on the expedition of 1845, set the whole Arctic ablaze with travel and discovery. Much as Sir John had done to make the Arctic known during his life time, it was little compared with the enormous results of the Franklin Search.

The search still goes on. In Greenwich, England, is a great collection of relics picked up by various expeditions on the trail of Franklin and his men. In Ottawa, in the museum of the North West Territories Branch of the Canadian government, there are other relics, tarnished buttons, shreds of clothing, pemmican from

one of the Franklin camps, a skull, probably of one of the party. Explorers travelling over the vast hinterlands of the Dominion are still searching for Franklin's last resting place. McClintock, in 1859 brought out the story of Franklin's death. By 1846 Franklin's ship had pressed on far toward that fabled North West Passage, when, by the irony of fate, he failed in health and was unable to go on any farther himself. He sent a party by foot to the point where he believed they would be able to prove the existence of the North West Passage. In June of 1846 they returned to his ship and brought to the dying Franklin the word that they had found that for which men had searched since the days of Marco Polo.

No sooner had Franklin heard the dramatic news, than he died in his bunk, knowing neither the plaudits and renown that would have been his if he had returned to England, nor the tragedy and misery that were to fall to the men he left behind him. Crozier, the new commander, abandoned the ships in the ice when the situation became desperate and attempted to bring his party back overland through Canada. The trail of that pitiful trek was marked with crude graves and fleshless skeletons when McClintock eventually came upon it. He left Lady Franklin's memorial stone to her husband

on Beechey Island and a Canadian expedition, sent out from Ottawa, half a century later, set the stone in a concrete base and finished McClintock's task. No one would have dared to predict that August afternoon what fate had in store either for Captain John Franklin or for little Bytown.

Chapter XII.

BY'S TOWN

APART from the government, the chief landowner on the site of Bytown was Nicholas Sparks. Some years before the canal was begun the government had purchased the front lots, comprising all that lies between Richmond Landing and the Rideau River, and between Wellington and Rideau streets and the Ottawa. Back beyond Wellington street was another grant which was lying idle until Nicholas Sparks purchased it early in 1826. Philomen Wright was either content with what he had done on the north shore, or else, like the rest of the countryside, was not aware of what was about to happen, for he did not acquire any property on the south shore. Nicholas Sparks was a young Irishman who had worked as a farm laborer for Wright for ten years. With his earnings he purchased John Burrows' idle land for some four hundred dollars, with the intention of clearing and farming it for himself. It was bad farm land and as a farmer Sparks would probably have succeeded very ill.

But imagine his astonishment and delight when, within a few months of his purchase, came news of the building of the Canal. Sparks land stretched from Le Breton's Flats to Entrance Valley, and even though Colonel By expropriated the eastern part of it as part of the military reserve for the proposed fortification, still Sparks had enough left to make him a fortune as settlers poured in and demanded more space than government could allow them.

Sparks immediately had his lands surveyed. The chief street, paralleling Wellington street he named for himself, Sparks street. It is the main business street of Ottawa to-day. The big stone bluff overlooking Le Breton Flats where Sparks street ended, was laid out for the homes of wealthy merchants, and Sparks set aside enough land for a church. The next streets south of Sparks were named, in due time, Queen and Albert, for the young Victoria and her Prince Consort, and Kent street for the young queen's father.

Anyone who had the least pretense to social standing settled west of the Hill on government lots or Sparks' new streets. The poorer classes settled in Lower Town across the canal and the lowest and certainly the most picturesque strata of Ottawa society came to rest in Corktown. The double row of huts and cabins along

the bank of the canal were augmented by some even more primitive dwellings cut out of the mud and sand banks. Here the Irish canal diggers and their families lived on the soggy land and compensated for their discomforts and cold dampness by fortifying themselves plentifully with raw whiskey. It was cheap and abundant and the presiding genius of the grog shop was Mother McGinty. She could neither read nor write, but she could "figger" in a method of her own. She had a system of hieroglyphics by which she kept her accounts on the wall and woe betide the man who got too far behind in his payments.

Life was inconceivably wretched at times, and brawls were the order of the day. Only their fighting spirit and their Celtic imagination could have kept the poor Irish of Corktown with body and soul together. After days spent in the black mud of the canal the laborers, full of mock courage and hard liquor, spent the nights in fierce and glorious combat.

It was a mixed company that made Bytown. Contractors and sub-contractors, anxious, ambitious, hard-working, with well established families and social aspirations; the engineers, among them haughty young officers fresh from the drawing-rooms of London; staid and careful administrators; honest and skilful craftsmen,

slow and exact, carrying out the schemes of Colonel By; the shopkeepers and tradesmen, the laborers, emigrants in search of a living; of such were the pioneers of Bytown. Out of them, a conglomerate mass, in those first romantic years, the clean, exhilarating life of Upper Canada welded a homogeneous citizenship, raising the whole to a happier, healthier level and a new standard of life.

It was necessary almost immediately to create some form of government for this unwieldly mass of settlement. It seems as though the assiduous MacTaggert must have had something to say about it for the charter that incorporated Bytown gave it the good old Scottish system of city government. There was a provost, two baillies, a dean of guild, a treasurer, ten common councillors, two deacons and a convenor! It may have been one of MacTaggert's droll jokes to set this Scottish cloak of government over a Canadian backwoods town populated mostly by Irishmen.

Brief flashes of life in Bytown reveal it as much like any other frontier town with occasional highlights that get into history. There is the wagon of the Royal Engineers, for instance, rumbling up from the docks to the office with kegs of silver coins sent out from England for the pay of the troops. For the moment the scarlet-coated troopers are caught napping, for one of the kegs

has cast its top and silver coins are dripping into the ruts. Once again a careless saying has come true. The immigrants can write home to Ireland that they actually do pick up money in the streets of Canada.

There were fifteen hundred people in Bytown in the spring of 1832 when Colonel By announced that the canal was close to completion. There were two hundred houses, there were Roman Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, there were schools and inns and a market. Bytown was quite as large and a good deal more important than Hull. All the interest had shifted from one side of the river to the other. Now the ships that came up the river turned to Bytown instead of Hull and all the important visitors and the increasing tribe of tourists, wanted to see the new town on the cliffs and the wonderful canal that had wound its way through the wilderness.

By May the canal had actually reached the point where a steamer could go through the whole of its forty-seven locks. The first ship to be accorded that historic honor was one most unromantically called the *Pumper*. It sailed up the river and tied up at the docks at the foot of Nepean Point. The crew set to work with a will to dress her from end to end and from deck to masthead with flags and bunting. An official party had

been invited to join Colonel By in his trip from Bytown to Kingston. Although quite unofficial, yet the most excited and thrilled of all the guests were the two little daughters of the Colonel who had grown from babyhood to girlhood with the lore of the Rideau canal perpetually about their ears. Now they were to see for themselves what had been keeping their father and all the nice officers busy for so long.

The *Pumper* signalled most importantly with her shrill whistle, threw off her mooring ropes and turned her prow up toward the canal entrance. The lock gates swung wide and in she nosed gently between the cut stone walls. The gate men flung the great wheels round and round and the gates shut close behind her. The next pair of gates moved open and down poured the water and up moved the *Pumper*. She nosed forward into the next lock while the crowds along Barracks Hill and Nepean Point cheered themselves hoarse with delight. Some of them shouted for Colonel By and the genial engineer, never so proud in all his career, as he was that day, waved from the bow of the *Pumper* and smiled back into the faces of the friendly crowds.

Up through the eight locks the *Pumper* moved, all her flags aflutter, until she found herself under the Sapper's Bridge. Over the stone parapet was a solid

mass of faces and hundreds of waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs. And never a ship has sailed through from that day to this without some curious spectators on the bridge watching its progress up that giant flight of steps to the upper level.

Through the cut, past hilarious Corktown, past the swamps and beaver meadows, steamed the *Pumper*, waving a farewell to Bytown. One—two—three—four miles, between the freshly cut banks, the newly cleared channel through the swamps. Then came Dow's Lake and the entrance into the old Gloucester Smie, now a deep channel with two locks midway, and finally the *Pumper* came to the famous locks and dam at the Hog's Back. These were the rapids down which Braddish and Lamira Billings had been swept in their canoe. Here By had wrestled with one of the most serious problems of the canal. Twice the rubble stone dam had broken and the flood had swept down disastrously into the channel below Once the Colonel was standing at the center of the dam when it began to crack and it was only by leaping nimbly back to shore that he had escaped being washed down into the torrent with the rocks and mortar. He had sworn a good round British oath over that second disaster and had vowed to build the dam if it had to be made of silver dollars.

Beyond the Hog's Back the *Pumper* was well away on its journey to Lake Ontario.

To-day the whole route of the canal from Connaught Square to the Hog's Back is part of the magnificent driveway route under the control of the Ottawa Improvement Commission. Fine residential districts occupy the old swamp lands through which the surveyors tramped in midwinter because they could not get through it in soft weather. The Experimental Farm overlooks Dow's Lake and the old Gloucester Snie and the Hog's Back is a pleasant picnicking place.

Later in the summer of 1827 the canal was opened for general traffic. Transportation from Quebec to Upper Canada had cost five pounds sterling a ton. The Rideau canal promptly cut freight rates in half. But not freight alone was to be speeded up in transport over the canal. The great age of immigration from Europe was just beginning and from 1832 literally hundreds of thousands of settlers passed up the canal to settle Upper Canada and to overflow in vast numbers into the American west. Famine in Ireland, expulsion of tenants in Scotland, the age of machinery in England ousted thousands upon thousands of families from their ancestral homes and occupations and the wilderness of Upper Canada, yawning for colonists, was the promised land of the nineteenth century.

The canal never paid its way. For thirty years it was operated by the Imperial authorities and remained in control of the Royal Engineers. It cost about twenty thousand dollars a year to maintain. The war which it was to serve, never, fortunately, materialized. Eager as Canada had been to have it built in 1826, by 1857 the government was most reluctant to take it off the hands of the builders and assume responsibility for its upkeep; so swift are the changes that take place in a new country and in this age of enterprise and mechanical progress. No one could visualize when By's canal opened its gates to the *Pumper* that the age it represented was already passing by and a new age, panting with speed and mechanical ingenuity was just around the corner.

Colonel John By could regard the whole conduct of the construction of the canal with personal pride and satisfaction. It was a great empire-building enterprise with which he had been entrusted and he had carried it out to a successful and speedy conclusion. He had every justification for supposing that he could return to a grateful England, that there might be honors, perhaps a knighthood waiting to crown a lifetime of loyalty and service. But if John By dared to dream of honors he was to waken to bitter disappointment.

His troubles had begun before the canal was finished.

Too honest and straightforward to lend himself to the petty schemes of those who had get-rich-quick conspiracies afoot, he found himself embroiled in all sorts of irritating situations. Frequent suits were brought against him, and though he won everyone of them, they impeded him and gave him endless trouble. One of his opponents, in an effort to belittle him in the eyes of government, had him served with papers in a legal suit aboard the vessel on which he was bidding farewell to the Governor, at the close of one of his visits to Bytown. Only the loyalty and quick wit of the captain prevented the incident from proceeding to the actual presentation of the papers. The bluff captain ordered the servers of the writ off his decks.

Instead of receiving the thanks of the War Office and of Parliament Colonel By was ordered home to appear before a committee of parliament to explain petty details of the expenses of canal construction. The men who had instructed him to go ahead with the work whether or not the estimates had officially passed the house, allowed him to bear the storm of vituperation and abuse that should have been diverted from his honest and conscientious head. Accusations and insinuations buzzed around London and Colonel By retired to his home at Shernfold Park, Sussex, a bitterly disillusioned man.

Colonel By could have speculated in land along the canal and made a tidy fortune for himself, but it is significant that he did not buy land in Bytown until 1832, when the work was done and that he then paid twelve hundred pounds for the MacQueen Loyalist grant, lying south of Laurier, from the Rideau to Bronson avenue, land he could have had for a song in 1826.

Back in idleness in Sussex, John By's tall figure began to stoop a little and his black hair was streaked with grey. Unhonored and unsung, wearied with the strenuous activities of five years in the wilderness of the Rideau, weakened by swamp fevers, and most of all, hurt by the indifference of his king and the king's ministers, John By secretly nursed a broken heart. In 1836 he died, in his early fifties. Only one of his daughters survived him. She became Lady Ashburnham, and a part of Ottawa was named for her. She left no heirs and John By's line is to-day extinct.

Ottawa, that owed so much to his vision and his enterprise, had not yet raised a memorial to his memory.

Chapter XIII.

THE LAND OF WHITE PINE FORESTS

THE story of Canada is largely the story of reactions from forces set in motion far beyond the boundaries of the country itself. Every phase of her romantic history has been dictated by events which, in their origin, seemed to have no relationship to the vast, sleeping wilderness of North America. As people and events revolved around the pole stars of each succeeding age, as forces of human history swelled and surged and ebbed away, they set in motion tides of influence that washed upon Canadian shores and set astirring new floods of life and energy.

The Napoleonic war had a tremendous influence upon the course of Canadian history. Apart from the welding influence of the war of 1812, apart from the era of military settlement, apart from the great migratory movements that came in the wake of post-war depression in Europe, there was another by-product of war which had an inestimable significance for Canada.

You will remember that in 1799 Philomen Wright

saw in his mind's eye a thousand ships freighted with timber from the Ottawa sailing out to sea. Now, strangely enough, events were about to develop that were to vindicate that audacious dream.

England depended on the Baltic countries for wood. Part of Napoleon's policy was to ally all the Baltic countries into a unit against England. In 1801 came the battle of Copenhagen, during which Nelson put the glass to his blind eye and did not see the order to retreat. It was then and there that England temporarily broke up the conspiracy against her. Surely the battle of Copenhagen was far enough removed from the affairs of the Ottawa Valley,—or was it?

In 1807 England went to the extraordinary length of laying siege to the capital of Denmark once again, although she was not at war with the Danes. She reduced the city to chaos and took the whole Danish navy to England in hostage against the renewal of the Baltic conspiracy aimed at her sovereignty.

But even while the British fleet was sailing out of English waters, towards the coast of Denmark, a raft of timber was floating down the Ottawa. Both were bound on the same errand—securing a supply of timber for United Kingdom. While the Danish navy sailed prisoner to England, the first of Philomen Wright's ten

thousand ships of Ottawa timber was sailing towards England, too, from the west.

There had been some trade in Canadian timber from the year 1650 and Intendant Talon, whose genius seemed to touch so many of the fundamentals of Canadian expansion, was responsible for the first rafts floated down to Quebec from the shores of the St. Lawrence and St. Maurice. But any French-Canadian could tell you that it was impossible to bring timber from the Ottawa Valley to tidewater. The rapids were impassable, the Lachine rapids, the Long Sault Rapids and the Chaudiere.

However, as soon as Philomen Wright had his colony well established and self-supporting, he took time to consider that old, haunting dream of his about the white pine, the oak and all the other great timbers of the Ottawa. The white pine was the most valuable and the whole Ottawa Valley was a great forest of towering pines, many of them reaching like church spires two hundred feet into the air. There were eighty thousand square miles of forests in the land drained by the Ottawa and its tributaries, and a vast variety of timber, ash, birch, elm, maple, red and white tamarac, basswood, butternut and hickory, groves of cedar, and many more.

In the fall of 1806 Wright set a gang of men to

work cutting white pine and drawing it to the river shores. In the spring of 1807, it was floating in cribs before the village of Hull. He supervised the building of the raft himself and with a chosen crew he set off towards Quebec, three hundred miles away.

It must have been a pleasant trip for the first sixty-odd miles between Hull and the Long Sault. The crew lived in shacks aboard the raft and navigation over the smooth, broad river was simple enough. The Long Sault was the big problem to be solved. The raft had to be broken up into cribs again and since the thing had never been done before, the navigating of them over the rapids was all guess work. It took Wright and his men thirty-five days to get the timber from still-water above to still-water below. They learned eventually to get a raft through in twenty-four hours.

At the foot of the Long Sault the raft was reconstructed. They floated on down to the junction of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. Now, about three-quarters of the Ottawa flows northward of Montreal while the other quarter sweeps around through St. Anne's rapids and Lachine rapids to the south. Instead of attempting to travel to the south of the island, Philomen Wright decided to drift down north of the island. He had explored the route and it seemed feasible.

No wonder Montreal had never shown any enthusiasm for this Ottawa timber project. It meant the timber would go to Quebec, direct, instead of going to Montreal to freight the ships in that port.

Wright carried out the scheme that everyone had condemned and it was probably the proudest moment of his adventurous life when he saw that raft of Ottawa pine tied up in a cove at Quebec. Moreover, it was actually cheaper to get timber down by the new route to Quebec than it would be to take it to Montreal. The principle had been established. Wright was the Columbus of the timber trade.

Timber was to that age what coal and iron are to this. The world still travelled in wooden ships and lived in wooden houses, for steel and concrete construction was far off in the future. So great was the need and so profitable the market that within two years, in 1809 Canada had developed so big a timber business that for the first time in her history she had a favorable balance of trade.

Suddenly the timber business was of tremendous importance to the colonies. Thousands were sent into the bush to cut timber and drive the rafts down to Quebec. An army of shipbuilders went to work at Quebec to provide ships for the trade, and presently Quebec was the greatest timber port in the world.

The timbering in the Ottawa Valley exceeded Wright's wildest expectations. The lonely valley he had invaded was now alive with enterprise. New towns grew up around the portages and much of the land that was cleared of timber was turned into farmlands by the settlers that came on the trail of the lumber men.

There was work for everybody. Frenchmen, Irishmen, Scots and Yankees made up the picturesque population of the forests and never had the savages been more jealous of their tribal rights and dignities than were the shantymen of their national honors. A Frenchmen's slur on an Irishman's ancestry, or a Yankee sneer at a Frenchman's pride, or worst of all, any word casting a slighting reference on anything pertaining to a Scot, and a river feud raged furiously until bloody noses, and black eyes, or worse, had wiped out the stain.

Shantymen was the name applied in general to all who worked at cutting, hauling or driving timber. A "shanty" was a unit by which men figured in the trade. A shanty comprised thirty or forty men, food supplies, oxen and so on, for one camp for a winter.

Timber limits were sold at auction at about a dollar or a dollar and a half a square mile. The lease holder had cutting rights only and the land belonged to the crown. He paid a tax on every foot of timber he cut.

Timber limits were supposed to be ten miles square, or a hundred square miles of forests. Actually they were often two or three times that size. Indians and breeds were employed as scouts and explored the timbers. They had to possess a keen sense of timber values, for much depended on their reports on "stands" of timber. A "shanty" was located in the heart of a promising "stand" and did a winter's work within reach of the camp.

After the trees were felled they were "squared." Some of these squared timbers were as much as three feet square, and the average was about twenty inches. The man with the broadaxe who cut away the bark and the surplus wood was an artist in his way. He had a hand and an eye that worked in perfect unison, and a log squared by the wide, thin axe in the hands of an expert timber cutter was a thing to marvel at.

The men who went into the bush to cut timber were a hardy lot. They were described as having "the stomach of a locomotive and the appetite of a sawmill." They lived on salt pork, "petrified" biscuit and tea that would "peel the tongue off a buffalo." Each man was allowed one to two pounds of tea a week. Great fistfuls of the delicate Chinese herb were flung into pots of cold water and boiled, to prepare it for the taste of the lum-

berjack. On this and salt pork four times a day he flourished.

Once the squared timbers had been piled on the ice of the tributary streams, much depended upon the whims of Mother Nature. A quick, impetuous spring, with the snow melting fast and gushing into floods in the streams made the shantyman roar with delight. The timber flowed out on the flooded streams and was speeded away down the river. But a long, slow spring, and the moisture melting away into the earth meant too little water to carry the timber away.

As soon as the timber reached sufficient depth and width of water the lumbermen made it up into "cribs." Twenty "sticks" of squared timber made a crib, held together by other unpeeled logs with traverse timbers to hold them all together. The squared timbers could not be damaged by nails or pegs, and as they were loose, the cribs were loaded with other timbers in order to produce enough friction to keep the "sticks" from slipping out of place.

Oak, being heavier than the water it displaced, required the help of other lighter wood to make the crib buoyant.

At some places the cribs had to be broken up to go over falls, and at such places the oak had to be hauled

around by the portage, else it would be driven down under the falls and stay there.

The Chaudiere was one of the places where the oak had to be hauled overland.

One of the engineering works undertaken simultaneously with the building of the Union Bridge and the canal, was the construction of a timber slide, on the south side of the river, to carry the cribs from the top of the falls to the foot without the damage and danger involved during the twenty years that river drivers had been bringing timber down the Ottawa. John MacTaggert was intrigued with the timber trade and writes:

"The scene of passing rafts down the Big Kettle is one of the most beautiful we can look at. The lumbermen cautiously proceed from off Rafting Bay above the Falls, with the raft, to which a boat is attached. When they have pushed sufficiently out, and come between a small island and the Great Cauldron, where the suction begins, they hurry into the boat and make for the island, leaving the raft to its fate. Away it comes, and when descending into the Big Kettle it generally makes a somersault in magnificent style and spreads amid the foam, every log swimming by itself. Sometimes the raftsmen will venture too far and in the hurry to get

into the boat are caught in the descending ripple: nothing for them to do but to fly into the rock which stands at the head of the Falls; and when there it is a business of great difficulty to bring them off to the mainland. Three men had almost died of hunger before this could be effected: at length the log thrown drifted to the rock, to which a rope was fastened; they got upon it, stride legs, having bound themselves by the rope, and so were dragged through the waterfall, on the brink of the Kettle, to the shore, by their anxious friends."

The owners marked every "stick" and the government tax on the timber was collected at the Chaudiere, since everything had to come this way. In return the government had to maintain portages and eventually to build and maintain the timber slides.

From 1807 until 1827 the portages north and south of the Chaudiere were busy and picturesque places. Not even the building of the canal perturbed the river men for they were curiously indifferent to the engineering work that was in progress. They went on with their river-driving, content with the plentiful excitement that their own occupation provided them.

On a long stretch of still water, the river drivers bound as many as fifty cribs into a raft, using young

birch saplings, tough and supple, to tether them together. The raft might have to be broken up and bound together again a dozen times between Lake Temiscaming and the coves of Quebec. On board the raft they built bark cabins and on beds of sand they built fires and did their cooking. Sometimes they erected sails and made use of the winds. The average trip to Quebec was seven hundred miles. From Allumette Island was eight hundred miles. Before the building of timber slides it sometimes required two seasons to get the wood to tidewater, but with good slides, roads and dams to control the water levels the trip was frequently reduced to six weeks. The first of the slides was built beneath one of the spans of the Union Bridge near the south shore. Three years later Wright built one of his own on the north shore. They were controlled by dams. They may still be seen and Ottawa has had many a day's excitement over the running of the slides. It was often part of the program for distinguished visitors. One crib went down in the summer of 1860 with the boyish Prince of Wales aboard and the royal standard flying overhead.

The river driver's life was one of perpetual chance and frequently, when a raft arrived at Quebec, it brought sad news of the loss of some reckless lumberjack.

THE OTTAWA RIVER

When jams occurred and held up the progress of the drive, hundreds of men congregated along the portages and trouble was likely to develop. The most dramatic moment of the riverman's life was the breaking of a jam.

When the logs went over a falls or rapids, sometimes one would wedge itself in behind some rock in such a way that logs behind it were caught and held stationary. More logs would plunge down behind the barricade and the force of the white water would prevent them from moving off. Hour by hour the timber would pile up until it towered thirty or forty feet in the air. Sometimes the stream would be choked and the water back up behind it and flood the shores. The thing to be done was to break the jam and to do that was the most spectacular feat in the life of a shantyman.

An expert knew where to look for the key log but when he set out to cut it away he was offering his life a sacrifice to chance. Bare footed, with his red flannel shirt stripped off and an axe in his brawny hands, he set off over the fantastic pile to locate the log that had caused all the trouble. High above him towered the palisade that might at any moment crash and grind him to pieces. A long rope, fast about his waist, was held by the men on shore. Gauging the strength of the log, the

force of the stream and the distance from shore he set his axe to work. When it had bitten part way through the key log he flung the axe from him and leaped nimbly back from log to log towards safety. With an awful grinding, muttering roar the jam broke and river and logs rushed down stream to freedom. But if he had misjudged any one of the elements involved, the lumberjacks on shore hauled on the rope and brought his gallant, mangled body back and laid it in a lonely grave beside the portage.

The jam was the supreme test of a riverman. The hero of such an exploit was a marked man from Quebec to the headwaters of the Ottawa. Sometimes his praises were sung in river ballads in the long dark nights in the lumber camps.

They had a rude sense of humor, these hard-fisted woodsmen and there was a trick they played on greenhorns which taught them to beware of unnatural gallantry in the wilderness. When they discovered a new crew on the river, waiting at the head of a waterfall to pass down their timbers, they always graciously allowed them precedence. The greenhorns, unsuspicious, accepted the precedence and shot their timbers over into the foam. Laughing to themselves, the old timers watched the timbers filling up the crevices and locking

themselves into nooks and crannies among the rocks. Then they followed with their own timber when a good channel had been created for them to pass straight through into stillwater below. The greenhorns had the trouble of picking and prying their logs out of the eddies and shoals while the others speeded on towards Quebec.

Once the Rideau canal was finished two thousand Irish laborers were released from work. Many of them settled down to farm along the route of the canal, but most of them went into the woods and became shantymen. They were an unruly, quarrelsome lot and between them and the French-Canadians was a deep-rooted and bitter antipathy which still crops up occasionally to-day. Open feuds were bound to develop and Bytown was the headquarters for the campaign.

Roughly, between the years of 1837 and 1845 was the period of the Shiners' War. The Irish, particularly skilful with the handling of oak in the mills were called "cheneurs" by the French. This became corrupted into "shiners," and so Shiners the Irish came to be called by themselves and everybody else.

The Shiners decided to oust the French-Canadians from the timber camps altogether and they set out to make life so uncomfortable for them wherever they

came in contact with the Irish that the sons of Erin would eventually have a monopoly in the timber trade. They had a playful way of entering the home of a Frenchman and moving all his furniture away, or of breaking up a funeral, or undressing children on the street and sending them home naked. Naturally there were retaliations, and Bytown was treated to as riotous a decade as any frontier town could boast. Legend says many a Shiner and many a Shiner's rival ended his days in the Big Kettle.

Chapter XIV.

THE GREY SISTERS

ON Sussex street, opposite Nepean Point, and close neighbor to the Archives and the Royal Mint, is a vast grey stone mass of buildings that house the activities of the Grey Nuns. The building facing on Sussex street is the mother house for the Ottawa district. It has a quaint monastic air, with its gabled windows and great sundial on the wall, that makes it seem much older than it is, older than the history of Ottawa.

Interwoven with the story of the city is this convent which has dispensed so much of devoted service to the poor and needy for nearly nine decades but traditions on which that service was founded goes back much farther. The founder of the order of Grey Nuns was Marie Marguerite Dufrost de la Jammerais. She was the great-granddaughter of the doughty Pierre Boucher who governed Three Rivers and wrote a book on New France before he retired to the seigneury of Boucherville to bring up a big family of good Canadians. Her mother was Marie Renée de Varennes, a sister of La

Verendrye, the celebrated explorer, the first to build trading posts as far west as the site of Winnipeg, and who explored the prairies. Her father was a nobleman from near St. Malo in Brittany, so Marie Marguerite mingled good bourgeois and colonial blood with the blood of the ancient aristocracy and the result was very good.

Marie Marguerite was most unhappily married, and at twenty-nine she was left a widow with a great many debts to pay and two children to support. She paid the debts and raised her sons to be priests and then turned her energies to works of charity in Montreal. It is said that one day in winter, as she was walking on the outskirts of the town, she discovered the body of an infant which had been killed and thrown into a ditch. The little body was frozen into the ice. The horror of the incident made her resolve to devote herself to the care of the unfortunates. The story is long and dramatic, but Madame d'Youville, as she then was, succeeded in founding an order of uncloistered nuns. Her struggle against indifference and even against deliberate attempts to wreck her plans, is one of the romances of the eighteenth century. The few young women she gathered around her before the order was officially established wore sober grey habits. Many sneered at

these sisters of charity and called them "les Soeurs Grises:" *grise* having in French a double meaning—grey, and drunken. When the church finally sanctioned the work, she adopted the grey habits as the habit of the order and proudly bore the name bestowed in malice. The Grey Nuns they are to this day, when they have scores of great institutions all over the Dominion. They took in the sick, the crippled, the fallen women and abandoned children, the insane and all the driftwood of French colonial life. The sisters did needlework, sold vegetables and tobacco and began all sorts of curious enterprises such as a brick yard, and the first ferry to Longueuil. Whenever their were calls for help from the ever lengthening frontier, the Grey Nuns went where no others could go, for being uncloistered, their order did not demand the same conventual seclusion that other orders must have. In 1844 a little band went to the Red River and pressed on, in after years, to the far places of the north, Mackenzie River, Lake Athabaska, Great Slave Lake and all the farther frontier points where there was need of their endless services.

In 1845 they sent out a brave little band of nuns to Bytown and although it was not far away from Montreal, it was in very truth a great adventure. Bytown was a place with a most disreputable name.

Rioting and bloodshed and hard-living were the common lot. The sisters folded their hands serenely beneath their wide sleeves and agreed demurely to go and live among the quarrelsome French and Irish.

The story of their journey from Montreal is not the least romantic in their records. They set out in sleighs from Montreal and drove up the old road to Carillon and Grenville, and thence on the ice of the river, the route that Wright and his people had come so long before. For one pleasant night they were the guests of Louis Joseph Papineau in his great seigneury of La Petite Nation. Next day they drove on, a long, hard, drive towards their destination. They must have been cold and weary when they rounded the mouth of the Gatineau and neared Bytown but all that was instantly forgotten at the evidence of the welcome that was waiting for them. Their eyes must have grown bright with tears of gratitude and excitement for dashing down the river was a procession of sleighs, toboggans, wagons, drawn by every variety of horse, from high stepping thoroughbreds to plodding old nags. There were no fewer than eighty vehicles to form a guard of honor and to escort them back to Bytown.

Two little houses, set side by side were their headquarters for that winter. Their leader was Elizabeth

Bruyere, a girl of twenty-seven years of age, and there were four others. Their first and chief task was to establish a hospital. After that came schools, orphanages and refuges.

No sooner were they safely settled and their little hospital in working order than they found themselves thrust into the maelstrom of that terrible year, the typhus epidemic of 1847.

From the year it was opened the Rideau canal was the chief highway by which the increasing tide of emigrants flowed from Europe into Upper Canada and the American west. Countless thousands of unhappy victims of conditions in Europe turned their hopeless faces towards the big, empty land of Canada for succor. War, depression, trade revolutions, famine, plagues, all augmented the social upheaval of Europe in the early nineteenth century. Up to 1847 immigration into Canada had been fairly orderly but the terror of that year threw all systems to the winds.

A writer in the Canadian Historical Review, Frances Moorhouse, says that "there is something grimly humorous in the contrast between the conscious nationalism of the migration planned by government officials and philanthrophists and the headlong movements which actually took place. Emigrants were not as a rule men

who could afford political preference; they wanted land and to live wherever work and a living could be found."

Bytown had suffered grimly in 1832 from the first cholera epidemic and it never outgrew its terror of the immigrant ships. The rebellion of '37 for a while checked the flood but in the forties the tide flowed again. Canada welcomed them and gave them practical help. Her immigration schemes were the most sane and helpful in history up to that day. In 1842, forty-four thousand immigrants came into the country. But in 1847, after the failure of the Irish potato crops, ninety thousand swarmed into the colonies.

Now, normal years of immigration were bad enough. Helpless and destitute people walked the streets of the cities and trailed forlornly from town to town. But that year little ships left from every port in the British Isles and the starving, penniless people simply stampeded. Theretofore most of the immigrants had travelled in timber ships that sought cargoes for the eastward trip. Now, with the repeal of the corn laws, the grain ships were in search of passengers, too. One pound of starchy food a day, issued twice a week, was all they were compelled to provide the passengers.

On the eighth of May, 1847, the first plague-infested ship dropped anchor in Quebec harbor. Within

three weeks, eighty-four ships had clogged the machinery of immigration and transportation in that port. The government had provided extra money, extra men and tents for ten thousand at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, but nothing they could do could prevent the inevitable. The stench, the clamor, the misery, created a new Inferno. The migration included the sweepings of the Irish countryside and English industrial cities,—idiots, the old and decrepit, the undernourished and the incapable, swarmed up the St. Lawrence and to Ottawa. Canada protested. She was not to be a dumping ground for public charges from the old land. Her fair and wholesome land was not to be defiled by either the mentally or morally unfit. But protest as she would, the misery of the newcomers had to be contended with.

In Bytown the tireless nuns grappled with the problem sick and dying and destitute. . . . . .

Yet within a generation thousands upon thousands of these people, thrown up like driftwood upon Upper Canada were living happy, prosperous, wholesome lives on their own land. Many of them settled around Bytown and became good farmers. The raising of the standard of living, the levelling of masses upward, was part of the miracle of the new land.

To-day the Grey Nuns have a great General Hospital, homes for the poor and the aged, orphanages, boarding schools, academies and scores of parochial schools in and about Ottawa. The mother house was begun in 1849 and has a quaint old French air.

As we see them walking demurely about Ottawa to-day in their eighteenth century habits, their modest white headdresses covered with black coifs and veils, their wide grey serge skirts almost sweeping the ground, their energetic, black-shod feet tripping the modern streets of the capital, their silver crucifixes on their breasts, they are dramatic as well as romantic figures. They are not only devoted nuns, but they are great and enterprising women.

Chapter XV.

THE SPIRES OF OTTAWA

THE first man to build a cabin on the actual site of Ottawa was an Englishman, John Burrows Honey. He hailed from Plymouth and he left England because he held both religious and political views that were abhorrent to a great many people of his time. He was both Methodist and Whig, and both were terms of reproach in the first decades of the nineteenth century. In his time the Whigs openly admired the leaders of the French Revolution and commended many of the aims and objects of European radicals, in spite of the fact that quite the worst thing a Tory could call a political enemy was "republican." But to be a Methodist as well as a Whig was to make John Burrows Honey thoroughly undesirable in the eyes of the diehards of his generation, and after a great deal of controversy and conflict, the young man sought peace and freedom, as so many had done before him, in the virgin lands of the new world.

Sometime about 1819 he built his lonely little log cabin on the heights above the Chaudiere in the vicinity

of Lyon and Wellington streets of to-day. There in the clearing he grew his flowers and his vegetables and fostered the faith in which he had been raised.

In the summer of 1826 he sold his land to Nicholas Sparks. If he had kept it a few months longer, John Burrows Honey might have become a wealthy man, but it was Sparks' good fortune to be the owner of two hundred of acres of land on the site of the new town that By founded that very autumn.

Meantime, John Burrows had dropped Honey from his name in order to escape completely from the old associations of Plymouth and it was as John Burrows that he applied to Colonel By for employment on his staff. He was a trained and competent man and By was glad to avail himself of his services. For more than twenty years, from then until his death in 1848 John Burrows remained on the staff of the Royal Engineers.

Apparently among the troops of the Royal Engineers there were many of the reformed religion and suddenly, from being a solitary settler in the middle of a virgin forest, John Burrows found himself the leader of the Methodist movement in Bytown. A certain Sergeant Coombs was a lay preacher and Burrows, at his own expense, put up a little wooden chapel where Methodist services could be held, as early as 1827. When

the chapel was burned the Methodists used, for a while, a little schoolhouse where Miss Napps held sway during the week days over the first school children of Bytown. At other times Burrows opened his own home to the Methodists as a place of service, until they were able to build themselves a substantial church. The Methodist was the first church in Bytown.

When John Burrows died he was buried across the river in Hull. Thirty-four years later his bones were brought back across the Ottawa and buried in Beechwood cemetery in 1882. He rests in a little plot, just beyond the southeast corner of the new mausoleum, but no stone marks his resting place. First citizen of Ottawa, Father of the Methodist church on the south shore, he deserves a memorial to his stout faith and his pioneering courage. Those who look back to that little home on the rocks above the Chaudiere for the interest that first things create about themselves, will pay a secret tribute to John Burrows, Whig and Methodist.

Burrows' family rose with the fortunes of Ottawa and were closely associated with the political and social life of the nineteenth century. Some years since a grandson became Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

The Presbyterians followed closely on the heels of

the Methodists and they too, took shelter in Miss Napps' little school until they built a little church in the year 1828.

While Anglicans and Catholics held services from time to time in Bytown, neither of the churches built homes for themselves there until the year the canal was completed.

Father Heron was the priest who said the first mass in Bytown, in 1827 and in 1832 the first Roman Catholic chapel was built on the site of the present basilica.

Within a decade of the founding of that modest little chapel the Roman Catholics began the building of the grey stone church that, after ninety years, has developed into the great basilica whose twin silver spires, slender and lofty, are land marks of Ottawa. Of recent years the interior of the church has been very richly decorated. The nave is very lofty and the chancel walls are completely covered with carved niches and figures of the saints. Much of the wood carving in the church was done in Ottawa by native craftsmen.

When Nicholas Sparks set aside a piece of land for an Anglican church on the top of the limestone cliff that overlooked Richmond Landing and the Le Breton

Flats, the trees had to be cleared away to make space for the little church that was to accommodate the new congregation. In 1932 that church, as Christ Church Cathedral, is celebrating its centenary. The stone church that the congregation erected to replace the first little building, is a fine piece of Gothic architecture.

The interior is dignified, with its lofty nave divided from the side aisles by rows of clustered columns, their capitals carved in fruits and flowers. The walls bear memorials to many a pioneer and many of the furnishings of the church are placed there to recall men and women who played valiant parts in the history of Ottawa.

The great window over the altar is a memorial to Nicholas Sparks, who died in 1862, to Sarah his wife, and their son and daughter, Mary Wright and Nicholas, Jr.

One of the most interesting churches in Ottawa is quaint little St. Bartholomew's on MacKay street, just outside the grounds of Rideau Hall. It is like a little country parish church in England, with seats for only two hundred and fifty people but it is the church attended by the Governor-General and his staff. The little son of Lord and Lady Bessborough, the first child to be born to Rideau Hall in many years, was christened here.

Its memorials recall the line of viceregal worshippers that have occupied the Rideau Hall pews. There is a window erected by the Duke of Connaught in memory of the members of his staff who fell in the Great War, including Lt.-Col. F. D. Farquhar, commander of the celebrated Canadian regiment, The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. It was named for the lovely daughter of the Duke, who worked the regimental colors with her own hands and lent a touch of old-fashioned romance to the raising of the crack troops who were the first Canadians in action in France.

There are dozens of brass and bronze plates in the church commemorating men and women who have served in various capacities in the wars in which Canada has been involved.

Chapter XVI.

THE CAPITAL

ONCE the building of the canal was completed, little Bytown was left to its own devices. Transportation was established between Montreal and Kingston, and Bytown was just "a hole in the woods" on the way. It depended on local enterprise whether Bytown was to sink into the level of a backwoods village or whether it would grow into a lusty little town.

The first important figure in industrial Bytown was MacKay, the partner of Redpath of Montreal, in a contracting firm employed on the canal. MacKay was a master mason who "scorns to slim any work" as one of the Royal Engineers recorded with satisfaction. MacKay liked the country he was helping to open up and he secured for himself a thousand acres of land just east of the Rideau River, which he planned to settle and develop.

His first enterprise was a sawmill, to which he added a grist mill and then a distillery. By this time there were streets laid out and the little settlement was named

New Edinburgh. In the course of a few years he built woollen mills and manufactured cloth and blankets. At the Exposition of All Nations in London in 1850 blankets from MacKay's mills took a gold medal.

Meantime, in 1837, MacKay built himself a beautiful home in the midst of his settlement and named it Rideau Hall. The settlers and mill hands called it the Castle and MacKay was regarded as a veritable lord of the manor.

New Edinburgh prospered with all this activity and at length in 1866 it was incorporated as a village. Two years afterwards Rideau Hall and some ninety acres of land passed into the hands of the Canadian government to be used as Government House and the official residence of the governor-general. So, actually, the viceregal home and court in the young Dominion was in MacKay's village of New Edinburgh. In 1878 Rideau Hall became a royal residence when Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria came to Ottawa as the wife of the Marquis of Lorne, newly appointed governor-general. Three decades later it was occupied by a brother of the Princess Louise, the Duke of Connaught. It was not until twenty years after Rideau Hall became government house that New Edinburgh was incorporated as Rideau Ward of the City of Ottawa.

Another famous residence was Earnscliffe, built by MacKay's son-in-law, MacKinnon, who was associated with him in his enterprises. Earnscliffe became the residence of Sir John A. Macdonald and it was from the old house that lady Macdonald took her title, when, after the death of Sir John, Queen Victoria created his widow Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe.

In the 1840's the land held in reserve since By's day, for possible fortifications to protect the canal, was restored to its original owner, Nicholas Sparks. It was an important event, for Sparks extended Sparks street from Bank street to the canal and added a series of streets to the southward, so that now, for the first time Upper Town and Lower Town were welded into one.

But in spite of all these things, the prospects for Bytown were not nearly as bright as its citizens would have liked them to be. Bytown talked of the Ottawa Ship Canal to Georgian Bay and grimly argued for this new development that would extend the northwestern frontiers of trade so that Bytown would enjoy an enhanced importance as a half way port.

But events were moving steadily on. Established trades were failing and making place for new ones. Once the whale oil fisheries had failed in the face of the new fangled gas lighting schemes, and now timber

ships were giving place to steel ships, and the timber trade was threatened, just as canals were giving way before the invading railways. Machinery, steam and education were all at work together and consequently the nineteenth century was in a state of turmoil. The slim little princess who had come to the throne of England so soon after the Rideau canal was finished, had her hands on the reins of a new and very restive age.

By far the most crucial decade in the town's history was the 1850's. It was in that decade that the first mills were built at the Chaudiere. The "Asitcou" the Great Kettle of the Algonquins, was set to simmering for the employment of white men. Mills meant work for many, and new homes to be provided for, and in general a great impetus to development and expansion in the little town.

The decade ushered in a picturesque generation of men. Bronson and Weston were among the first to establish big mills; Levi Young was another. In 1854 Ezra Butler Eddy of Vermont rented a small stone building from Alonzo Wright and began to make matches, clothes pins and wash boards. Later on he bought an island on the Hull side of the Falls and went from one enterprise to another until to-day the Eddy mills, in picturesque groups along the north shore, com-

prise forty factories and workshops, manufacturing every conceivable sort of wood and paper products.

Shortly after Eddy set up for himself, along came a tall young man named John R. Booth. He was born at Waterloo, Quebec, and at twenty-five was working in a mill at Hull as a carpenter at nine dollars a week. He, also, rented a little mill in partnership with a lad named Robert Dollar and began to manufacture split shingles. His mill burned down and he moved to the Ottawa side of the river, got a contract for supplying lumber for the new parliament buildings and in the course of time was employing two thousand hands in his Ottawa factories and four thousand men in his timber limits,—limits as large as some of the petty kingdoms of Europe. John R. Booth earned his title of King of the Ottawa. He built a railway with his own money from Ottawa to Parry Sound, five hundred miles through a wilderness of rock and water and bush, and then had to buy a fleet of ships to feed it with freight. John R. Booth died in 1925 at the age of ninety-five, still a simple, direct and powerful man, about whom a vast store of legend has grown up.

One of these anecdotes which throws a good deal of light on the man and his times, tells how, when he drove up into one of his camps, he gave the man who tended

his horse a fifty cent tip. Booth's son, who also had occasion to make the same trip frequently, always tipped the old man a dollar. One day the man thought he would point out the difference to John R. Booth.

"Your son always gives me a dollar, Mr. Booth," he ventured.

"Well, that's different, you see," said the millionaire, "that boy has a father, but I'm only an orphan."

Eddy was much the same type of business pioneer, and between them, one on the north shore and one on the south shore, they built up two huge businesses, with ramifications that brought a much needed prosperity to Ottawa.

The Chaudiere was dammed and a big power project provided electrical energy that insured Ottawa a place as a modern city.

Meantime, to go back to the crucial fifties, Ottawa had grown, on the impetus of the new mills, to be a city of ten thousand people. It was incorporated, and discarded its old name of Bytown for the more dignified and euphonious one of Ottawa,—"a name as old as Troy or Rome."

There was one fair chance to ensure Ottawa's fortunes against the ups and downs of industrial life, but the first step towards its realization was to secure rail-

way communication with the rest of the country. In winter time Ottawa was cut off from communication with the outside except by stage coach to Prescott, fifty miles away, through which the trunk line of the railway ran. To lay a railroad over that fifty miles of intervening countryside was the immediate ambition of the citizens.

The town raised a fund of fifteen thousand pounds, and MacKay and MacKinnon came handsomely to their assistance, provided the line ran through New Edinburgh. Even so, there was not enough money and Ottawa had to borrow heavily from the government. The first train ran into Ottawa in 1854.

Their troubles were only beginning. The ten thousand people could not liquidate their civic debts. At one time the sheriff seized the locomotive and sold it to meet a judgment on a railway debt. Fortunately for the history of Ottawa, the man who bought it rented it back to the railway. There was not enough traffic to pay the running expenses. Eventually the company went into bankruptcy and the city defaulted on its bonds.

It was part of the grandiose dreams of Ottawa to be a metropolis. Another part was the building of the Georgian Bay canal to connect Lake Superior with the

sea by way of the Ottawa. Fifty thousand dollars was actually voted and work begun on the stretch of canal just west of Ottawa. Ottawa was determined to leave no stone unturned to save itself from obscurity.

The canal is still a dream, but the railway at least served its ultimate purpose. Whether it was paid for or not, the fact remained that there was a communication between the main line of travel and Ottawa. Then the city promptly set out to bag the biggest prize of all.

Four cities had been contending for capital honors. Quebec, which had always been a capital, from the days of the infancy of the colony until the union of the provinces in 1841, contended for the right to have parliament established there on the grounds of priority. Kingston, that had hoped, from the foundation of the province of Upper Canada, to be made the capital, advanced all its old claims. York, Simcoe's capital, stoutly maintained that there was the only logical site for the legislative buildings. Montreal, on the other hand claimed to be the metropolis and therefore the proper home of parliament. Parliament was reduced to the undignified process of travelling from one city to another while the voters quarrelled among themselves.

Now Ottawa had nothing to live down, politically, as it had not yet had a chance to make any mistakes

in the matter of hospitality to the elected representatives of the country. So by judicious propaganda, started in the proper quarters, by a discreet diplomacy in political affairs, it prepared the way to succeed to the honors forfeited by the other ill-mannered cities. Nobody took Ottawa's pretensions very seriously. It was still "a hole in the woods." As a matter of fact, ever since the union of the provinces in 1841, the position was Ottawa was greatly enhanced. It put her actually in the heart of the country, instead of on the outskirts of a province. The river that had hitherto been a dividing line, was now a connecting link.

The Canadians having found it impossible to settle among themselves where the capital should be, it was agreed to submit the problem to the arbitration of the Queen. Victoria was to be asked to play a personal part in Canadian politics.

It was in the last month of 1857 that the matter was laid in her small and capable hands. She laid her finger—not without some guidance, one may guess—on the spot on the map that indicated the little city of Ottawa. There, said she, will be the capital of the United Canadas.

The uproar that ensued was compounded of amazement and unbelief. Most ungallantly the Canadians

received the Queen's decision when, early in the year 1858, the news arrived. The royal referee was treated to a little mob petulance. It took the best part of two years to persuade Canadians to abide by the decision to make Ottawa the capital and permanent the home of parliament.

Goldwin Smith put it grimly and cynically, writing from the mellow red brick Grange in Toronto, when he said that Ottawa was "a sub Arctic lumber village converted by royal mandate into a political cockpit."

Ottawa, raised so unexpectedly into international importance, was a crude little town, all rough edges. Except for its natural setting, the wild beauty of its rivers, the eternal calm of the purple Laurentians, the nobility of its limestone cliffs, it had few claims to beauty or dignity. Its streets were wide, thanks to Colonel By, a few of its buildings had the simplicity of limestone and the Georgian tradition. Many of the merchants had large and substantial homes. Otherwise it was commonplace, its gardens uncared for, its roads very bad.

Once the way had been cleared, the town was all agog. The stone barracks that had stood for three decades on Barracks Hill was torn down and an army of men put to work to erect the truly beautiful series

of buildings which was to house the parliament of Canada. Thanks to some happy destiny, those responsible for the architecture of the buildings, in those precarious mid-Victorian days, spared Canada the awful fate that might have been hers and gave her instead a group of grey stone Gothic buildings that have been an honor to the nation ever since. The plan was a great quadrangle. The principal building contained the two chambers, the elective house of Commons and the Senate appointed for life. It stood along the brow of the cliff. To east and west were separate blocks of administrative offices. The fourth side was open to Wellington street.

As the grey walls and towers and turrets went up, built chiefly of stone found nearby, they seemed to conform to the rocky setting, the the Gothic tips had an affinity with the pointed pines of the country.

The work was begun late in 1859. In the summer of 1860 Canada was on the *qui vive* with excitement over the visit of the heir to the British throne. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, young, fair and debonair, took the country by storm. He came and saw and conquered. Wherever he has been, sons and daughters and grandchildren of the enthusiastic Victorians will show you chairs that he sat in or beds that he slept in or gloves that Grandmamma wore when she danced with him.

Ottawa outfitted itself with shiny new top hats, and small ruffled parasols and bought new plush settees for the drawingroom. The town band polished up its brass instruments and practised "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

The Prince's steamer came sailing up the river and a fleet of a hundred and fifty birch bark canoes paddled down to meet him and convoy him to his destination. The Prince was young enough and natural enough to be excited and pleased. The Indians had revived what they could of their primeval glory. The lumbermen wore their checked trousers and scarlet shirts. They all sang the brave, noisy, river songs and paddled lustily for his royal pleasure.

They put up a huge timber arch of welcome, with not a nail in it, fragrant and golden, in the center of the city. They took him to the Chaudiere and sent him down the slide on a crib of logs. They smiled at him and fluttered lace handkerchiefs along the route wherever he went, they danced with him and dined with him and finally, they took him up to Parliament Hill for the principal ceremony of his visit. He laid the corner stone of the main building, very solemnly and ceremoniously, a handsome boy, a little shy of all the ritual. Fifty-seven years later when the main block

was rebuilt after the fire, his brother the Duke of Connaught, came to the same spot and relaid the same stone.

It took six years to complete the buildings and in 1866, for the first time, the parliament of Canada found itself in its permanent home. And curiously enough that first session in Ottawa was the last session of the old colonial regime. The next parliament to sit there in 1867 was the parliament of confederation, and Ottawa found itself the capital of the Dominion of Canada. The old rivals, Quebec and Toronto, were both capitals again, each in their own provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and Ottawa had become a national city.

The coming of confederation to Ottawa was a truly dramatic incident. Not a drop of blood had been shed in the union of far flung colonies into a new nation. Ballots, not bullets, had decided the issue. It was a magnificent dream materialized by the young colonies, a piece of empire building that was to be the pattern for the whole commonwealth of British nations in the decades ahead.

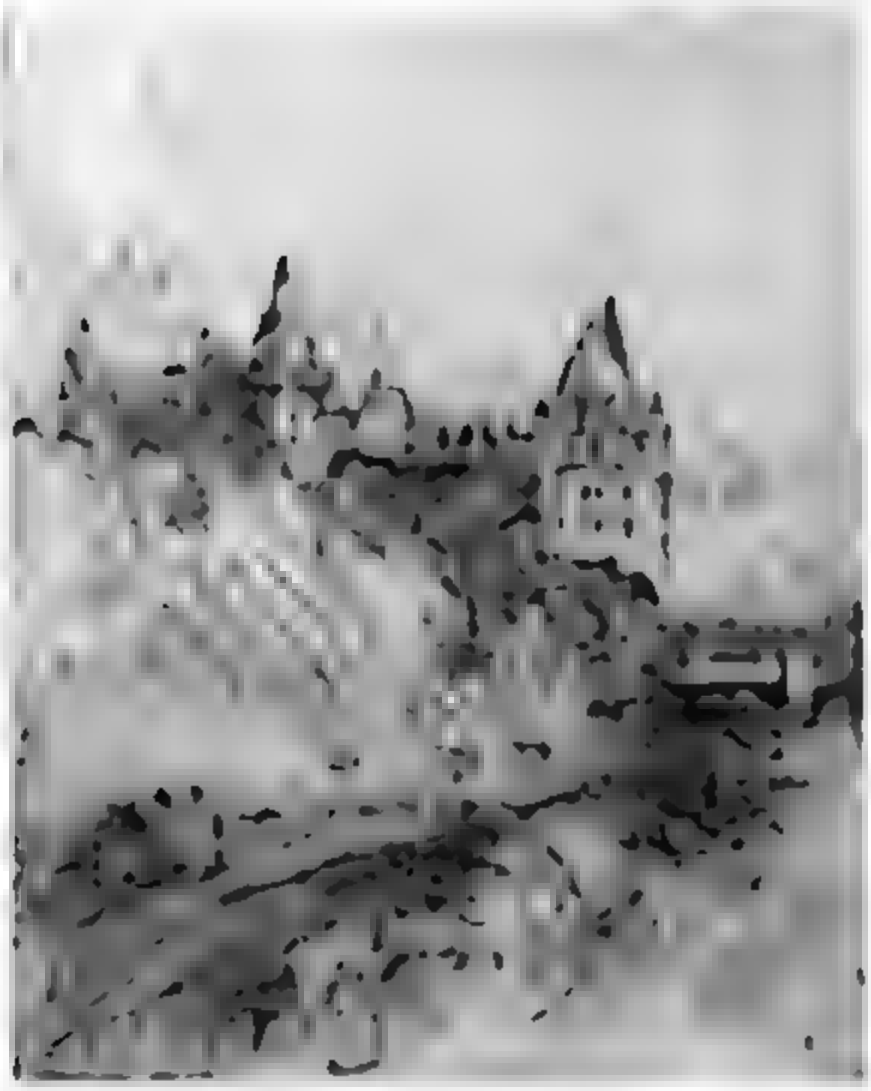
When dusk fell on the last warm day of June, in 1867, the sun set for the last time on the old order of colonial rule During the night lights twinkled from hundreds of Gothic windows in the parliament buildings. The Falls thundered out an anthem. It was a night of public joy and celebration.

In the first grey dawn of the first July day, a gun boomed the first shot of the salute across the valley. Again . . . and again. . . . One hundred and one guns greeted the young Dominion on its birthday.

At the signal, golden tongues of flame leaped into the sky from Nepean Point and all up and down the river everyone knew that the hour had struck. People cheered in the streets and the bells clamored and clanged the news.

It was the gayest day in Ottawa's history. The troops were out in their brilliant uniforms with belts white with pipe clay and brass buttons agleam. They marched and manoeuvred, and strutted past bevies of belles in flowery poke bonnets and wide hooped skirts. There were teas and garden parties, dinners and dances and fantastic displays of fireworks in the evening. During the day the first trans-Atlantic cable message came from the Queen and the little town felt it was at last one of a world company.

Fifty years later when Canada should have been celebrating the golden jubilee of confederation, she was very much preoccupied with the war in France. So it was in 1927 that she celebrated the diamond jubilee instead. The cable from the Queen had been a tremendously important event in 1867. In 1927, sixty thousand



THE CHATEAU LAURIER

people stood in the quadrangle, overflowed into the streets around and listened to the ceremonies which were broadcasted not only to every corner of Canada, but to the whole listening world as well. In those sixty years the whole world had changed, the whole tempo of human life had speeded up. Ottawa had not even a horse car when parliament came to its home on Parliament Hill. But on that day of commemoration, Canada's war birds, with war honors thick upon their breasts, droned overhead in the bright blue sky.

Canada and its capital had grown up.

Chapter XVII.

ON PARLIAMENT HILL

OTTAWA owes the greater part of its civic beauty to the presence of government, not alone to the buildings which house the various departments of government, but also to the support provided for parks and driveways.

Crown property is exempt from municipal taxation, but the government agreed that each year it would set aside a sum equal to that which would otherwise have accrued to the city in taxes, as a fund for the beautification of the capital. Consequently many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent upon the waterways, parks and drives, on bridges and lighting, to enhance the natural loveliness of Ottawa.

Ottawa has a national appeal. Canadians are beginning to realize that it is the heart of the nation, that it is the pride of British Columbians and Nova Scotians, quite as much as it is the pride of the Ottawa Valley. It is the national headquarters not only for government but for many nationally organized societies and public

commissions that travel parallel with government in the development and education of the national consciousness. It is the administrative center of such organization as the Royal Society of Canada, the Canadian Historical Association, the Canadian Geographical Society, the League of Nations Society, the Trades and Labor Council and many more of a similar nature.

As a consequence of this centralization of public life in Ottawa more and more travellers turn to the capital and each year its truly national character becomes more and more marked. It is fortunate, then, that it has so many charms, quite apart from political or social significance and that so many are content to wander through its parks and public buildings for the sheer delight their beauty provides.

From whatever angle Ottawa is approached, railway or waterway, highway or skyway, the capital is dominated by the parliament buildings and more particularly by the Peace Tower. The great monastic group, on the highest ground in the city, have an unmistakably feudal air. Beauty and dignity and romantic charm are the result of their whole character and setting. The Gothic architecture in which they were conceived was wholly suitable, for the very land itself seemed to demand the towers and turrets and pointed arches of the old northern tradition.

It is interesting to remember that this group of buildings so distinguished and so adequate for Canada's affairs of to-day, were conceived and executed three-quarters of a century ago. It was an age of great visions, an age that dreamed of a dominion from sea to sea when there were only a handful of quarrelsome colonies between Lake Huron and the Atlantic on which to base their vision. It was an age which dared to formulate the extremely modern political doctrine of national independence within a commonwealth of British nations, when the experiment had never been tried before. It was an age when men dared to build a railway across a thousand miles of uninhabited wilderness in the faith that the country would some day come into its own. So when Canadians could dream and dare as they did in the fifties and sixties, we need not be quite so surprised that this quadrangle of national buildings came into being under the impetus of their daring.

The central block of buildings was destroyed in a disastrous fire of mysterious origin in 1916. Several lives were lost and relics of irreplaceable historical value were destroyed. Fortunately the beautiful octagonal library was saved. So now as we approach the parliament from the great gates on Wellington street and cross the amphitheatre which is so fine a setting for

national pageantry, a flight of broad steps leads us to a terrace before the new main building.

This was replaced to resemble as closely as possible the original block. Naturally there were changes, to permit of expansion within, but it was done so skilfully that the magnificent new building falls into line with the original architectural scheme in the most natural way.

There are three entrances. The western entrance leads into a great hall with twin flights of stone stairs mounting to the corridor before the Commons chamber. Half way up the stairway hangs two portraits representing the two great political traditions in Canada. To the right is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the beloved leader of the Liberal party and one of the greatest of French-Canadians. He was a silver-tongued orator and a man of solid political and diplomatic reputation. Facing him is Sir John A. Macdonald in his costume as a privy councillor. Sir John was to the Conservative party what Sir Wilfrid was to the Liberal party. He was the most picturesque figure in all Canadian political history.

Sir John was the double of Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield. Shortly after Disraeli's death a friend of his was returning home in London, late in the evening and chanced to meet what seemed to him an apparition of

his old friend in his privy councillor's costume. Startled for the moment, he cast over in his mind who else among all the privy councillors could possibly so amazingly resemble the dead leader. Then he remembered the Canadian Premier had just been appointed to this high honor and he went on his way relieved to feel that Disraeli was not haunting London.

There are several other portraits and memorials above the stairs. One memorial recalls Lt.-Col. George Harold Baker, a member of parliament, killed at Sanctuary Wood. Another is to M. Bowman Brown, the member for Yarmouth, killed in the fire of 1916.

The iron grill work over the doors and windows and in the fireplace furniture is well worth particular attention. It is from the studios of a Canadian iron worker, Paul Beau, who has done very fine things in this medium.

The Commons itself is a dignified room, with stone walls and high arched windows. It has a beautifully decorated ceiling and blends with the green carpeting and upholstering. The Commons is known as the Green Chamber in contradistinction to the Senate which is called, in common parlance, the Red Chamber. This is a business-like room, the carvings and ornamentation, the ceiling and deep gilded cornice, not quite so elaborate as in the Red Chamber. Above the Speaker's chair

are the visitors' galleries, behind five Gothic arches. Here the public may listen to the debates of parliament. The desks of the members are arranged on each side, and the parties, of course, divide themselves according to their political affiliations. Between the two banks of desks is the table where the mace lies during session. In Canada the mace has all the traditional circumstance and dignity of the mace in the British Commons, and the entry of the Speaker and his symbol of office is always accorded the most respectful attention.

Only one woman has ever sat in the Canadian Commons, although there has been equal franchise and plenty of opportunities since the war. Several have stood for election, but Miss Agnes MacPhail is the only one who has not only succeeded in securing a seat in the House, but in keeping it ever since. She is quite a remarkable woman who sits firmly in her place among her political friends and foes, and can be counted upon to take her full share of responsibility in debate and action. She has faced ridicule courageously and has developed consistently, which is more than can be said of all who take their places in the Green Chamber. She is an advocate of international peace and social reform and preaches her gospel with a will.

Along each side of the Commons are the members' lobbies.

From the Commons to the Senate a long, barrel-vaulted corridor leads the way, with windows overlooking the twin courts in the interior, since the building is in the form of a double quadrangle.

The Senate occupies the eastern end of the building and has an entrance corresponding to the Commons' entrance. Since the Canadian Senate corresponds to the British House of Lords, something of the tradition of the British upper house clings about this place. The hall is devoted to royal portraits. The best of them is probably the original portrait of John Partridge done when Queen Victoria was a young woman. He shows her as a girl queen, coroneted and bejewelled and in a white satin gown, but the heavy royal crown is set aside on a table nearby and instead of a sceptre she carries in her hand a red and a white rose. There is a miniature of her adored Albert on her wrist. There are also interesting copies of George the Third and Queen Charlotte from the originals of Reynolds.

The Senate Chamber is a sumptuous room in crimson. The richly carved Speaker's chair, under its embroidered canopy, was a gift from the English parliament. The Crown that surmounts it was carved from oak taken from the vault of Westminster Hall and dates back to the time of King Rufus. On the stone

walls are eight murals depicting scenes of Canadians serving in the Great War. They should be constant reminders of the sacrifices of youth to the mistakes of age, unless familiarity dulls the sensitivity of those who sit beneath them.

Senators are elected for life by the party in power. Many of them are men distinguished by long careers of service to the nation. One woman sits in the Chamber in the same lonely state that surrounds Agnes MacPhail. Cairine Wilson of Ottawa has broken trail for Canadian women into this sedate Red Chamber.

Until some of the provinces established their own divorce courts of recent years, this was Canada's only divorce court. All the matrimonial difficulties of Canadians had to be brought up on the red carpet for the consideration of dozens of senators of every shade of religious and judicious thought. Several of the provinces still depend upon senatorial wisdom for the unravelling of such domestic difficulties.

One of the most dramatic episodes enacted in this Chamber was the presentation of the monster petition from the people of Canada to the League of Nations for world peace. The League of Nations Society set out to secure one petitioner for every Canadian who had served in the world war. That meant five hundred

thousand names. At the end of the months of effort the objective was reached and passed. When the enormous books containing the petition was brought to the Senate under the escort of troops and military police, it was accepted by the Canadian Premier in an official ceremony that filled the Senate with the official and diplomatic world of Ottawa. There was a romance laid between those giant covers for some of the petition forms had the name of every man and woman in a parish, or every member of a household from a titled head to every last maid and gardener. Some of them were signed at great corporation meetings and contained names of the most celebrated business men in the country. On one was every name but two of the white population of Yukon.

When it reached Geneva it was found that Canada had sent the greatest per capita appeal for peace of any nation in the world.

In the Senate the official opening of Parliament takes place. It is a brilliant viceregal ceremony modelled on the opening of the British parliament by the King and Queen. The Governor-General and his lady drive to the Parliament Buildings in state with a display of military pomp and circumstance. Members of the government and their ladies and the diplomatic

circle are in attendance. The flash of jewels and orders, the sheen of brilliant costumes and the color of military uniforms make the ceremony perhaps the most colorful and formal of all public functions in America.

On each side of the Senate are picture galleries containing a succession of speakers from the Hon. William Smith, the first speaker of the legislative council of Upper Canada of 1791, to the last Speaker to leave the chair. There you will find Beverley Robinson, Speaker from 1830 to 1839, the period of the Family Compact's widest powers and injustices. He was one of the chief characters of the group which used its almost autocratic powers in Upper Canada until the Rebellion of '37 led to political and social reforms. It was a phase of the same struggle that was going on in Europe, for the old policy of power and privilege became entrenched in Canada in the making of the colony and Speaker Robinson was a Tory of the old school. There is also William Dummer Powell, another of the Family Company clique, who served before Robinson.

A picturesque Speaker was Sir Allan MacNab, the last exponent of the Family Compact. He was born in Niagara, a son of an officer of Simcoe's old regiment, the Queen's Rangers. He fought in the War of 1812 as a boy in his 'teens and for his services in the Rebellion

of '37 he was knighted. Later on in his career he was made a baronet. He was one of the picturesque characters of Upper Canada and lived in feudal state at his "castle" at Hamilton.

Among the modern Speakers is Raoul Dandurand, one of the most polished and distinguished of Canadian statesmen and Canada's representative at the League of Nations where he was able to lend his wisdom and experience in the original league of nations, the British Commonwealth of Nations, as well as the advantage of an inter-racial mind and a bilingual tongue. As familiar with American affairs as with British affairs, with the French mind as with the English mind, he was a man of rare gifts to lend to the League.

The finest portrait, from the point of view of the artist, is the only one in the collection painted by a woman. It is a study of Hon. Arthur C. Hardy, Speaker for a few months during 1930 and is by Lilias Torrance Newton of Montreal.

Chapter XVIII.

AT THE PEACE TOWER

THE main entrance to the building is through the base of the Peace Tower. When the old building was destroyed, work was immediately begun upon the new block which was to replace it, and work was still proceeding when peace put an end to the Great War. It was a happy thought to make the great tower a memorial to the dead and a symbol of the nation's desire for peace.

The tower was made fittingly beautiful, one of the really fine towers of America. It is detached from the main building and rises three hundred feet from the foundation stones to the base of the flag pole. The exterior has a richness of design and texture from the combination of the stone and Gothic ornament.

The tower serves several purposes. In addition to being an architectural climax to the parliament buildings, it is the national shrine of the war dead, and it is a carillon tower and a clock tower.

Access to the tower itself is through the main

entrance into the building and up a flight of stairs to the war shrine. What the cenotaph is to London, is this shrine to Canadians. Sixty thousand Canadians who died on war service overseas are commemorated here. Reverent thousands turn to the shrine every year, bare-headed and in silence, to ponder on its beauty, its peace and its significance.

Great wrought iron gates guard the chamber. Over the arched doorway are carved in relief in the stone the heads of animals that served the troops at the front. Suspended over the gates from the top of the arch is a large reproduction of the Silver Cross given to every woman who lost son or husband or father on service.

The shrine itself is richly ornamented in carved stone and stained glass. In the center is the altar stone, carved with the arms of Canada and surmounted with a golden framework, with kneeling winged figures at the angles, within which will be deposited the Book of Remembrance. The beautiful illuminated book will contain the names of all who died. There are three great windows set high in the walls and under each is a recess behind Gothic arches. The walls of these recesses are inscribed in the stone with the story of Canada's part in the great war. Beginning at the east side of the entrance is "The Call." Then comes a panel

with "The Crossing," and so on, with the record of each campaign and the names of the battles in which Canadians played their part. All the way round the story runs to "The Homecoming." Over every panel are scenes in relief depicting a variety of war incidents, and every angle, every capital is embellished with military badges and war decorations.

Opposite the door is carved a quotation from Colonel MacCrae's immortal war poem, *In Flanders Fields*, for this Canadian medical officer wrote one of the few great poems that came out of the war, as poignant in its simplicity and tragic emotions as Rupert Brooke's "If I should die. . . ."

The ceiling of the shrine is fan vaulted, inspired by the Henry the Seventh chapel in Westminster. The floor is made of stone from the battle fields where the Canadian army served.

The foundation stone of the Tower was laid in 1919 by the Prince of Wales and some years later the foundation stone of the altar was laid by Lord Byng of Vimy. He was then Governor-General of Canada but for part of the war he commanded the Canadian Corps and he took his title of Baron Byng of Vimy from the heroic action in which the Canadians distinguished themselves at Vimy Ridge in 1917.

In dramatic contrast to this room where the hush of sacrifice seems to imbue the very walls, in the tower immediately above hang the fifty-three bells of the great peace carillon. If remembrance of the war and all its bitter sacrifices is kept in silence here below, the message of peace is intended to be loud and insistent.

The bells were cast at Croydon in England and are of such an alloy that neither time nor climate can affect their perfect tones.

The art of tuning a carillon of bells was a seventeenth century growth among Dutch and Flemish bell founders. The art was lost in the nineteenth century and only recently rediscovered. The first accurately tuned carillon of modern bells was installed in the Memorial Tower of the University of Toronto in 1922. Perhaps the Great War may be credited with being responsible for the revival of the carillon, since the twentieth century found, in the beautiful tradition of the singing bells, a fitting memorial for the fallen.

The Peace Carillon has for its largest bell one weighing 22,400 pounds. It is one hundred inches in diameter. The smallest bell is ten pounds and eight inches in diameter. The range of the carillon is four and a half octaves. The total weight over sixty tons. The bells hang in a chamber a hundred and fifty feet above

THE MEMORIAL CHAMBER

the ground. The elevator that takes visitors up through the tower stops at various levels of the bell chamber and the great bells can be seen through wide glass doors.

The carillon was dedicated on July 1, 1927, on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, and the music was broadcasted far and near.

In a little room, like a monk's cell, is the consol of the carillon where the bells are played with levers. By an interesting conjunction of events, when the Canadian Peace Carillon was ready for service a Canadian carilloner, the first and only Canadian to graduate from the Mechlin Carillon school, was ready to take his place at the consol. Percival Price is not only the first Canadian to graduate from the school, but the first non-European. From this little chamber he sends out into the air of the Ottawa Valley the great voices of the bells with their repertoire of ageless music.

Far above the bells is the clock with its four huge dials. It is regulated from the Dominion Observatory. The hours are struck on the largest of the carillon bells which bears on it the words, in French and in English, "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." The quarter hours are struck with the Westminster chimes.

From the clock chamber there are four exits to the

galleries behind the parapet. From them there are glorious views of the city and the valley. To the north are the blue Chelsea Hills, a spur of the Laurentians, with the gap where the Gatineau comes tumbling through. On the north shore lies industrial Hull, with the giant enterprise founded by the pioneers, Gilmour, Eddy, and their kin. Astounded indeed would those old timers be to see how many things, of which they never so much as dreamed, are manufactured in those factories out of wood and woodpulp. To the east are the copper roofs and the grey stone walls of the Chateau Laurier, looking like a castle in a fairy tale. There is the old canal, winding through the city, Nepean Point and the castellated Mint, the blue Ottawa streaming by towards the sea. On the south lies the great amphitheatre of Parliament Hill and the business section of the city. Beyond it the towers of the Victoria Museum and Art Gallery, rising out of a sea of green trees, make one think of Windsor Castle. Wherever the eye falls on Ottawa, the city seems to be enveloped in green, and the thousands of lovely trees that line its every street are not the least of its charms.

To the west is the foaming Chaudiere, the broad surfaces of Lake Chaudiere and the little towns and settlements that fringe the river.

Descending from the tower the visitor finds himself once again in the lovely Confederation Hall from which radiate the corridors to various parts of the buildings. The circular chamber is one of the most imposing bits of architecture on Parliament Hill. From a central column the vaulting springs to the groined ceiling. Around rise the clustered columns of the walls. In the angles between the arches the richly carved and decorated spaces are treated with a wealth of architectural beauties. The whole effect is lofty and dignified as is fitting in a hall intended to symbolize the inter-relationships of the empire. An undulating band of black marble in the floor symbolizes the uniting force of the seas between the British nations.

Northward out of Confederation lies the Hall of Fame in which it is intended some day to place bronze figures of celebrated men and women in Canadian history. As it is, it is very beautiful with its columns and Gothic arches and old cathedral grace.

The Hall of Fame leads into the celebrated Parliamentary Library. The fire doors saved it from the flames in 1916 and so it is to-day just as it has been for the last seventy-five years. As a library it is old-fashioned and overcrowded and one wonders where the librarians find space for the three hundred thousand or

more books that have accumulated on its stacks. The octagonal room is lofty, nearly a hundred and fifty feet from the floor to the lantern which terminates the beautifully groined roof. In the alcoves are three-storey tiers of book galleries and all the shelves and spaces between the alcoves are richly carved in white pine that has grown mellow with the passing years. The pine for the interior of the library was one of the first contracts young John Booth secured when he set up business for himself in Ottawa, long before he became known as the Lumber King. The crests of the provinces are used as decorative motives in the wood carving.

In the center of the room on a high pedestal is a quaint marble figure of Queen Victoria as a young woman.

The library was founded in 1815. Alpheus Todd was one of the early assistants in the library. In 1856 he was appointed Chief Librarian. There were only six hundred volumes in the library by that time and it was "singularly deficient." Members of parliament had a way of borrowing books and forgetting to return them and half the library has disappeared. Todd was sent to Europe with the delightful task of spending fifty thousand dollars on books. When the library was

assembled parliament had moved to Ottawa and the collection was housed in the new library. That was the foundation of the present large and important collection.

It is from the exterior that the library has its greatest architectural charm. Built like a twelfth century chapter house with buttressed walls and turrets and flying arches, it is one of the quaintest things in Canada. The Dominion sighed with relief after the fire of 1916 to know that at least the beautiful, weathered, polygonal library had escaped the flames. In a land as young, and in a city as new as Ottawa these bits which have somehow wrapped themselves in the glamor and romance of age are held in greater veneration than they would be in other lands rich with hoary antiquities.

Chapter XIX.

IN AND AROUND THE CITY

MUCH of Ottawa's charm lies out of doors. Its river scenes, its panoramas, its great parks and boulevards, and its neighborly wilderness, all call people out into the air and sunshine. Sunday and holiday mornings signal an exodus from town, in winter for the ski trails in the hills around and in summer for hikes and drives in the valley lands. Thousands of people quit the city in the summer for camps and summer homes along the Ottawa and Rideau, or in the Gatineau Valley, for the wilderness is at Ottawa's very doors.

Yet the city itself is not a crowded town but an airy place almost hidden under its trees and it has more than a score of parks and open spaces for those who cannot leave.

In the very heart of the city Nepean Point and Parliament Hill provide delightful walks and views. Nepean Point was the part of the land set aside by Colonel By as public property. Entrance to the residential property of the officer commanding the garrison was by

way of a lodge and gates where the Chateau Laurier stands to-day and what is now Major's Hill Park was once the park and garden of Colonel By and his successors.

In the center of this park are two great stones taken from Sapper's Bridge, one of them the time-defaced crest of the Royal Engineers. They have been placed on the site of Colonel By's house. After Colonel By came Major Bolton as officer commanding at Bytown, and it was from him the property was called Major's Hill. The park ends at Nepean Point, bristling with obsolete guns. From it there is a superb view of the river and surrounding countryside.

On the point is a memorial erected to commemorate Champlain's visit to the site of Ottawa. It was on June 4, 1613, that Champlain landed here and climbed to the heights to take his bearings. He used an astrolabe, a three pound brass instrument on a double hinged ring by which it was hung from a branch while the observations were made. The sculptor who designed the monument shows Champlain with the instrument upside down in his hand.

Two or three days after Champlain left Nepean Point the astrolabe was lost on a portage in what is now the township of Ross. Two hundred and fifty-four

years later it was discovered under a rotting log by a fourteen year old boy and identified as Champlain's instrument.

The story of Champlain's first trip up the Ottawa was one poignant with tragedy. It goes back to the beginning of French settlement in Canada. Champlain realized that one of the first essentials to success in settlement and trade was in interpreters. In 1610 he had intrusted to a fifteen-year-old boy a dangerous and important mission. Young Etienne Brule had already been two years in Quebec with the colonists and being fond of adventure and full of daring, he eagerly accepted the suggestion that he should go back into the wilderness with a tribe of Hurons, to learn their tongue and their customs, their travel routes and haunts. Young Brule was the first white man to travel up the Ottawa, and became the discoverer of Lake Ontario and Lake Superior. A trusted guide and interpreter to his chief, young Brule amply fulfilled Champlain's hopes.

After Brule, in 1611 Champlain sent another youth, one Nicholas de Vignau who spent a twelve month with the Algonquins and returned to Quebec in 1612. He found Champlain absent in Europe, so he set sail to follow him.

Meantime, Champlain had many difficulties to contend with in New France and his object in going to Paris was to secure powerful patronage and laws to regulate the traders. They followed him everywhere like wasps. When he built a log post on the Island of Montreal, twenty ships were at his heels with motley crews of traders. When the Hurons arrived with canoes hung low in the water with the weight of furs, the traders offended the Indians by ignoring the usual ceremonies and committing the sacrilege of demanding immediate trade. The shocked Indian wakened Champlain out of his sleep one night for a midnight conference around the council fire. Then they retreated up stream out of reach of the ships.

"Come to our country," they urged him "and leave these men behind. We will give you our furs, but we do not like these noisy traders. We like them not at all."

The situation was serious. Champlain knew the Indians were uneasy and suspicious. Something must be done to control the activities of these lawless, money-grubbing traders. So he went home to France. Armed with reports and maps and fired with an eloquence born of his own devotion, Champlain sought out Charles de Bourbon, Comte de Soissons, prince of the blood. He won his help, had him named viceroy of Canada and

received from him in turn his commission as lieutenant-general of New France, with viceregal powers. But scarcely had all this been nicely settled to Champlain's satisfaction when Comte de Soissons died. And all the traders jeered. Champlain had to begin all over again. This time he won another Bourbon. Henri, Prince de Conde, is famous chiefly as the father of the Great Conde and the wife of the lovely Charlotte de Montmerency. The golden loveliness of the Princess de Conde had fired the desires of Henry of Navarre, Canada's first sovereign, and to save her from the royal piracy, Conde spirited her off to Italy and kept her there till Henri was dead and gone. They were newly returned to Paris when Champlain succeeded in having Conde named in Soissons' place.

It was now early in the year 1612. The court was gossiping of this New France, for their interest has been stirred over the appointment of Conde and moreover by the marriage of Champlain to that pretty child, Helene Boulle, daughter of the late king's secretary. Beset with so much of importance Champlain forwent his journey to Quebec and so, while he was waiting impatiently in Paris, the court was suddenly set agog by the appearance of a charming and witty young man who gave them plenty of which to gossip. The young man was Nicholas de Vignau.

Now Nicholas was the first man to return to France after having actually lived with the savages, travelled with them, slept in their tepees and learned to speak their tongue. Even Champlain could not speak the Huron tongue. So, full of novelty for the blasé court, the traveller was petted and feted and quoted without end. Nicholas tasted the sweet and heady wines of popular favor.

Just previous to all this Henry Hudson, the famous explorer, made his last journey, penetrating into Hudson's Bay, only to be set adrift with his small son by mutinous sailors, to perish on the inland sea to which he gave his name. Nicholas, clever and impudent impostor that he was, told the marvelling court in Paris that during his winter with the savages he had made a journey to the sources of the Ottawa and there found a great lake. This he had crossed and out of it flowed a river which led into the north. He descended it and came to the sea. There was the wreck of an English ship whose crew had been massacred by the Indians, who set their heads on spikes. Only one small boy had escaped and was adopted by the tribe. This sea was only seventeen days journey from Montreal, or Place Royale, as the post there was then called.

Nicholas' story was devilishly clever. There were

rumors afloat of the disaster to Hudson and he had ingeniously contrived to make everything so plausible that even Champlain was at ance deceived. Nicholas was on the pinnacle of his popularity, a lion of the day, the pivotal personality in the scheme which the court now urged upon Champlain, the exploration of the route to this northern sea. Might it not be, in truth, the goal of the ages, the north west passage to the Orient?

Since the days of Marco Polo men had dreamed that dream. Across that northern sea that Nicholas had seen might be a land of opulent splendor, of jewels and gold, the kingdom of the Great Khan.

So this fascinating impostor imposed upon a shrewd and honest man. He was so plausible, so apparently consistent, that no one questioned his reliability. That winter Champlain dreamed fantastic dreams of Chinese temples, Japanese silks and cargoes of spice, that lay waiting beyond the headwaters of the Ottawa.

Impatiently he longed for the spring and was off so early that the twenty-seventh of May saw him leaving Montreal for the Ottawa.

Two small canoes, carrying five Frenchmen and one Indian, comprised the party. In the Long Sault Champlain all but lost his life. Another Frenchman proved himself so awkward that they exchanged him for an

Indian and sent him back to Montreal. Nicholas de Vignau was one of them, for he had the supreme audacity to return to New France to act as guide to Champlain.

By night they camped along the shore or on some small island. Parkman the historian tells the tale with the skill of a poet, of the east glowing "with tranquil fire" and the horizon jagged with the black tips of the pines.

"The river slept in shadow . . . and the white moon, paling in the face of day, hung like a disk in the western sky. . . . . On the left the falling curtains of the Rideau shone like silver betwixt its border of woods and in front, white as a snow drift, the cataract of the Chaudiere barred their way . . . . . wearying the solitude with the hoarse outcry of its agony and rage."

There on the rocks that still emerge, naked and grey, beside the boiling Chaudiere, Champlain and Vignau and their two French companions stood while the Indians tossed their propitiatory offerings of tobacco into the snowy foam. While the Indians paid tribute to the unknown gods they lingered around the falls and then toiled their way up the north shore portage and came out where Val Tetreau stands to-day. They embarked again and by evening, when Lake Deschenes was

burnished like a golden shield of quivering light and the purple shadows were creeping up the trunks of the silent trees, they encamped on a small island. Ahead lay the Falls of the Chats a veritable palisade of white water from shore to shore, with small black islands bristling along the top of the foaming wall.

What a man he was, this Champlain, alternating between the luxuries of court and the stern realities of the wilderness trail, arguing and winning in turn kings and princes and savage chiefs and hunters. He bent them all to the purposes of his shining dream.

As they travelled on Vignau's assurance was slowly shaken. Always, it seemed now, Vignau was in the wrong. On Muskrat Lake they came upon their first Indian settlement. The Indians told them the passages beyond Allumette Island were impassable, but they led the Frenchmen to Chief Tessouat at Allumette.

Now there was much commotion. The squaws were put to work to prepare a feast and runners were sent into the woods to summons chiefs and hunters to the tepee of Tessouat.

It was during the feast that Champlain told them of the journey he was to make, to the sea in the north. He asked them for guides to get to the Nipissings.

Now the Algonquins were the middlemen and they

bought the furs of the Nipissings. So they frowned when Champlain said he wanted to go among them himself. They reproached him, they trifled with him, made promises and withdrew them. After hours of parley and recriminations on both sides Champlain played his trump card.

"This young man," he said, pointing to Vignau, "has been to their country and he did not find the way hard or the people so bad as you say."

Even Tessouat's stolidity was ruffled. He gazed at Vignau in amazement.

"Did you say, Nicholas, that you had been to the Nipissings?" he demanded.

"Yes, I have been there," said Nicholas nonchalantly.

Tessouat laughed. The company shouted in derision. Throughout the uproar Champlain felt his spirits sinking and his mind froze at the thought that he had been deceived. The Indians were not only amused. They were indignant.

"You are a liar," said Tessouat succinctly to Vignau. "You slept among my children every night and if you went to the country of the Nipissings, it was in your dreams."

"Speak, man, in Heaven's name speak!" implored Champlain. But Vignau sat motionless and silent.

Champlain dragged him out from the cabin, from the press of greasy, grinning, leering faces. Out in the dusky forest he pleaded with him, urged him to tell the truth. Vignau repeated his story, but he was surly, he had been there, he had seen the wreck, the English heads on pikes. . . . .

The longer Vignau lies the sadder and grimmer Champlain became. His reputation, his ambitions, his dreams, were at stake. The great goal had seemed to be within his reach.

The calm and gentle Champlain grew mighty in his wrath.

"Tell me the truth," he thundered, "and I shall forget the past. Continue to mislead me and I shall hang you without mercy."

And Vignau confessed. Champlain ordered him out of his sight. Alone, he faced the bitterest and blackest hour of his career.

"Give him to us," whispered the Indians, "and he shall never lie to you again." But Champlain shook his head.

There was no motive for going farther. Bitterly disappointed Champlain gave orders for the return to Montreal. The Algonquins offered to accompany him. They packed their canoes with the winter's furs, and

so, not with the silks and spices of the east, but with the skins of beaver bound into rude bundles, the travellers turned eastward.

Once more they came to the Great Kettle and once more they paused, made camp and paid tribute in songs and weird dances and sacrifices to the Manitou who dwelt in the white smoke of the descending waters.

On the seventeenth of June, just three weeks after his departure, the disillusioned Champlain, and the inventor of tragic hoax, were back again at Place Royale on the Island of Montreal.

Chapter XX.

THE SHORES OF THE OTTAWA

PARLIAMENT HILL is a pleasant place to wander about on, whether it be on the terraces around the buildings or along the face of the cliff by what is known as Lovers' Walk. This was laid out when the buildings were constructed and many a crinolined lady and many a late-Victorian youth have sighed their way romantically under the sugar maples and silver birches of this shady lane, while their more prosaic fellows were wrestling with political affairs on the top of the hill. One of the things to do while in Ottawa is to walk the length of this path in the moonlight. Then a silvery glamor lies over the river, and in the night silence the Chaudiere speaks with something of its ancient power. Half way between the water and the tower-crowned heights above, in the dusk and quiet of the evening, Lovers' Lane is one of the most picturesque rendezvous of the capital.

The hill itself was part of a grant sold by its original owner early in the nineteenth century to an officer

living at Three Rivers for the sum of ten pounds. In 1823 the officer re-sold to the government for seven hundred and fifty pounds. Since then it has always been government property. It is one of the popular parks of the capital and a very delightful place to loiter in, quiet and beautiful and high above the busy river.

In the park are numerous memorials to celebrated Canadians, including one to D'Arcy McGee. He was one of the Fathers of Confederation, a young Irishman, born in 1825, who had emigrated to America at the age of seventeen. He became the editor of an Irish-American journal at Boston and at the age of twenty returned to Ireland to edit *The Freeman's Journal* in Dublin, and later *The Nation*, the organ of the "Young Ireland" party. After getting into political difficulties he escaped to America disguised as a priest. By the time he was twenty-seven he had founded and edited newspapers in New York, Boston and Buffalo in turn. At thirty-two he moved into Canada, founded another paper in Montreal and was elected to parliament in the constituency of Montreal West which he represented until his death. He became a cabinet minister in 1862 and a fervid supporter of the movement for Confederation. Irish rebel that he had been, in the political life of Canada he became a loyal Britisher and by 1866 he

was a bitter opponent of the Irish Fenian ideas. In opposing the Fenian invasion from the United States he earned the enmity of the troublesome Irish leaders and he paid for his loyalty with his life. As he was returning to his home on Sparks street, in the early morning of April 7, 1868, after a session at the House, he was assassinated by a Fenian. He was only forty-three. He had had a career in three countries, he had written four books on Irish affairs, three volumes on Canadian political life, and two volumes of verse. McGee was one of the most brilliant orators Canada has ever known, and a man of rare vision and generosity of feeling.

There is also here, to the west of the main building, on a rising mound, a memorial to Queen Victoria, which was unveiled by her grandson, now King George of England, in 1901. It is the work of Philippe Hebert, a celebrated French Canadian sculptor, in the old classic tradition and shows the queen surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of her imperial reign.

Rockliffe Park, on the outskirts of the city is perhaps the finest city park in Canada. Some hundred and eighty-five acres of forest lands are here set aside for beauty and recreation, bounded on the one side by the Ottawa River and on the other by the finest resi-

dential district in the capital. This is a bird sanctuary and a bit of wilderness retreat to be reached by those who are limited to a street railway for their wanderings.

The views from the park are very fine. Across the river lies the mouth of the Gatineau and the low lines of the north shore with the Laurentians mountains sloping into rounded horizons. Sunset and dusk here are indescribably lovely, with the deep shadows casting a color of romance and mystery over hills and water. As the golden sun slides down behind the pine clad hills and shadowy lights fill the valley the delicate spire of the little church at Gatineau Point leans against the sky and hints at the quiet life of a French village, lonely and remote.

Another of the lovely park areas is Strathcona Park between Range road and the Rideau River. This was once a bit of that "Mer Bleu" as the French derisively called the wide swamp lands and muskegs of the Ottawa Valley, but it has been reclaimed and put to the service of civic beauty. Little stone curbed channels and a tiny lake drain the remains of the old beaver meadow. The Rideau hereabouts is tree-fringed and placid. Rideau street, which crosses the north end of the park, is the end of the old Montreal road that leads from the St. Lawrence to Bytown.

Two miles above the Chaudiere the river opens out into an island studded lake and along each shore are delightful roadways and summer places. On the south shore is Britannia Bay with its camps and amusements and its long pier, a popular resort for young townspeople. The south shore is connected with the north by a handsome new bridge, called in honor of the explorer, Champlain Bridge. It leads into clubland, for many an old farmhouse had been converted into a golf and country club. Along the north shore the road runs into Aylmer, a quaint old town with a flavor of its own. There is a little English church and an old stone inn, called the British Hotel, that still has an arched way leading into a courtyard. Over its cobbled area it is easy to imagine the north shore stage coach rumbling to a full stop, while its stiff and weary passengers climb down, eager for the ease and refreshment provided by mine host. For long over a century has this old grey inn been dispensing hospitality. At the end of the main street in Aylmer stands a stout stone building, now an aquatic club, but for many years a famous inn and tavern of the shantyman. Many a roistering night has been spent there by the French and Irish, Scots and Yankee river drivers.

This area is rich in Indian relics, since Lake Des-

chenes was a camping ground of the native tribes. Among those who have done research work into the life and crafts of the Indians is a resident of Aylmer, T. W. E. Sowter, who has published important scientific material as a result of his work, but although his discoveries have been made in the interests of science they are teeming with very real human interest. For instance on Aylmer Island he came upon an ancient grave, and of it he wrote:

"The writer has in his collection the contents of a single grave found on Aylmer Island. The occupant was well provided with this world's goods, from an Indian standpoint. He had with him, among other things, an iron tomahawk of French make, a small copper kettle, a bone harpoon, three knives and five crooked knives. Among other things that his friends had put into his kit for his trip to the happy hunting ground was a quantity of fringe made out of white woman's hair. He also had with him a bone arrowhead that had been driven completely through a segment of his lumbar vertebrae, piercing the spinal chord and still remaining in position. Now it seems easy to read this Indian's story. At some time in his career he had scalped a white woman and used her hair for his personal adornment; but later on he got what

was coming to him—so to speak; for that identical portion of his transfixed backbone is at present reposing in the writer's cabinet, and it shows conclusively that its owner died by violence—and served him right."

According to Mr. Sowter who has been exploring the vicinity for over forty years, the shores all round Lake Deschenes are rich in deposits of flints and pottery and other Indian relics. Echo Bay, Pointe aux Pins, (now called Queen's Park) on the Quebec side, are important spots; Raymond's Point on the Ontario side is "by far the largest beach workshop and campsite on the lake" he writes. Pointe a la Bataille, Big Sand Point and other points around the lake would yield treasure to those who know how to search for Indian relics and how to recognize them once they are found

Mr. Sowter's home in Aylmer is an historic spot for "Cherry Cottage" was the home of the boy who grew up to be Dr. Clarke, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Movement.

The Ottawa was a river of several names. The nation of Ottawas who had long inhabited its shores before the coming of the white man, gave it its present name. They moved westward, first to Lake Huron and then, south of the great Lakes. Pontiac, who raised the western Indians in a conspiracy against the British in 1763, was an Ottawa.

After the Ottawas the Algonquins continued to use the Ottawa for travel and hunting. Allumette Island, an island as large as the Island of Orleans, was the headquarters of these people who acted as middlemen, establishing a rude system of exchange whereby they secured the furs of the western tribes and traded them at a profit to southern Indians at the Chaudiere. To them it was Kitchisippe, the Great River.

To the French it was Grande Rivière, or the River of the Algonquins, since it was chiefly with these people that they travelled and traded along its course.

Fortunately, in the days of the English regime, it was restored to its original name, and became again the Ottawa.

The Ottawa is a very great river. In some places it is miles wide. In one part it is nearly a mile deep, one of the deepest rivers in the world. It has at least twenty major tributaries in the course of the seven hundred and fifty miles from Lake Temiscaming to the St. Lawrence. The fact that the Ottawa itself is the tributary of an even greater river has detracted from its own peculiar glory. But the Gatineau, which is a tributary of a tributary, is a river more than six hundred miles long.

Roughly the Ottawa has three eras of recorded his-

tory: the seventeenth century of savage warfare; the eighteenth century of exploration and trade, and the nineteenth century of settlement.

As early as 1603 when Champlain made his first trip to the St. Lawrence and landed at Tadoussac, he was met there by Tessouat, a celebrated chief of the Algonquins who had paddled all the way from Allumette Island, two hundred miles up the Ottawa.

Since the coming of Jacques Cartier in 1534 French fishermen and traders had been making yearly trips to Tadoussac. There the Indians gathered to trade their furs for the geegaws that the white men brought from Europe, tin plates and beads, combs and mirrors, metal pots and hatchets. By sixteen-hundred a thousand little ships crossed the Atlantic to fish on the Grand Banks or to trade along the coasts. Every autumn Tadoussac was abandoned, the Frenchmen sailing home to turn their cargoes into gold and the Indians paddling westward for more furs.

In the early years of the seventeenth century the French settled at Quebec, the English at Boston, and the Dutch at Manhattan. Thereafter the Indian trade was a matter for bitter rivalry between the white men, and the red men learned to be jealous of each other's markets. For a century and a half they were all involved in intermittent trade wars.

Of them all the Iroquois nations were the most warlike, the most pitiless and the most difficult to secure in friendship or alliance. They wielded their tomahawks in turn against French, English and Dutch as well as maintaining a cruel policy of extermination against their red rivals. After their first devastating experience with European firearms on Lake Champlain, when Champlain joined the Algonquins against them, they thirsted to possess similar weapons. The Dutch, hoping to win their friendship by satisfying their wants, supplied them with muskets. Thereafter the Algonquins, paddling and portaging down the Ottawa in the Chaudiere basin were picked off from, to them, incredible distances, by invisible enemies.

United, these savage nations could have wiped the puny white colonies off the continent. Divided, they dissipated their strength on savage wars and were played like chessmen on a board, by the wily white invaders. It was a great game of profit and domination.

Chapter XXI.

SAINTS AND SAVAGES

CHAMPLAIN'S second trip up the Ottawa was made two years later. He had brought with him from France four priests of the Recollet order, a reformed branch of the Franciscans. Father Le Caron, who was assigned as a missionary to the Hurons, was full of religious fervor and adventurous zeal, and no sooner was he in New France than he was impatient for his long, strange journey to the land of the savages.

At Montreal he found the Hurons assembled for their yearly trading ceremonies and to them he disclosed his intention of returning with them to their homes. But they received the news with mixed sentiments. They wanted Champlain and his muskets, rather than Father Le Caron and his prayers. The Iroquois were a present menace with whom Champlain could cope with these firesticks he brought across the water. The devil and hell-fire were recent acquaintances and of them they were not nearly so fearful.

Champlain consented to take an armed body of

men with him into the west, so he went back to Quebec to muster them, leaving the Hurons to round up their warriors and prepare for war.

For some reason or other the Hurons at Montreal became panic-stricken and instead of waiting for Champlain they fled back up the Ottawa. When Champlain reached Montreal he discovered the enterprising Father Le Caron had left with them.

Presently, the priest who had so recently left the cool, white cells of the monastery of Bruage, found himself straining at the paddle, climbing portages with bundles on his shoulders, his skirts wet and muddy, his wooden sandals broken on the rocks. There were eighty to a hundred portages between Montreal and the Huron villages, but the monk tried to keep "a smiling, modest, contented face," an heroic effort when he was hungry and weary and disgusted with his filthy companions. The rocks bruised him, the tangled bush scratched him and the flies and mosquitoes tortured him.

Father Le Caron established a mission among the savages where the Recollets labored for ten years. The fruits of their labors were few. In 1625 they were forced to appeal to the powerful and wealthy Jesuits who were conducting successful missions in Asia, Africa and South America.

Jean de Brebeuf was among the Jesuits who came in answer to that call. Thereafter, he strode, a magnificent figure in rough brown habit, and swinging rosary, through the history of New France.

There still remain some traces of the old portage around the Chaudiere on the north shore of the Ottawa, at Val Tetreau. It is easily reached by motor, or those who would like to browse about a bit of shore familiar to this missionary giant may descend to the Hull railway lines by stairs at the northeast angle of the bridge over the canal. The Aylmer car that runs into Ottawa here will take the visitor across the river and up the shore to Val Tetreau. This is a little French settlement proud of its association with the first Canadian martyr and saint. In the park that has been laid out along the river side there is a bronze figure of Brebeuf. The place is delightful and the rapids purr menacingly along the shore, just as they did when Brebeuf himself came up the trail and paused to cool and rest himself here with the Chaudiere safely passed.

Brebeuf's first trip up the Ottawa was in 1626 and he came down again in 1629 to be carried off prisoner to England by the gay young brothers Kirke who had taken Quebec for King Charles the Second.

But Brebeuf was back by the first French ship that

came in 1632 when Charles handed Quebec back to Louis of France in exchange for the remainder of Henrietta Maria's unpaid dowry.

Around 1630 a Petite Nation Indian had killed a Frenchman and the murderer was being dealt with by Champlain on his return to Quebec. That same July, 1632, a hundred and forty Huron canoes swept down the rivers to Quebec to welcome the French and the Indians set up their tepees along the shore.

Swinging down Cote de la Montague to greet them came the great figure of Brebeuf. He hailed them with delight and called them by name as he made his way through the camp. At his heels came two others who were to join him in the west. Champlain offered them to the Indians as friends and emissaries.

"These are our fathers," he said gravely. "We love them. They do not go among you for furs. They left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven. If you love the French as you say you do, then love and honor these our fathers."

The chiefs harangued them in long and brilliant orations and to their delight Brebeuf, the nobly-born Frenchman, replied to them in broken Huron. They assured him they honored him and contended for the privilege of carrying him in their canoes. Now Brebeuf

laughed, for he knew that to be no idle compliment. There had been a time when they refused to give him a place, complaining that he was too big for their frail bark canoes. Brebeuf himself, playing on his name, liked to call himself an ox. He knew how to ingratiate himself with the savages. It was largely on his suggestions that the order in Paris issued instructions to Jesuits bound for New France, so that they might make themselves as little trouble as possible to the Indians. "You should love the Indians like your brothers," they read. "Never make them wait on you for embarkation. Carry flint and steel to light their fire for them. Try to eat their sagamite, no matter how filthy and repulsive it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock so that you do not carry sand and water into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoe but you may put them on crossing the portages. Be careful in the canoe that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better if you wore your nightcap."

By this time Tessouat had been succeeded by another chief; La Borgne, the French called him, the One-Eyed. In French it had another meaning, indicating something obscure, and La Borgne was indeed obscure in some of his dealing with Champlain.

When Brebeuf and his fellow missionaries were

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packed and ready to set out, La Borgne rose in the night and went among the tepees spreading the conspiracy he had long since conceived. "We have begged for the life of this man of La Petite Nation. They will not spare him. He will die. Then the Algonquins will be angry. They will be revenged. They will kill these priests who come among us. If we defend them, the Algonquins will make war upon us. If we do not defend them, the French will blame us. If Champlain will not free the prisoner, then these men cannot come with us."

The exasperated Jesuits went up to the fort and roused Champlain from his sleep. There was another council, with more harangues.

There were two ends to be achieved by the Indians. If the French were kept out of the west, the middlemen's trade would go on undisturbed. Or, if they must indeed go west, the Hurons might as well acquire credit with the Algonquins by bringing home the pardoned murderer. Champlain could not release the man and condone the murder of a white man, since the only hope of the handful of Europeans on the continent was to maintain their prestige against these hordes of savages.

Neither side would give way, so the Hurons paddled off and left the chagrined Brebeuf to cool his heels in Quebec for another year.

The following year the Hurons were subdued. The Iroquois had maltreated them and they had suffered pestilence. Poor and dejected they listened to Brebeuf, rubbing home the lesson. They had refused to help God's men and so they had suffered. He made a great vow to St. Joseph and immediately, and miraculously, as it seemed to him, the hearts of the Hurons melted and they promised to carry him off home with them.

Brebeuf counted thirty-five portages and more than fifty times they had to get out and push their canoes against the current. Even Brebeuf's great strength nearly failed him, and here, at the head of the Chaudiere portage, he sank, weary and distressed, but as full of zeal and visions as ever he had been, ready, nay, anxious, to be a martyr of his faith.

He was not the accepted type of ascetic missionary, this French noble, vigorous, deep-throated, brawny. He would have been a magnificent figure of a man in a military uniform. Even under the rough habit of his order his noble proportions showed to advantage. But it was not court or battlefield that fired his devotion. This Norman zealot struggled year after year with seemingly insurmountable obstacles everywhere around him. He was fifty-six years of age when, in 1649, he was martyred by the Iroquois. After being beaten and

abused he was tied to a stake. Strips of bark dipped in pitch were wound around his body. Around his neck was hung a collar of red hot hatchets, before fire was piled around his feet. He was baptised, in a horribly fantastic ceremony, with boiling water. Pieces of flesh were cut from his body and eaten before his eyes. A chief drank his blood that he might share his courage. At last his heart was torn out and shared among those who yearned to share his stoicism.

His skull was carried back to Quebec. There half of it is to be seen in a silver bust, exposed in the Jesuit church. The other half is held in jealous care by the nuns of the Hotel Dieu. Meantime the church of Rome that he served so devotedly had found a place for him among the saints.

So, here beside these historic waters it is no less than his due to pause and pay tribute to a manly man, an heroic voyageur, who knew the Chaudiere Basin well, two centuries before John By came to bridge it.

Chapter XXII.

ROMANCE UNDER GLASS

AWAY from the heart of the city, in the residential district, off Elgin avenue, is the Victoria Memorial Museum which houses two truly national institutions, the museum and art gallery. While the new block of the parliament buildings was in course of erection this building was the parliament house of Canada and pictures and exhibits had to give way to the legislature.

At the main entrance to the museum is a great boulder converted into a memorial to the man who has been called the Father of Canadian Geology—Sir William Logan. Although born in Lower Canada in 1798, he was educated in Scotland and spent the early part of his career as manager of his uncle's coal and copper-smelting plant in Wales. He made a study of the Welsh coal beds and gained a reputation for himself as a geologist. Consequently when, in 1843, the Canadian Geological Survey was organized, he was made the director and devoted himself for over thirty years to

the study of Canadian geology. He revolutionized current thought on the subject and brought to light the mineral wealth of the country. Honors came to him as a reward for his work, a fellowship in the Royal Society, from London, the legion of honor from France and a title from the Queen. The geological museum was founded on his collections and there is exhibited there a case of relics of the distinguished scientist, including many of the instruments he used.

The entrance to the several floors of the museum is through a high open well, decorated with several enormous totem poles which give the keynote to the intensely interesting Indian collections for which the museum is celebrated. Visitors from abroad would naturally turn to the national museum of Canada for an insight into the history, art, and archaeology of the aboriginal races, and fortunately they would discover here a wealth of material rich in interest and significance.

Most spectacular of the collections are those pertaining to the West Coast Indians who, of all the Indian races in Canada, had the highest developed forms of arts and crafts. It is easy enough even for the veriest amateur, to distinguish at once the difference between the West Coast exhibits and those of the plains and

eastern Indians. The work of these are crude and primitive compared with the degree of beauty and skill put into the West Coast work. The Coast Indian was an artist, not so many worlds apart from the contemporary artist, who recognizes in his work many of the fundamental ideas and emotions of artists all the world over.

Best known of the work of the West Coast Indians are the totem poles, fantastic representations of family histories and social prestige. There are many very fine ones in the Museum and an important volume has been published by the museum authorities to record the researches of Marius Barbeau, the indefatigable student and research worker who has the collection in his care. Mr. Barbeau spent four seasons in field research on the west coast and took with him some artists who were interested in primitive art, so that, as a result, not only is the scientific research embodied in print and photographs, but the tribal lands of the West Coast Indians has entered the field of the fine arts. The volume in question, "Totem Poles of the Gitksan, Upper Skeena River, British Columbia," is only one of a series of monographs on the history and arts of this strange and fascinating people.

Of the totem Mr. Barbeau writes:

"Totem poles were once a characteristic form of plastic art among the tribes of the North West coast in British Columbia, and southern Alaska. The natives took pride in them and strained every nerve to make them worthy symbols of their own social standing and achievements. . . This art now belongs to the past. . . . Totem poles are no longer made. Many of them have fallen from old age; they have decayed and disappeared. Some of them have been cut down and removed to museums and public parks. Others have been destroyed by the owners themselves in the course of hysterical revivals under a spurious banner of Christianity."

The poles in the national collection comes from the Skeena River tribal villages, the Nass River, and the Charlotte Islands. In their natural settings the poles usually face the water and stand apart before their owner's lodge. Dotting the village in a long irregular row, they gave to the tribal settlements a strange, fantastic air. Carved from cedar trees, fifteen to sixty feet high they were covered from top to bottom with symbolic animals and mythological creatures. Most of the poles now in existence have been carved within the past sixty years.

Totems are not hundreds of years old, as so many people mistakenly believe. Owing to the nature of the

wood, they could not survive such lengths of time and moreover, there are the best of reasons for knowing that when the early travellers explored the West Coast there were no totems to astonish them with their rude dignity. The art of the Indian is older than that but its application to totem poles was a recent development that blossomed and flourished and died away within a few decades. The interest in the totem is in their use of tribal symbolism and in the vast stores of tradition and legend they represent.

The Nass River was the birth place of the totem pole on the coast and Nass River carvers spread the art among the other coast tribes. The totem, wherever it was erected, had a purely social and decorative function. The human figures were not gods or spirits, but symbols that can be compared to European heraldry. The poles were not worshipped any more than our public memorials to national heroes are worshipped. They were an expression of tribal pride and veneration.

Curiously enough once these poles were erected they were never repaired or transplanted under any circumstances. They simply stood as long as nature allowed them and when they fell were pushed aside or destroyed. It was as gross an infringement of tribal tradition to repair them as to cut them down or sell them. Mr.

Barbeau records an experience he had when trying to purchase a very fine totem discovered in the wilderness of the lower Nass. The chief, its owner, retorted that the price of the pole was the monument that had been erected to Sir James Douglas, first Governor of British Columbia. As Mr. Barbeau concludes, "To him one was at least worth the other, and the pole was, after all, much the more precious."

In the Museum there is an opportunity to study these totems in relation to the rest of the West Coast Indian art. Each great case on exhibition bears on it the name of the tribe which produced the work. Thus, in the cases devoted to the Haida Indians, there are stone carvings of strange designs, worked with infinite patience, and bone and horn carvings that indicate their capacity for adapting all sorts of materials to their use. There is a beautiful ivory war club from the Nass River that suggests a proud chief, decked in all the savage glory of his day, setting out to make war upon his neighbors. Here, too, are mortars for the preparation of foods, decorated with grotesque human faces and ornamental stone pestles. Feasts were an important part of the ceremonial of the West Coast Indians and everything that was used to participate in the rituals was decorated with the best that the savage artist could conceive.

Implements of the hunt, on land and sea, were beautifully made and the bone harpoons are frequently much carved and engraved. Combs and pendants and other articles of personal adornment from whale bones were also produced by the tribal artists. An example of Indian ingenuity is an amusing decoy duck, with leather wings and so made that the wings move as the decoy is drawn through the water. Paddles were often highly decorated with painting, and the Indian killed his seal, halibut and sea lions with clubs that to-day add to his reputation as a connoiseur of art.

The weaving of the West Coast Indians is amazingly interesting. From shredded cedar bark they contrived to make all sorts of things including mats and baskets. Thick, strong ropes for whale fishing, and thin strong twine were made from the same material. There is a beautiful song of the West Coast, that, even in its English translation, is steeped in the spirit of the Indian. It is the *Song of the Whip-Plaiting*:

In the dawn I gathered cedar boughs
For the plaiting of thy whip.
They were wet with sweet drops;
They still thought of the night.

All alone I shredded cedar boughs,
Green boughs in the pale light,

Where the morning meets the sea,
And the great mountain stops.

The sweetness will not leave my hands,
No, not in salt sea washings;
Tears will not wash away sweetness.
I shall have sweet hands for thy service.

For the West Coast Indians had songs as fine as their carvings and weavings. Their love songs, lullabys and prayers are gathered up, like their blankets and war clubs, for preservation.

The Kwakiutl tribe is largely represented. There are huge and fantastic masks worn in ceremonial war dances, batons strangely carved and decorated. There is an amazing war apron embroidered and stitched with bone ornaments but what will amuse the fancy will be the clusters of thimbles strung like little bells, and rows of empty bullet cases put to the same purpose. The Kwakiutl Indians must have been fearful figures when they were arrayed in these masks and aprons and weird collars. One of the masks is in the form of a bird's head with an enormous beak that must have been difficult to manage in the frency of the ritual of the dance.

The Kwakiutl Indians had beautifully made food dishes, carved and rubbed smooth. There is one, a berry bowl, made to represent a great bird. A painted water

bucket shows how they delighted in making even the homeliest of utensils beautiful. Some of their bracelets, made of copper, silver and brass, are curiously like some of the costume jewelry of to-day and may indeed have inspired some of it. The Indian bracelets are chased and engraved with symbolical designs. They also made the most ingenious fish nets from nettle fibre.

The cases devoted to the Tsimshean Tribes are worth special attention for their beautiful designs in woven shawls, girdles and rugs. Some of their garments are decorated with rows of bell-like ornaments made of bears' claws. The Salish Indians wove beautiful blankets of mountain goat's hair. The earliest of them are pure wool, but later examples are made of the wool on inner cores of cedar fibre to give strength and body to the fabric. The Salish shawls are magnificently designed in bold colors and finished with fringe. Their cedar rugs are made of bark dyed different colors, black by burying the cedar in the mud near springs, red by the juice from young alders, and so on.

The Pacific coast canoes, dugouts made from the trunks of great trees, were as beautifully decorated as everything else they owned. There are some fine examples in the museum. See how carefully they are chipped in a sort of design on the inner surfaces and

how everything inside and out, is painted with their characteristic designs.

These are only a few of the fascinating things in this great collection. There are also the cases of beautiful Charlotte Island stone carvings, the historic wampum belts, the carved masks inlaid with brilliant opalescent shells, the Eskimo ivories, the jade from northern British Columbia, and a thousand more exhibits, every one with a story.

It is the importance of collections of this kind that make Ottawa a truly national center, for students of Indian history and art travel from all over the continent and from Europe to make a study of these things. It is an important element in the work of government, for these Indian people are part and parcel of Canadian life and all that pertains to them pertains to the cultural history of the country.

Chapter XXIII.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

WHILE the history of the national collection goes back to 1880, the story of the Gallery began only about twenty-five years ago, when rooms were first set aside for the exhibition of works of art and a director was appointed.

It started with the founding of the Royal Canadian Academy at the instigation of the Princess Louise, herself an artist, and the Marquis of Lorne her husband. The Prince Consort, the father of Princess Louise, had done much to raise the position of the artist in England and the young Princess was anxious to set in motion some movement for the organization of artists in Canada. Each member elected to the Royal Academy was required to present a diploma picture, and these pictures formed the nucleus of the national collection.

It is amusing to look back upon the social turmoil that resulted. Artists of the eighties sighed for royal favors and struggled for places in the Academy. One of the Toronto artists left out of the charmed circle,

indignantly wrote the Princess and sent her some of his pictures to judge for herself. The first president dreamed of a title but it did not materialize. One woman was appointed among the charter members but by some curious quirk of the masculine mind, she never had a successor, and since her day, even the best of the women artists, who have had academic honors, have had to be content with associate memberships, even though they are recognized as more distinguished and competent than some of their male fellow academicians. The Royal Canadian Academy remains late Victorian in its attitude to women artists.

Art in Canada in those days was a frail, attenuated, transplanted growth and since British art was not in a very flourishing condition when the transplant took place, there was not any native movement of importance in the young Dominion.

The collection was added to by gifts and by purchases, frequently made from people who were anxious to part with things they did not want and who had enough political influence to reach the ears of government. The pictures were hung in the hallways of the Department of Fisheries and maintained by the Department of Agriculture. In 1907 they were gathered up and placed under the control of a director of the

National Gallery, and the important collection of to-day was begun.

To-day Canada has a national collection of intrinsic value and artistic merit. The quarters are totally inadequate and the great collection of War Memorials, in painting and sculpture, cannot be shown at all. Canada has the greatest collection of this kind among all the nations of the globe, for a systematic record of the war was made while the war was in progress by a staff of painters and sculptors, British and Canadian.

Funds set aside in Canada for the purchase of pictures are exceedingly small, but by judicious selection a really fine collection of old masters has been built up. However, the one thing in which the Gallery should excel and does excel is in its collection of works of art by Canadians. The first choice of canvases exhibited in Canada usually falls to the Gallery and as the prices of works of art in Canada are very low, the Gallery is able to acquire a really notable collection. It is the largest collection of Canadian paintings and sculptures in the country.

For those who are interested there is here a complete history of art in Canada, dating from the Cap Tourmente School of the late seventeenth century in Quebec, to the last exhibited works of contemporaries.

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Bishop Laval founded the Cap Tourmente school in 1685 and brought out from France fine artists and craftsmen from the provinces of France, where the traditions of the French Renaissance of Francis the First still flourished. The National Gallery has several important pieces, one of them The Last Supper, carved in wood for the altar of the old church at St. Anne de Beaupre, between 1695 and 1698 by Le Blond de La Tour The work of Jean Baillarge and Pierre Levasseur, two other famous eighteenth century wood carvers is also represented. The last of the Quebec woodcarvers to work in the old tradition of the Cap Tourmente school was Louis Jobin, who died at St. Joachim in 1929. Though he was more than eighty years of age, he worked in his workshop until the end and it was through him that much was learned of the fascinating story of that old school of arts and crafts A great deal of documentary evidence has been discovered in the parish records and many of the names of the old artists have been retrieved and preserved. Jobin was the man who carved the great white Madonna of the Saguenay on Cape Trinity and in his youth he was famous for his figure heads for ships built in Quebec of Ottawa timbers.

Among the nineteenth century artists represented is

John Bell-Smith, who organized one of the first art societies in Canada, in Montreal, in the year of Confederation. His son, Frederic Bell-Smith, was also associated with early art movements in this country. The Gallery has examples of the work of Alan Edson, Daniel Fowler, John Fraser and many other charter members of the Academy. One of them was Robert Harris whose best known pictures was called *The Fathers of Confederation.*

The first artist who actually painted from a Canadian point of view was a German named Cornelius Krieghoff, who settled in Montreal, married a French girl, and took a great delight in habitant scenes. The Gallery owns half a dozen examples of his work, but the best known of them is, *The Habitant Farm,* in which he manifests his reaction to the life of Quebec. A contemporary of Krieghoff was Paul Kane, born in York, as Toronto was then called. He was self-taught and travelled abroad for some time copying old masters, before he set out on his famous trip across the continent. He painted and sketched Indian life all along the way and wrote a book about his experiences. The largest collection of his work is in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto but the Gallery has four canvases to illustrate his share in directing artists to the unlimited possibilities of their own landscape and native life.

One of the interesting figures represented in the National Gallery is Homer Watson, a recluse of Doon, Ontario, where he has painted for more than half a century. The greatest of all his canvases is, *The Flood Gate,* which carried with it an interesting ancedote.

Homer Watson was a young man, practically self-taught, with a keen urge to paint his native scene. He was the son and grandson of Ontario pioneers and his love of painting was a pure outcropping from some hidden vein, for there were no artists and no pictures within the circle of his environment. He was prompted by the same spirit that led Constable to paint "every stick and stone of his native heath" and curiously enough Watson's work resembled in a great degree the work of the English nature-painter. But Watson was irritated by the allusions and in exasperation he declared that he would paint a Constable, if a Constable flavor his friends demanded. Like Constable he went back to his native heath and painted his grandfather's mill pond. *The Flood Gate* was the result. Whether the passion with which he painted it had something to do with it, or just what the explanation is, matters not, but the canvas is now acknowledged to be his finest work.

Blair Bruce is another native Canadian painter, born at Hamilton in 1859. He worked chiefly in Europe and

his subjects are European, but he indicated a new trend of expression on the part of Canadian painters. A great collection of his paintings have been presented to his native city but the National Gallery has four important canvases.

Another group of important paintings are those from the brush of Morrice, the first of the genuine modernists among the Canadians. Morrice lived most of his life in Paris, but he never lost his interest in and his love for his native land. In his day there was no support for an artist of his ideals or capacity in Canada and he was a veritable exile. His canvases have a fine, broad, interpretive quality and they have had important bearings on the trend of work done by the men of the generation which followed his.

One of the best known of the Canadian artists is C. W. Jeffreys since his historical pictures hang in so many class rooms and so many Canadian school books have been illustrated by him. Although born in England he has lived since childhood in Canada and has devoted himself unreservedly to the study of historical illustration. He is as much historian as artist, in the delineation of character and event.

Modern Canadians are largely represented. Emily Carr was the first of the Canadians to use the West

Coast Indian life as motif for her art. Her water colors are particularly fine and her canvases bold and daring. Lionel Lemoine Fitzgerald, born in Winnipeg, was the first of the Manitobans to strike out into new and modern fields of expression in oils. Prudence Heward, one of the most successful young women painters in the Dominion hails from conservative Montreal and her bold figure subjects have earned her international commendation. One of her canvases, *Girl on a Hill,* was given first prize in the Willingdon Fine Arts Competition of 1929. Perhaps her best known is the study of a young French-Canadian girl, against a Quebec landscape, called *Rollande.* A. Y. Jackson of Toronto is largely represented with studies of Quebec landscape, northern Ontario subjects and Arctic canvases. He has twice gone into the Arctic to paint, sketching as far north as Bache Harbor, the most northerly inhabited spot on the globe. His companion on one of his journeys was Lawren Harris, whose highly stylized work is in strong contrast to the warm, deeply emotional compositions of A. Y. Jackson. Lawren Harris sees the north, whether it be in the Arctic or along the bold north shore of Lake Superior, as landscapes of deep spiritual significance as well as great patterns of the elements.

The Gallery has a notable collection of canvases and sketches by Tom Thomson, the Canadian artist whose brilliant and spectacular career was cut short by an untimely death. His *Jack Pine* is one of the greatest canvases painted in Canada. His *Northern River* and *Spring Ice* have a lyrical loveliness about them. Twenty-five sketches by the same artist demonstrate his amazing faculty for capturing the dynamic qualities of the seasons and the characteristics of his north country in small masterly works.

Canadian sculpture in the National Gallery runs all the way from delicate crucifixes of the Cap Tourmente school, to the dramatic stone *Passing Ram* of Elizabeth Wynn Wood, an ikon-like interpretation of a Georgian Bay landscape. This young Canadian is the first to have developed landscape forms in relief and in the round. There is a marble bust of the artist in the national collection, the work of her husband, Emanuel Hahn. Many other outstanding Canadian sculptors are represented, from the nineteenth century to to-day.

Chapter XXIV.

ROUND ABOUT THE CAPITAL

SIDE by side way down on Sussex street stand two grey stone buildings, each with their own exceedingly great interests. The one is the Mint and the other is the Archives.

The systematic organization of Canadian archives began in 1872 although it had been proposed as long ago as 1670 when Intendant Talon foresaw the need to keep the records of the colony in safety. Talon's effort is recorded in a tablet by the door, but it was not until 1908 that the Archives building was completed and the scattered records of Canadian history assembled.

Vast masses of archives in France and England had to be copied or transcribed. Relics and historical momentoes had to be collected. To-day students from all parts of the continent study at the Archives and a great many important volumes have been published under the direction of the Archivist to make the material available for research workers everywhere. Among other collections in the Archives is one of

thirty-five thousand maps, many of them of unique historical value, such as the map that Wolfe used to plan the siege of Quebec. There are more than ten thousand pamphlets, on every conceivable subject pertaining to Canadian thought and history. In addition there is a large library of Canadiana, and sunny rooms where visitors may work and study all day and all night, too, if they wish.

The museum of the Archives is a favorite place for visitors to the capital for nowhere else are so many rare relics assembled relating to Canadian history. One of the most fascinating is a model of Quebec city as it was in the first years of the British occupation. Here, too, may be seen the bullet-riddled flags of the Canadian militia carried in the War of 1812, Brock's red coat with the bullet hole through which death entered his brave and loving heart. Here, too, is a poster offering four thousand dollars reward for the capture of Papineau, a receipt for a slave purchased in Quebec in 1761, letters signed by Wolfe, belts of wampum by which the Indians made their treaties with the white men, a *ceinture flèche* sash given Brock by Tecumseh and thereafter always worn by the British officer, these and hundreds more of fascinating objects, rich in associations with romantic men and women of the past.

There is a huge silver cup here, also, inscribed to MacKay and Redpath as a souvenir of the completion of the Rideau Canal.

At the Mint next door Canadian coinage is made. The castellated building with its high iron grill fences is closely guarded by Mounted Police, since millions of dollars worth of gold may be stored from time to time within, to be converted into coin of the realm. This was opened also in 1908.

The Mint is open to visitors who must apply to one of the banks in the city and in turn will receive notice of the day and hour of the visit. They are then conducted through to see the process of "making money." As many as two hundred thousand coins can be made here in one day.

The gold reserve for Canada, which backs all paper money is kept in great vaults under the East Block of the Parliament Buildings. Deep into the rock the passages have been cut, and a series of steel grills, every one with a Mounted Police officer, makes admission as difficult as possible. The corridors are brilliantly lighted. No one man ever knows the combination of the national vaults, and as many as eight officials may be involved in contributing the necessary details that will turn the great knobs and swing open the doors to

the treasure room. Once within, the piles of gold bricks and bags of bulging coins reveal the national gold reserve of the Dominion

A modest but interesting little place is the Bytown Museum on Nicholas street where the Women's Historical Society has converted the old Registry Office into a shrine of Ottawa history.

One of the show places of Ottawa is the Experimental Farm. Very fittingly, too, in the capital of a country so largely agricultural. Agriculture is one of the pursuits to-day so closely linked with science that the gap between the pioneer farmer, sowing grain between the tree stumps by hand from his leather apron, and the modern farmer, seems indeed much greater than the span of years would indicate.

Canada's first experimental farm began way back in the sixteen-seventies at the instigation of that handsome and intelligent Intendant Talon who laid out the villages of Bourg Le Reine, Bourg Royal and Bourg Talon at Charlesbourg, when he tried out schemes of settlement and agriculture. To-day the experimental farm system in Canada is a mighty modern development with ramifications in the most unexpected places. The chief of the farms, at Ottawa, is, to the layman, a delightful place where he is treated to a rose garden

riotous with color and perfume in the summer months or a magnificent chrysanthemum show in the early autumn. He knows vaguely that there are highly pedigreed cattle and aristocratic poultry and various other matters of import to the farmer. But to hundreds of thousands of people from Atlantic to Pacific it is the experimental headquarters where countless problems affecting the well being and the prosperity of the farm are being solved.

A conquering monarch who could add vast territories to his kingdom would be revered by his people and commemorated with national memorials and his story told in countless historical volumes. He would be a dramatic figure and his army would be national heroes. Songs and sagas would record their deeds in extending the boundaries of the nation. Yet here quite undramatic civil servants, toiling over little patches of soil and testing results in little laboratories, have added the area of more than one European kingdom to the inhabited domain of Canada, without any flaunting of flags or any songs of victory. Among all the historic sites in Canada none is more intensely dramatic in its significance than that little plot in which Marquis wheat was first created. Marquis was not the last but only one of a series of epoch making discoveries in grain

culture, and while there are still more kingdoms to be brought under the golden sceptre of wheat-in-the-head, these quiet, unassuming farmer-scientists will go on working at this and the other experimental farms that, like fortresses of old, stand on the frontiers of the land.

The experimental farm system was founded in 1884 when Canada realized the pressing need for scientific aid in agriculture, the value of good seeds, the rotation of crops, summer fallow and many more agricultural commonplaces which were then known to few. Dr. Williams Saunders, a manufacturing chemist in London, had some years before purchased a farm on which to conduct the experiments which were a hobby with him. When the government looked about for a director of the farm movement, Dr. Saunders, or plain Mr. Saunders as he was then, was the very man for the job. His hobby prepared him for what was virtually the most important post in Canada in his day.

Remember that when William Saunders became director of experimental farms, the Canadian Pacific Railway was not completed, that settlers were still forging into the prairie lands on foot or in wagons in search of the free land grants so easily secured. Every man who settled in the new west added to the serious-

ness of the seed wheat problem. A farming territory that ran like a narrow ribbon along the frontier and left the rest of the west still uninhabited country, made Canada a land barely linked province by province. From a national point of view that narrow, sparsely settled belt was a serious matter. Yet grain would not ripen farther north and there was nothing to take settlers where farming was dangerous and uncertain. Early frosts could wipe out in a hour or two a whole year's work and certainly settlers would not court disaster by invading the land beyond proven safety.

It was a matter of common debate, for there had been plenty of people to decry the building of a railway through a country that, according to them, had only one month's summer. But for every one of little faith there was always one of great faith and men of common sense knew what intelligent scientific interest could do much to better the conditions obtaining on the prairies.

Now the most important thing about William Saunders was his point of view. He had a true, experimental mind, infinite patience and common sense. He was not content to sit in his office and send out questionaires to farmers. He wanted to know for himself. So he set out immediately for the far west. He travelled where he could by train, and when he wanted to get

farther he hired a horse and buggy and drove from farm to farm, investigating and making notes.

One of the farmers he encountered was Angus MacKay who had emigrated to the west from Ontario, trekking in with horse and wagon. He settled at Indian Head. The first year he had a fine harvest. The second year frost wiped out his crop the day before he intended to start cutting it. The next year, 1885, he decided to sow earlier, to cheat the frosts, so he began in April. When his seeding was half done his horses were conscripted for the North West Rebellion. Half his farm lay black and seedless.

By 1886 he had replaced his horses and he seeded the whole farm. That summer there was drought. The whole territory was hopeless, watching the parched land burn under the summer sun. Then Angus MacKay discovered an amazing thing. On those acres that had laid unsown the year before his grain grew and flourished until it nodded in golden fields in the autumn sun. MacKay had stumbled on a great principle. He had discovered the benefits of summer fallow. The fields that had had a rest had repaid him a hundred fold. A problem that scientists were puzzling over in their laboratories, MacKay discovered as an accident of war.

MacKay's farm was one of the places William

Saunders discovered on his long journey into the west. He recognized in Angus MacKay an intelligent farmer and he made him superintendent of the experimental farm for that district. He found from MacKay and from many of his neighbors the crying need for an early wheat.

Saunders realized that years of patient research lay ahead. He sent all over the world for samples of wheat that grew in cold climates and high altitudes. He sowed them and crossed them and shipped them all over the west to be grown under various conditions. Every step in the experiment meant shipping little bags of seed wheat back and forth from Ottawa to the farmers and waiting a summer for results. Red Fife must be the parent wheat, Saunders decided, since it was already growing successfully all over the west. In 1892 Red Fife was crossed with Hard Calcutta and the results seemed to offer something in the way of promise. One summer Saunders sent a young son all the way across the country crossing grains, taking the pollen from one variety and laying it on the pistils of another. Finally at Agassiz, British Columbia, he crossed twenty three wheat plants.

At the end of the summer the superintendent of the farm at Agassiz plucked the twenty-three heads of

grain, put them in a little bag and mailed them to Ottawa. They arrived with the morning mail and some boys in the office discovered that the little bag made a very good ball. They pitched it back and forth for a while and then it landed on the top of a cupboard It wasn't worth the effort of going after it so they went outdoors to play.

After some letters had been exchanged William Saunders discovered that the bag of precious wheat was missing. With the fervor of a fanatic he began to search for it and set everyone about him searching. Somebody looked in the unlikeliest of places, on top of the cupboard, and there was the bag.

The seeds were planted in that little plot behind Dr. Saunders' old home, a plot still railed off and used for experiments of a similar kind. All the next summer he watched them grow and in the autumn he took the biggest and plumpest of the seeds and began a new series of experiments. This was only one of seven hundred experiments. He was growing old and the search seemed endless. So the task was passed on to the younger hands of his son, Dr. Charles Saunders. He was as patient and visionary as his father. Year after year he could go on with his planting and growing and selecting. It was out of the line of wheat his father had selected that

Dr. Charles Saunders at length produced the first few grains of a wheat he called Marquis. He had tested it for growth, for quality, for flour and for its food values. It seemed to fulfil all that was required of it.

In 1907 the new Marquis wheat was sown in an experimental bed at Agassiz. It was a bad year, heat and cold and destructive winds chasing each other over the harassed farmlands. There had been nothing to equal it in twenty-five years. Then one morning there was frost. All the wheats hung their heads in frosty defeat. All but one grain. There was the little patch of Marquis, undaunted, green and sturdy and heavy in the head.

That autumn a bushel of Marquis wheat was shown at the exhibition at Regina. It was the only bright bit of golden promise in a distressful year.

Within five years Marquis was growing all over the west and across the border in several American states. In the fall of 1912 it was shipped out to some of the world markets. Like a sea of limpid gold it rippled and flooded all over the hungry world. Then came the war. Marquis went into war service and hundreds of millions of bushels went to feed the fighting men.

With the use of Marquis the map was rolled back. Millions of acres theretofore considered useless for wheat growing were put under cultivation. Marquis ripened ten days earlier than any other wheat in Canada.

The experimental farms did not rest on their laurels. Since then they have produced another wheat, Garnet, which ripens still another ten days earlier, and back went the frontiers again to make place for thousands of new farms in the farther north.

Dr. Saunders home still stands among the group of administrative buildings at the experimental farm and every visitor to Ottawa who has marvelled at the tale of national growth and expansion and has seen the evidence of national strength and purpose in the capital city, should make a pilgrimage to this little spot, the source of inestimable wealth and prestige to the Canadian farmer.

To-day there are thirty or more experimental farms and sub-stations and more than two hundred illustration stations from coast to coast. The story of the service offered and applied to Canadian farmers is a book in itself, and a dramatic tale if it was told.

Urban visitors seldom stop to think as they visit the beautiful farm and see the sleek cattle, the enormous pigs, the plumey poultry, that apart from providing Ottawa with a showplace it is indeed a very vital part of government in Canada.

Chapter XXV.

DOWN THE OTTAWA

ON the journey from Montreal up the Ottawa, in colonial days, the first tribe of Indians to be encountered were La Petite Nation, so named by the French because they were a small and comparatively peaceful group, who tended their own business of hunting and fishing and traded with their French neighbors to their mutual satisfaction. They were Algonquins who used the River of La Petite Nation as a highway into the north. It was many days journey after leaving them before white travellers fell in with the next tribes at Allumette Island.

Trade with La Petite Nation was established very early in the days of New France. For some years of that regime the whole trade and colonization of the St. Lawrence Valley was in the hands of a powerful company called The Company of the West Indies. It had power to grant land as well as a monopoly in the Indian trade. In 1674 Bishop Laval appealed to the company for a grant of land, fifteen miles square, on the Ottawa.

This was the land occupied by La Petite Nation. In a quaint old deed drawn up in Paris the company agreed to give this stretch of wilderness to the Bishop as a seigneury "along the road of the Ottawas." He was to have full feudal rights of justice and seigneury, mines and minerals, water and game and fishing privileges. In return the Bishop was to render faith and homage to the Company every twenty years, either in the Chateau St. Louis or Quebec, or in Paris, "with a golden link attached or fixed to a golden Louis, having the value of eleven pounds." He was to begin clearing the seigneury within four years unless prevented 'by war or any reasonable cause."

The Bishop did not clear the land or settle anyone upon it since it would have been little short of madness to leave men and women unprotected in the path of the Iroquois. Six years later the bishop transferred the seigneury to the Seminary of Foreign Missions to help support his religious works at Quebec. One hundred and twenty years later it was sold by the Seminary to Joseph Papineau. Already Philomen Wright had passed that way and had carved a colony out of the forest at the foot of the Chaudiere. Perhaps his example stirred Joseph Papineau to emulation. Very little was done however, until some years later when he sold the land

to his handsome and energetic young son, Louis Joseph Papineau, soldier, student and politician, who set to work to create thereupon a seigneury with the feudal flavor that had attached to it when it first passed into the hands of Bishop Laval.

To-day that seigneury is one of the haunts of Ottawa people when they leave the capital in search of relaxation in the open, for Papineau's manor house is the Seigniory Club, and his seigneurial acres are devoted to preserving fish and game for the sport of its members. Once a long journey from Ottawa by canoe or by sleigh over the ice, the Seigneury Club is now brought near enough, by motor and swift launches, so that the trip can be made for a tea or dinner jaunt.

Although it is a modern club with an enormous log chateau as a guest house, it still preserves a haunting air of history, and some insubstantial quality of personality and events hovers over it. In the woods or along the river lingers a strange and romantic company, lusty voyageurs, slim, swift Indians, coifed nuns on their journey, merry colonists plodding by with high hopes towards their goal, or weary emigrants, pale and sad from their travels, looking eagerly towards peace and safety in the west.

The seigneur of the seigneury of La Petite Nation

was the last glamorous figure of the Lower Ottawa, and he carried on the feudal tradition in the grand manor long after confederation. Nowhere in the history of New France was there a figure more definitely of the seigneurial type. Papineau was physically the beau ideal of the lord of the manor. Tall, handsome, distinguished, he presided over the affairs of his estate like a veritable overlord of romance. Living in seclusion, he maintained the traditions of fine living. He was courteous to a degree, a famous host, the writer of rare and beautiful letters. Yet behind all the cultural suavity he was a dynamo of thought and energy. No man of his time was more the rebel in ideas than was Louis Joseph Papineau.

Elected to the Assembly at twenty-six, in the year that the war broke out with the United States, he forsook the legislature for the battlefield. Three years later, when the war was done, he became Speaker of the house at twenty-nine. There he stayed, except for one brief dramatic interval (when he locked horns with the king's deputy,) until the Rebellion of '37, twenty-two years afterwards.

From the Speaker's chair he conducted the affairs of revolution, talking as boldly to William the Fourth as he would to a political rival, founding revolutionary

clubs, directing a newspaper campaign and advocating a republic for Canada. At St. Charles on the Richelieu his followers ranged themselves dramatically around the red-capped Liberty Pole and swore to conquer or to die as if Louis Joseph was a princeling cheated of his throne. Fascinating Louis Joseph and his friends refused to wear English clothes and in homespun frock coats, and cowhide boots they put their political faith to a very real test.

Blunders and prejudices, hot tempers and unsteady hands on both sides lead from political enmity to bloodshed,—and rebellion in any guise is an ugly business.

The rebellion was put down and Papineau became a voluntary exile in France where he remained for many years, although France was as alien to him as any other land, for the French republic had little in common with what remains of the old royalist colony on the St. Lawrence.

Louis Joseph Papineau spent his restless energies at the Archives and the great libraries of Paris, in research into Canadian historical problems. He was one of the first Canadian students to mine that rich vein of historical lore. In 1845 he returned to Canada and began his manor house at La Petite Nation. It was not the manor house of New France with Norman roof and

peaked gables, but the chateau of modern France, a sunny, spacious, gracious place. So long exiled from his own soil, he had a deep, emotional attachment to it, so the chateau that he built with pointed towers and broad low windows was intended to admit as much of the beauty of his land as possible. There was one wall, at the eastern end of the house, overlooking the romantic Ottawa, that was nearly all glass. Here, whether skies were blue as sapphires or heavy with brooding clouds or burning sunset colors, the Papineaus sat and loved their land.

Beside the house Papineau built a great square stone tower, that suggests Indian raids and sieges, but which was devoted solely to his books. It was a famous library and there Papineau delved into the problems of history.

It became a very beautiful estate. Near to his tower he built a Museum, and a chapel, and along the road leading to the highway he built a stone mortuary chapel where to-day Papineau and four generations of his family sleep their last sleep.

In spite of all his radicalism, he was one of the last exponents of the feudal idea. In one of the round towers of the manor he sat to receive his censitaires as they came to render homage and pay their rents. The democracy that he preached came in like flowing tide

and engulfed him. Feudal tenure was abolished, and although his tenants, like a great many French-Canadians, went on paying their ancient tributes and respect to the lord of the manor, they were no longer censitaires, but tenants, with the right to buy the land they occupied.

The road between Montebello, as the village was named, after the manor house, is an old Indian trail and follows the contours of the stream. One of the unsung heroes of the Ottawa was a brother of the Great Papineau, as he was called, Denis Benjamin Papineau, whose heart was not in law or politics, but in the soil of his native land. Like Philomen Wright, he journeyed up from settled lands to wrestle with the wilderness. He came one cold November by canoe from St. Denis on the Richelieu and brought his young wife and a five-week-old baby with him. He built a house near the Papineauville of to-day and acted as deputy seigneur, first for his father and then for his celebrated brother. He lived a simple and devoted life among the settlers that came to take up the seigneurial lands.

Scenes from Papineau's stormy career are painted as murals in the Log Chateau and there are many memorials of his regime in the Seigniory Club. The Papineau Brook is a picturesque little stream that winds its way

through the woods, and now a path follows its contours all the way to the unexpected and dramatic little gorge through which it leaps its way, white among the shadowy rocks, through cool and lovely woods.

The seigneury is very extensive and it is a drive of fifteen miles to Lac Commandant, one of the connecting lakes, on which there is rare hunting and fishing. The lakes and streams are restocked from the club's own fish hatchery that repays a visit with all sorts of interest. Indian guides that serve the members sometimes recount curious tales of battle and bloodshed round about Lac Commandant, for even when the Indian wars were done there were many little "private wars" between the tribes that roamed the Laurentians, even up until the last generations.

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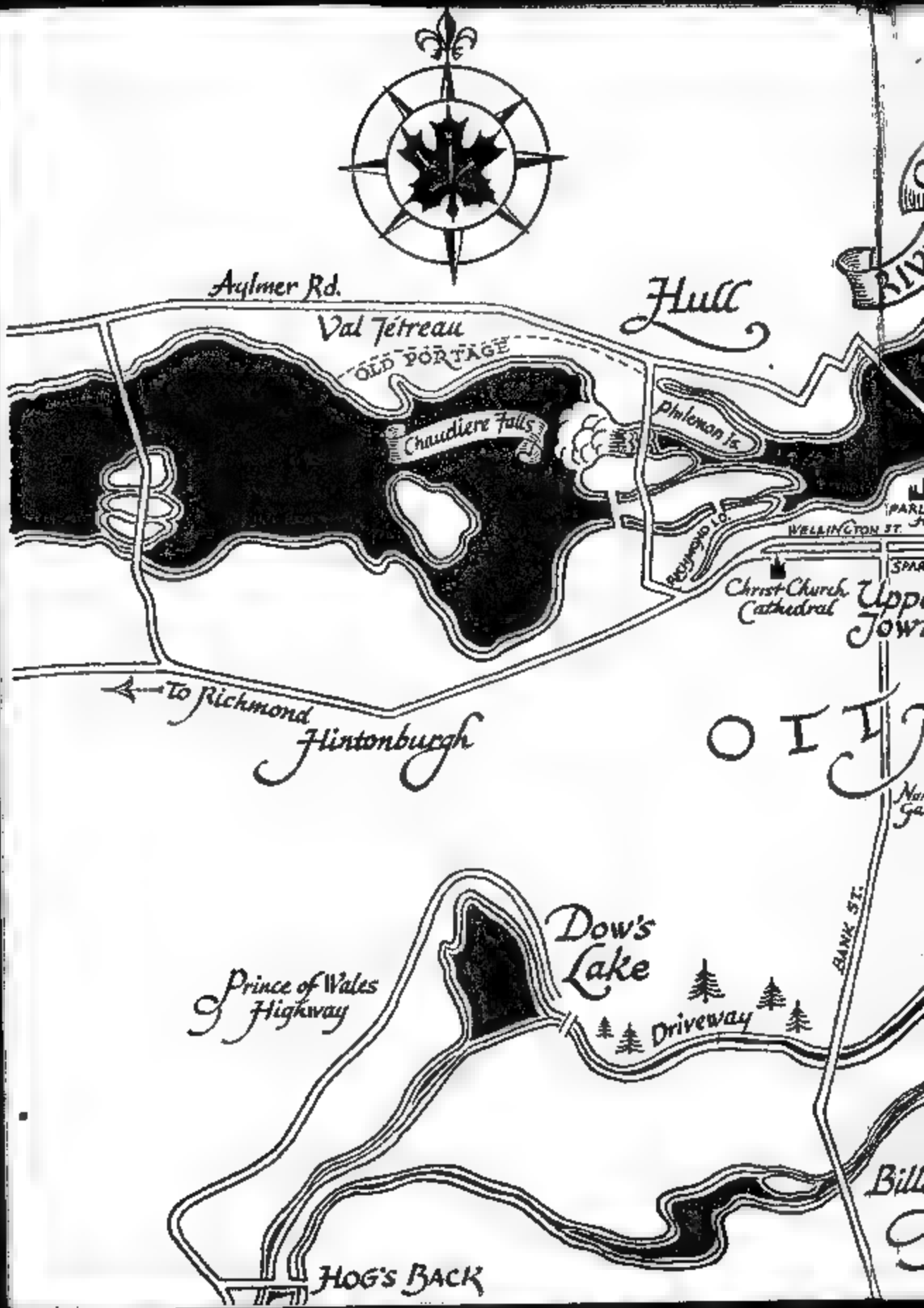
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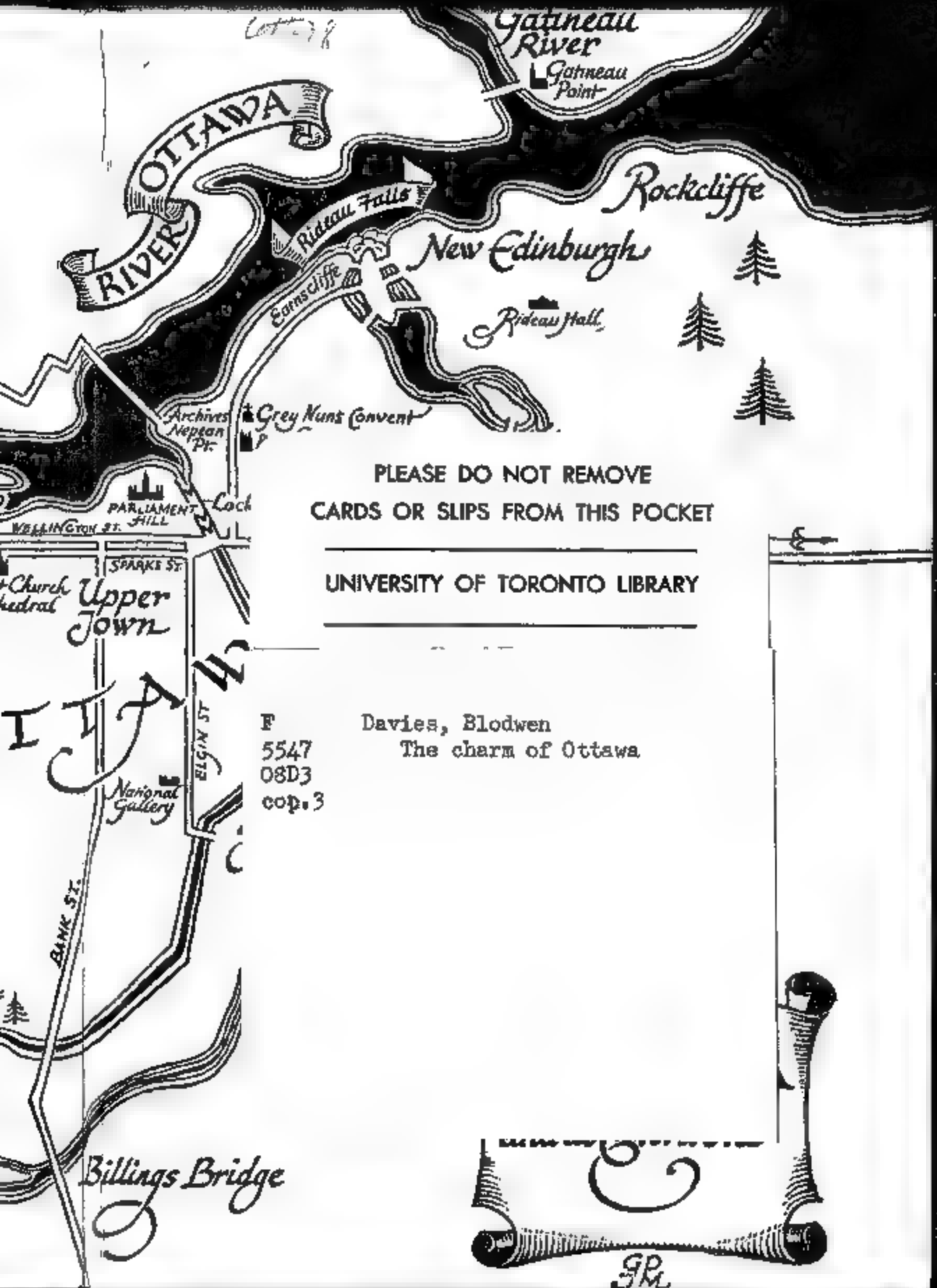

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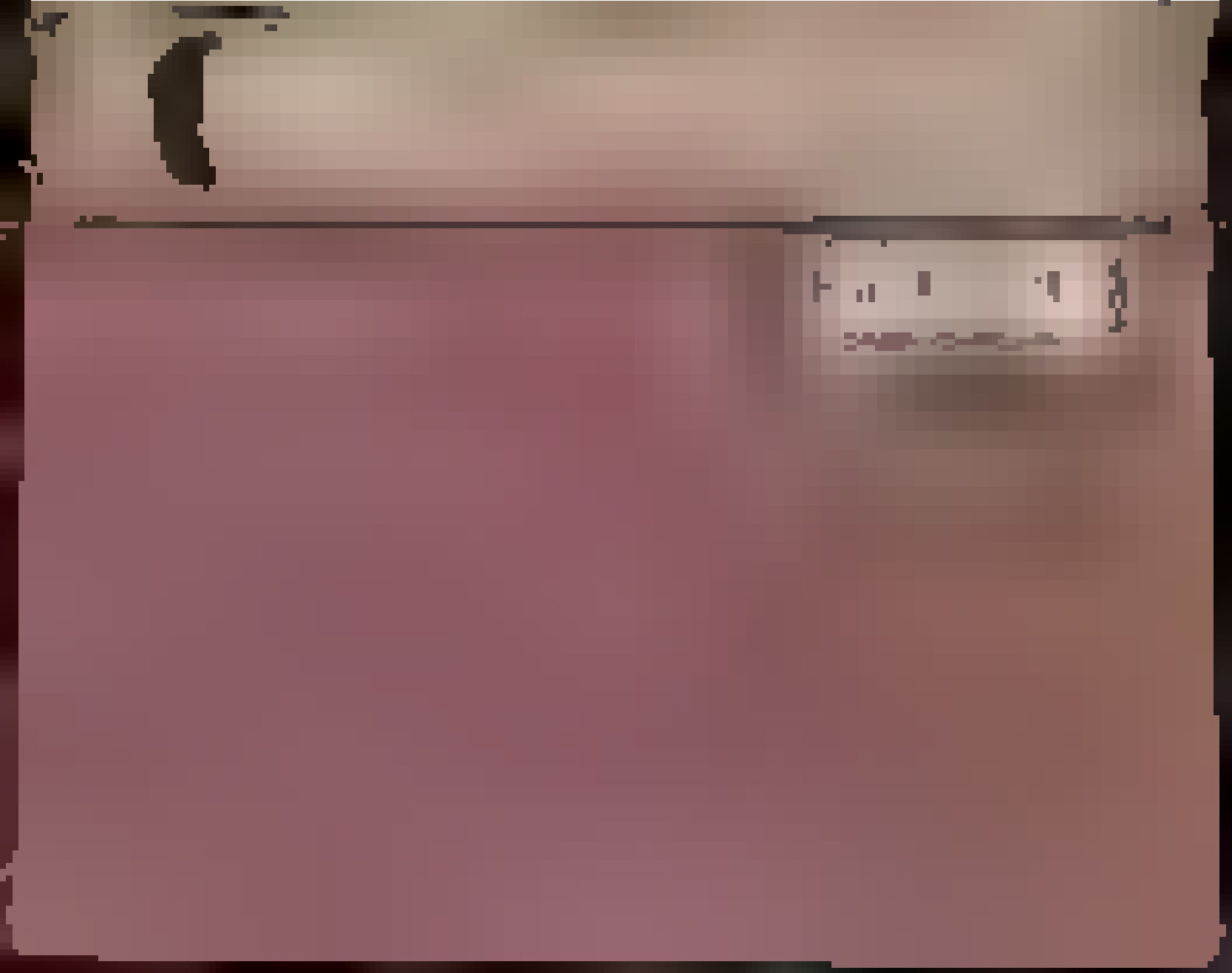

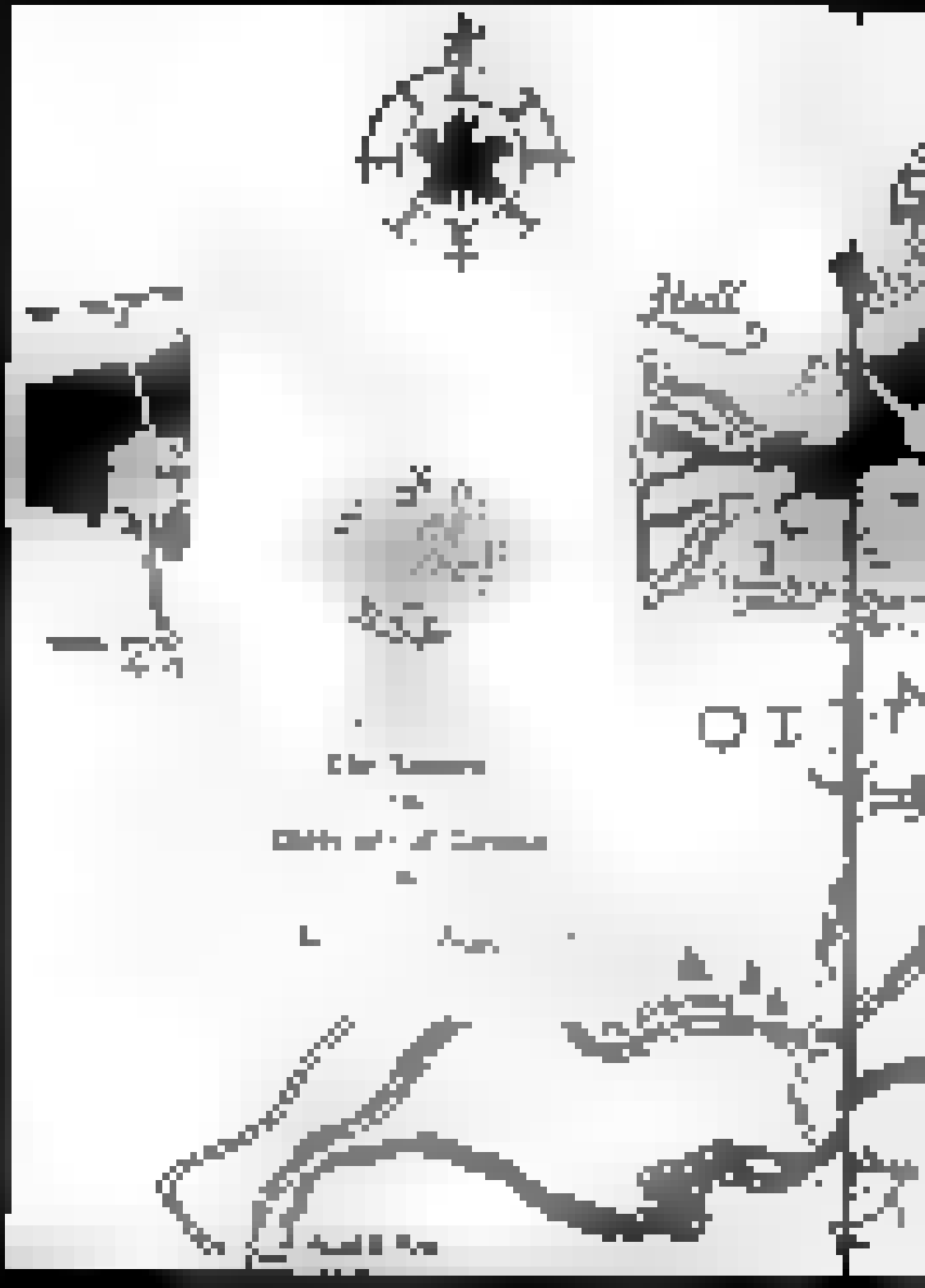

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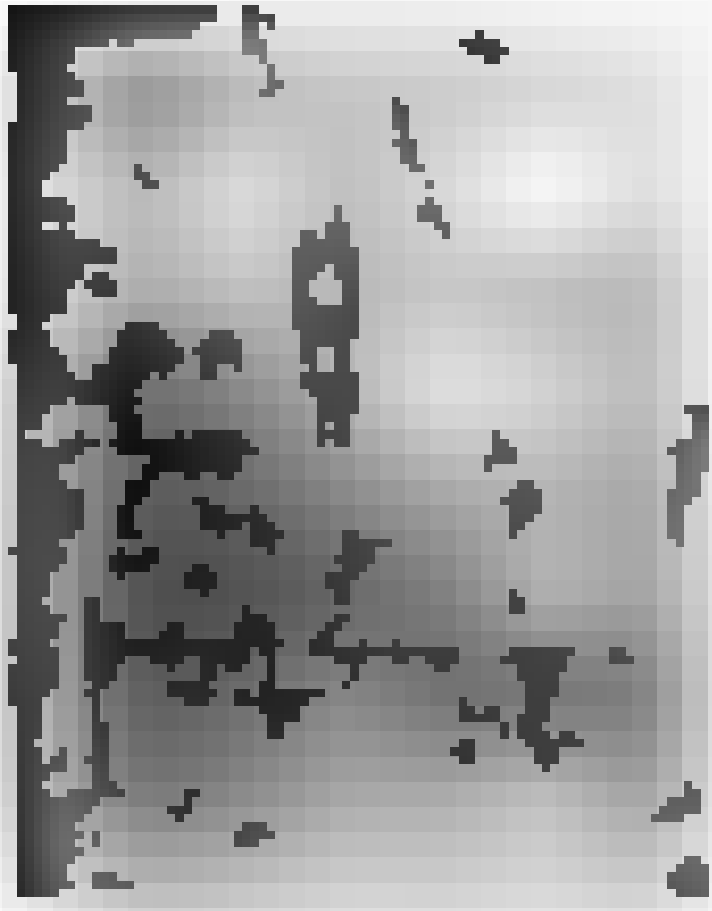

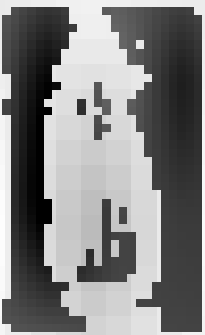

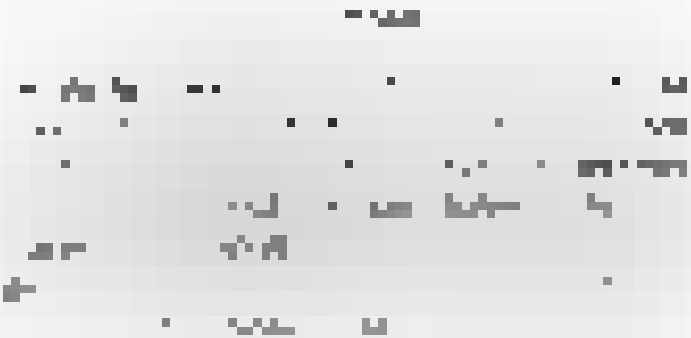

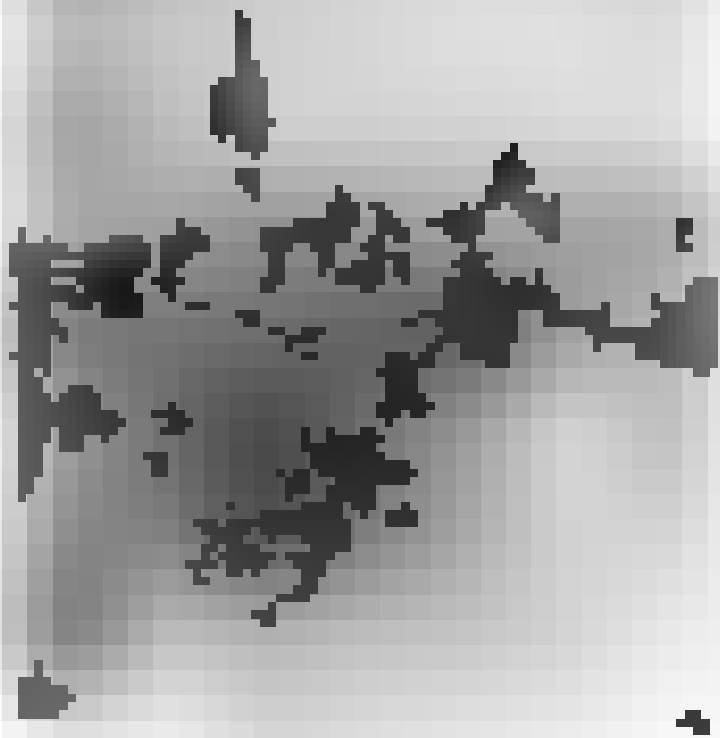

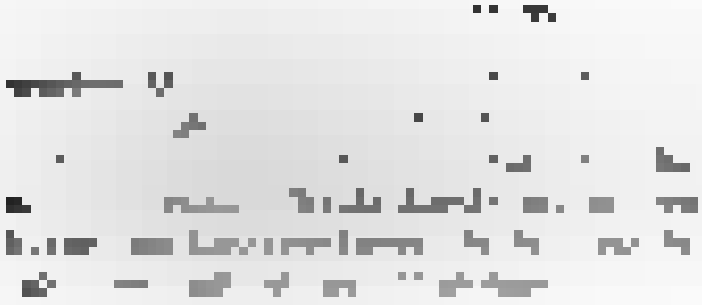

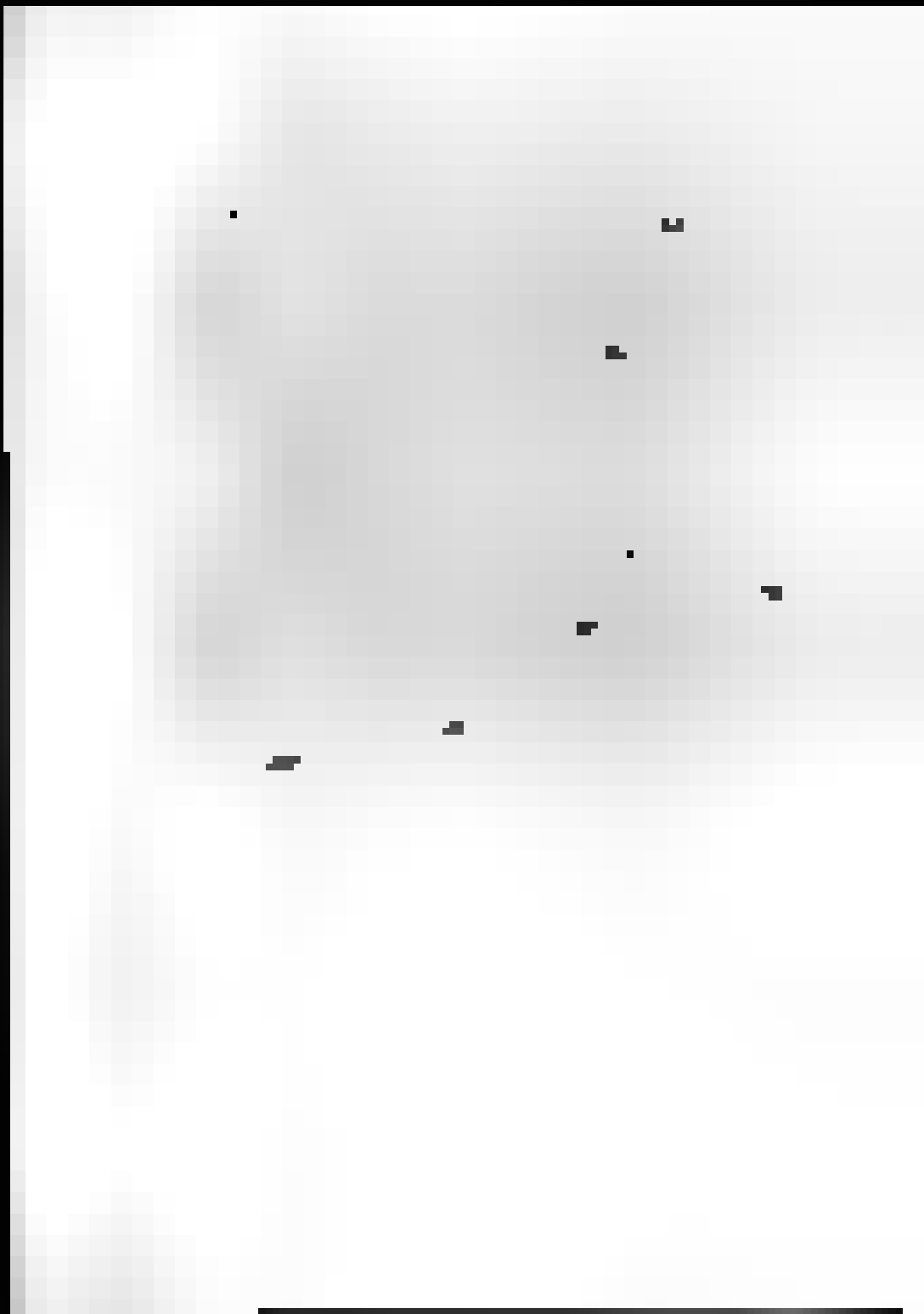

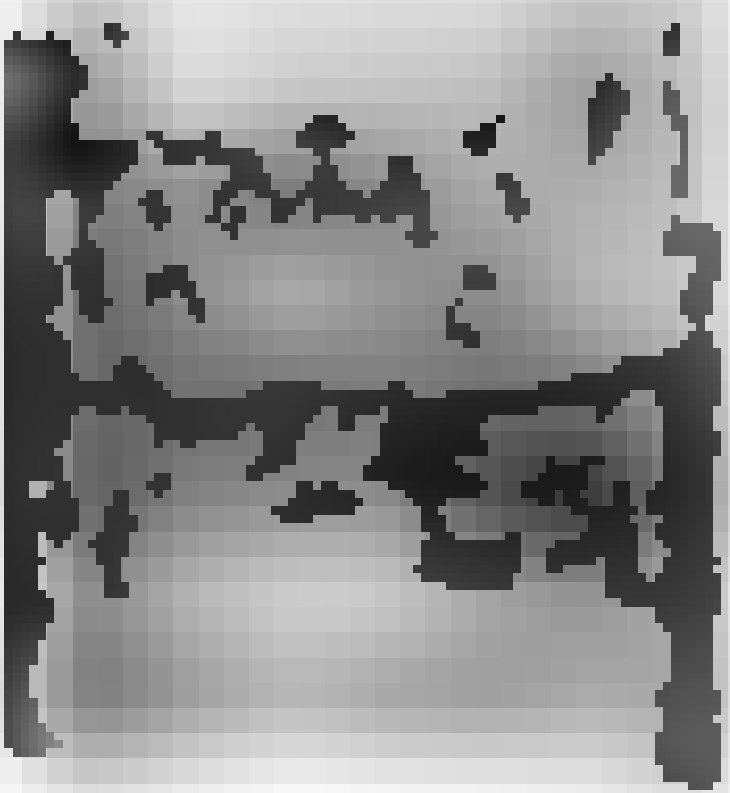

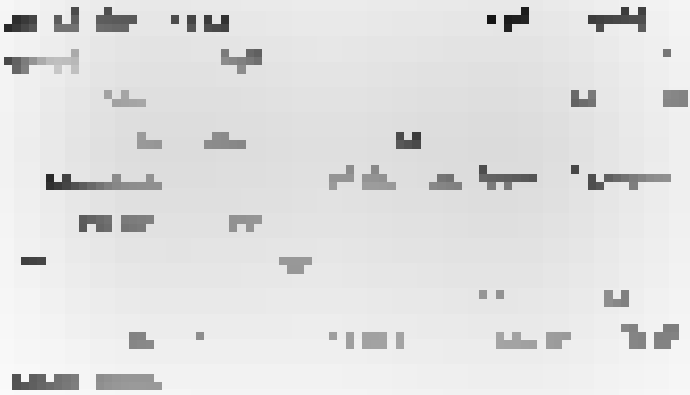

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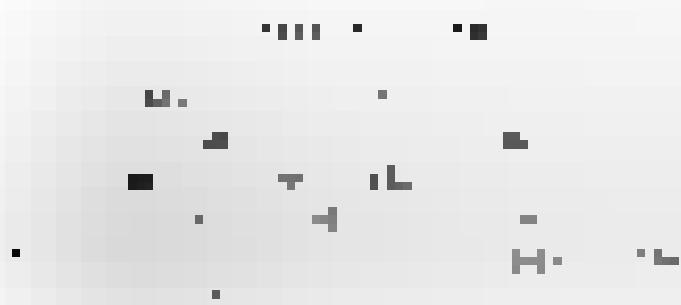

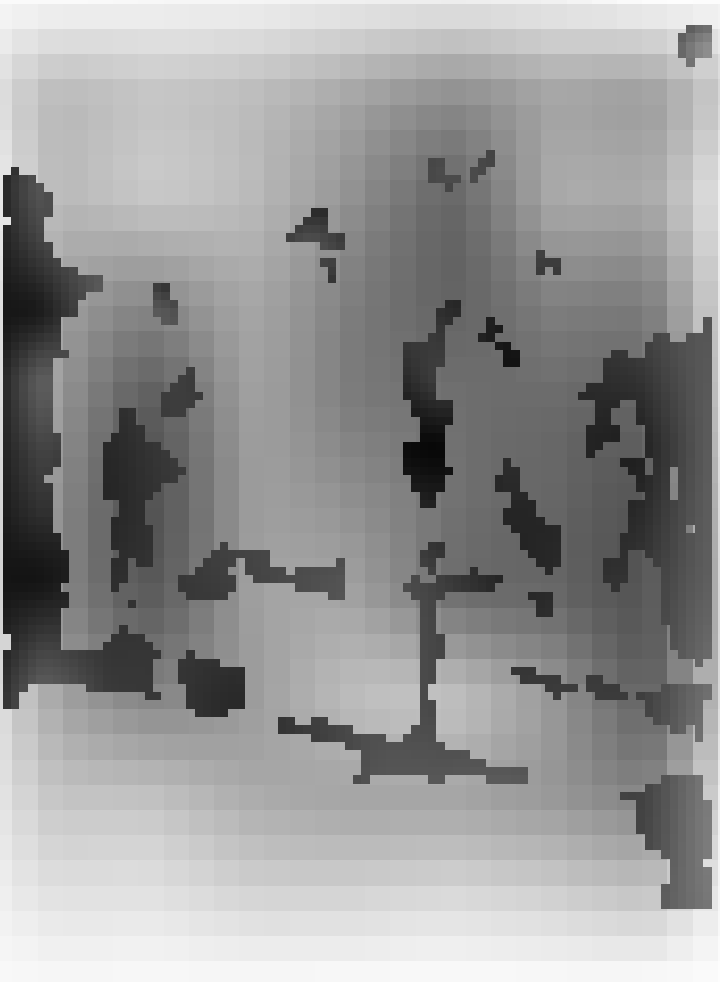

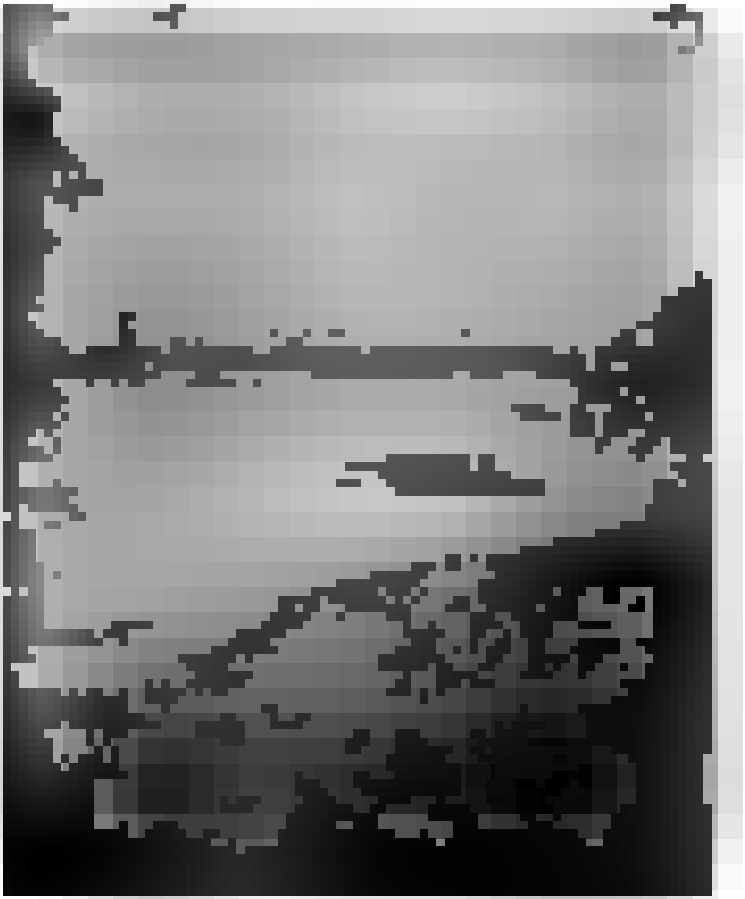

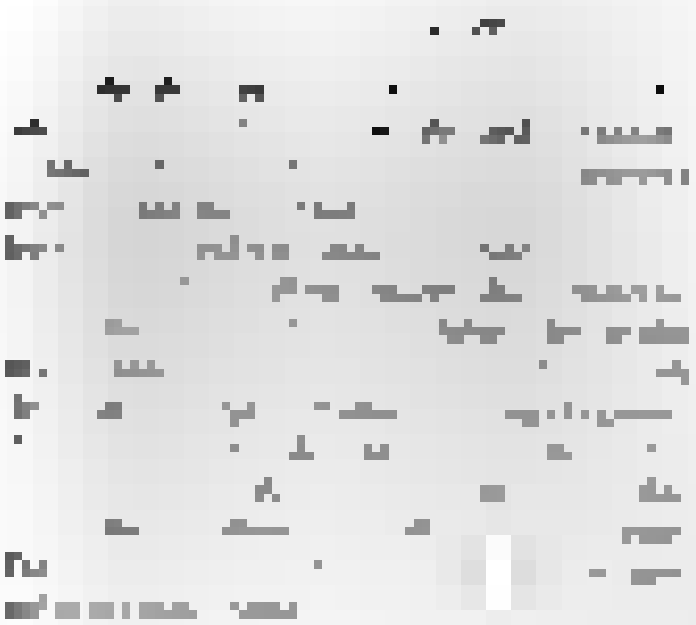

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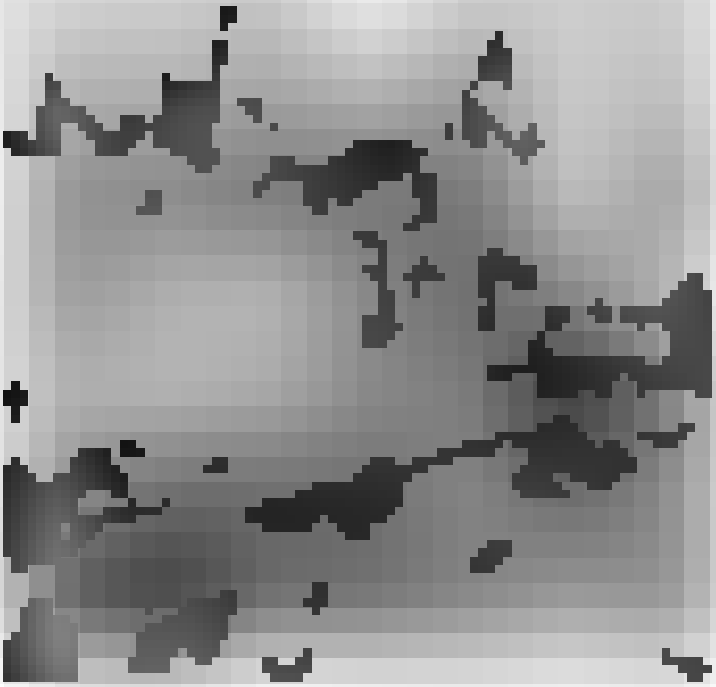
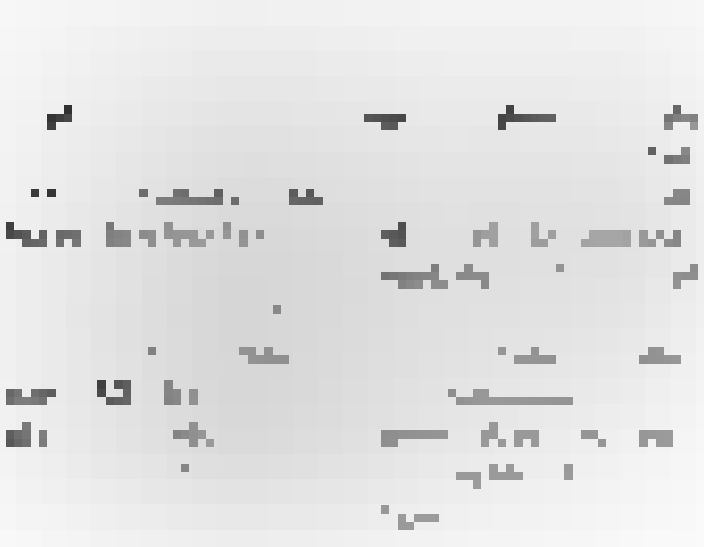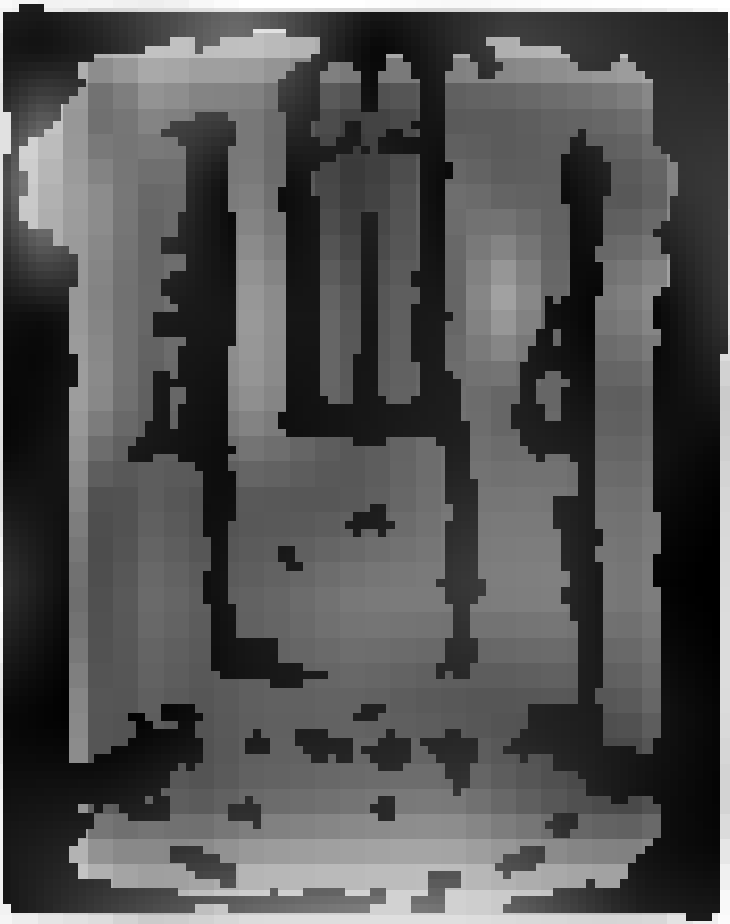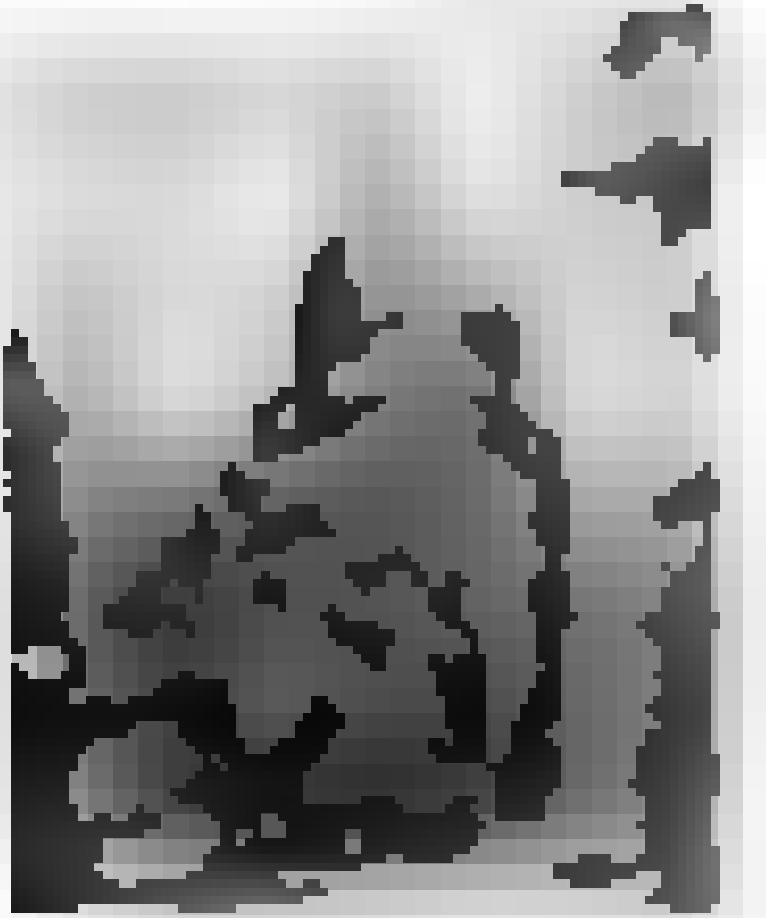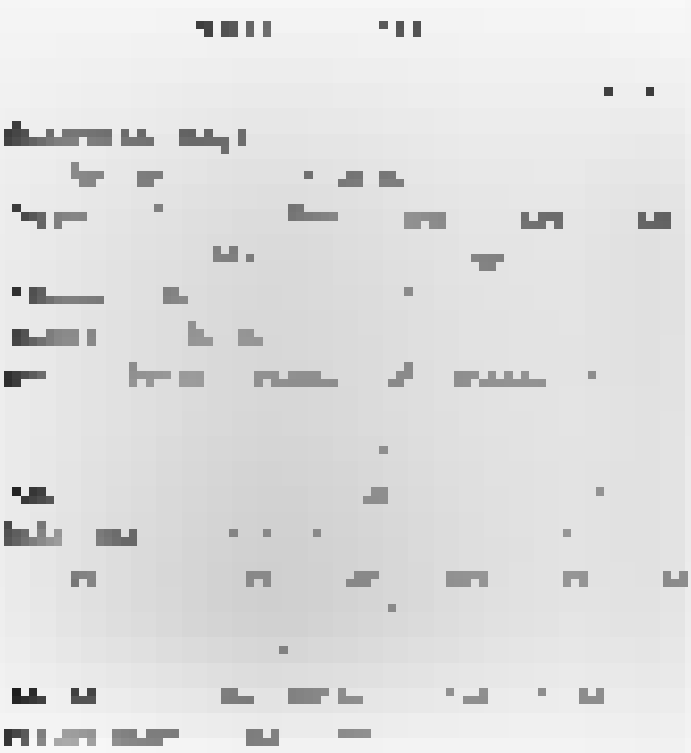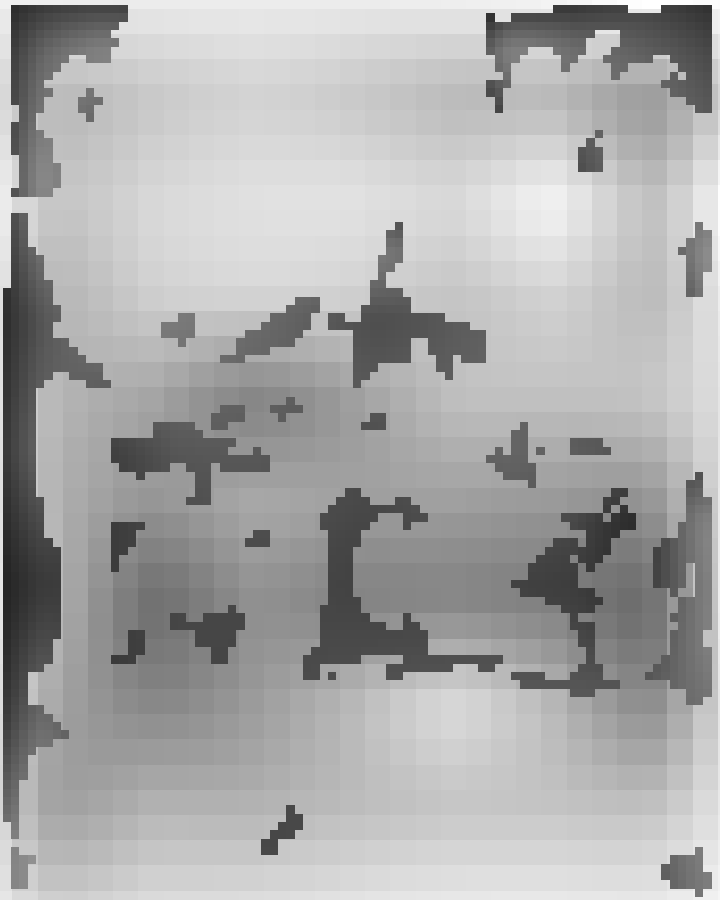
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